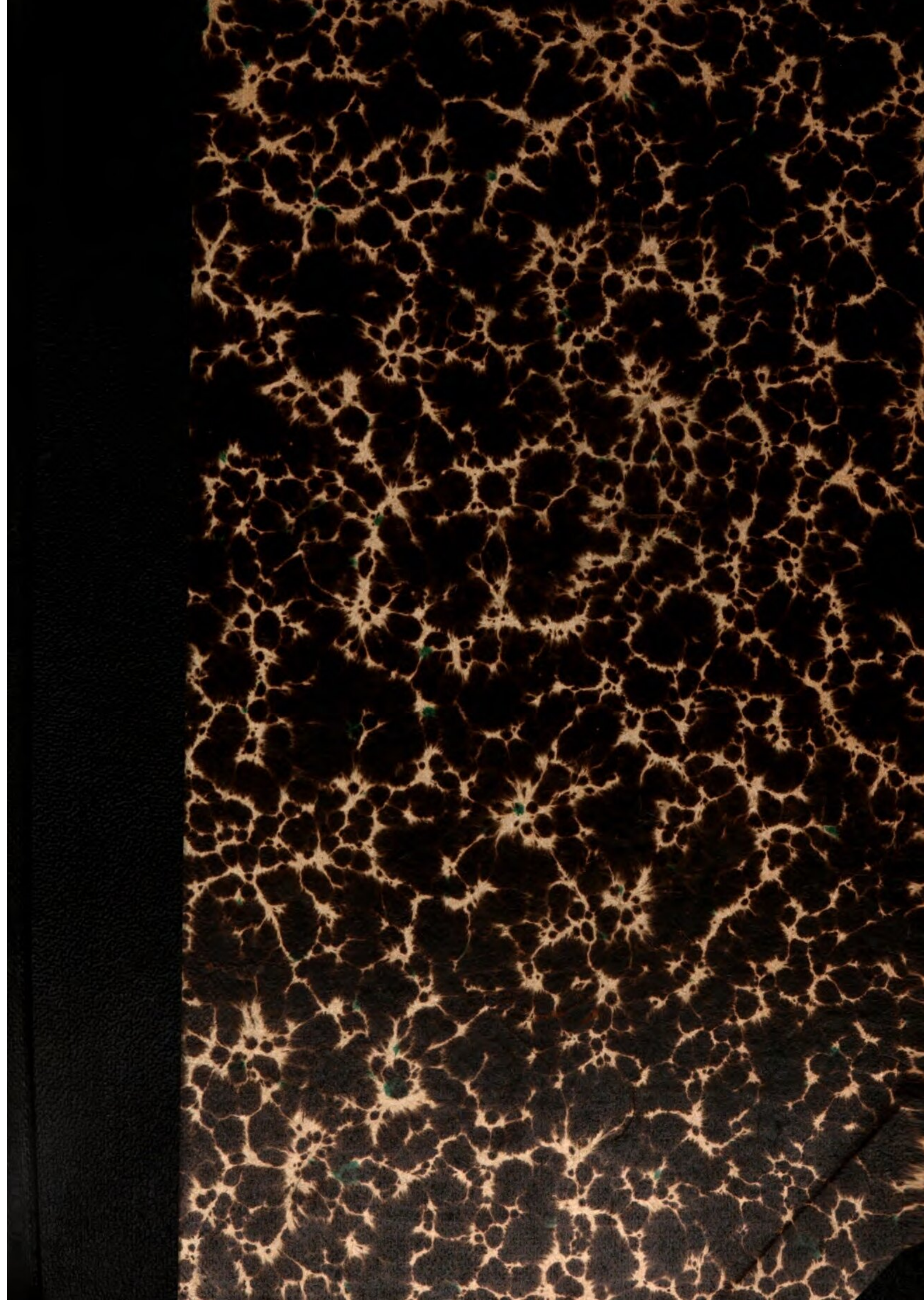






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HOUSEHOLD WORDS BY CHARLES DICKENS

VOL. 32.

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS BY CHARLES DICKENS.  
VOL. XXXII.







# HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

"Familiar in their Mouths as *Household Words*."

*Shakespeare.*

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VOL. XXXII.

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## HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

CONDUCTED BY  
CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. XXXII.

### PLAGUES OF LONDON.

HARROWING accounts of the great plague are familiar to all readers. We do not wish to add to their number, and mean only to suggest some analogies between the plague of sixteen hundred and sixty-five and the plague of our own times, say of eighteen hundred and fifty-five, by showing how a sensible man talked about it. There are extant a number of unpublished letters from the Rev. Patrick Symon, Rector of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, afterwards Lord Bishop of Ely. He addressed these letters to a lady who had retired, for safety's sake, into the country. On the ninth of August, sixteen hundred and sixty-five, he wrote to his friend in a tone used certainly by many who wrote from London in the same month of last year. "There is some danger, no doubt, in this place, and it increases a little; but I am not in any fear, which will make the danger less. There

died, as you will see by the bills of mortality to-morrow, twenty in this parish, whereof sixteen of the plague. This, I know, will debar me of the liberty of seeing you, and I submit to that restraint. For though you will be inclined, I believe, to give me that freedom, yet it will not be either civil or kind to accept of that grant till we be in a better condition of health." But he went on to suggest a terror happily banished from the current history of London pestilence. "If you think there is any danger from those papers which you receive, the fire, I suppose, will expel it, if you let them see it before they come into your hands. You see how cautious I am grown." In the month following says the good pastor — "Last week I was more than ordinary feeble, which was a thing common to me with others, the effects of which you see in the vast increase of the sickness. It was a lovely season yesterday, and we hoped for



some sweet, clear weather, but it pleases God the wind is changed again, and brings abundance of rain with it; and, indeed, we have had no settled weather since I saw you, which hath made the sickness, I believe, rage more. For south winds are always observed to be bad in such times, and the wind stays not long out of that quarter. It (the plague) decreases in some places and grows very much in others. I hope that there will not so many die here as did last week, and yet we have twenty-one or twenty-two dead already. I suppose you think that I intend to stay here still, though I understand by your question you would not have me. But, my friend, what am I better than another? Somebody must be here, and is it fit I should set such a value upon myself as my going away and leaving another will signify?" [Here you speak, Mr. Symon, like a minister right worthy of your calling.] "I preach to those who are well, and write to those who are ill (I mean, print little papers for them, which yet are too big to send to you by the post); but I am sure while I stay here I shall do good to their bodies, and perhaps save some from perishing."

The terrible phantom which was the especial horror of the plagues of our forefathers rises in this passage from a letter written later in the autumn: "May I not buy a pair of stock-

ings of a friend whom I can be confident is not infected, and which have lain long in his shop? I want nothing else at present, and how should it be more dangerous than to receive beer and wine, the vessels being capable of infection; but, especially Bread, they say, is the most attractive of it, which I am forced to buy, for I have no other ways to have it." Upon the daily bread of the poor with how terrible a curse must this notion have rested!

"I saw last Tuesday," says the Rector of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, "about thirty people in the Strand, with white sticks in their hands, and the doctor of the pest-house, in his gown, walking before them. The first woman rid on an horse, and had a paper flag on the top of her stick with LAUS DEO written in it. They were going to the justice's, being poor people sent thither and recovered by him" (the doctor) "of the plague. He seemed to take no small content in his stately march before them."

Dr. Patrick tells how he took treacle as an antidote, and grew fat, although many clergymen were dying round about him. The depression of his mind, probably, caused the slovenly manner of his letters, full of dejected I believes and I supposes. The main exciting cause of the old plagues as of the modern cholera was, beyond doubt, confinement in foul air, living among the filth



of towns or villages in ill-constructed houses. When the foul air in a house was bad enough to kill birds in their cages, plague was pretty sure to follow. "The death of birds," says Dr. Symon, "in houses where they are caged, ordinarily precedes the death of the inhabitants."

A good many auspices were at that time drawn from birds, and signs were watched for not from birds alone. "There are people who rely on pitiable things as certain tokens of the plague's going very shortly. I have been told more than once," says the good Rector, "of the falling out of the clapper of the great bell at Westminster, which they say it did before the last great plague ended; and this they take for a very comfortable sign. Others speak of the daws more frequenting the palace and abbey, which, if true, is a better sign, supposing the air to have been infected; for the books I read tell me that the going away of birds is the fore-runner of a plague, and that we shall see few in a plague year."

When the plague was declining, the Rector wrote to his friend — "In a month's time, I believe, the town will fill, and then, if the sickness do not increase, you may venture not long after that to come to your habitation. Yet, if you consult your brother he will tell you the physician's rule is composed in three words when they advise what to do in the plague, which in English are, Quickly — far-off — slowly; that

is, Fly soon and far enough, and return late. To his counsel and opinion I refer you. Set a watch at your door, and let it be known that you admit of no visits — not even mine."

Another plague of London, that has made it necessary enough for people to set watch at their doors, remains with us; but in a less virulent form than that which it took in the olden time — the plague of street rogues and sharpers. Very long ago, it was necessary to dismantle the forest of Middlesex, to widen the roads, to fill ditches, to remove trees, and otherwise to take measures to deprive the thieves of cover. Hanging, and other measures taken against the rogues of London, having failed to produce any good result, in the year one thousand five hundred and sixty-three, the most awful scheme was devised of appointing beadles for the apprehension of vagabonds and sturdy beggars. The beadles, armed with their own inherent terrors, went briskly to work, carried the rogues to Bridewell, and conveyed to hospital the blind, the lame and impotent, and sick and sore. Children aged sixteen were received into Christ's Hospital; and citizens were earnestly entreated to give employment to such men and women as were able and disposed to work.

In the year fifteen hundred and eighty-one, Recorder Fleetwood established a body of detective police, or privy searchers, who hunted up loose vagabonds and



sharpers, then in great number pestering the city. Not very long afterwards, in spite of detectives, and of arrests of rogues by the hundred in a batch, a company of vagabonds encompassed Queen Elizabeth's coach while she was riding abroad in the evening, to take the air." They hovered before her face in a swarm, like summer gnats, and "on that night and the next day seventy-four were taken." I am afraid the justice done on these occasions was but rough, and that many of these vagabonds had sorrows greater than arrest to vex their hearts. Towards the close of the sixteenth century, a year of plague, and consequent distress, through loss of occupation, was followed by a year in which the city, as also other parts of the country, "was grievously pestered with beggars, and there were many of them disbanded soldiers, become poor and maimed by the war with the Low Countries and Spain." Against these and worse rascals, by whom their distress was counterfeited, glorious Queen Bess issued a proclamation.

Soon afterwards, the thieves of London almost succeeded in a plan of robbery upon her Majesty's person, in St. Paul's Churchyard, and quite succeeded in robbing an alderman on his way home from a City feast. As Sidney Smith hoped for a little safety in a railway carriage after a bishop had been burnt, so there was hope for safety in the streets

of London after an alderman had been waylaid and robbed. The proper measures were then taken, which consist always not so much in multiplying penalties against crime, as in removing the facilities for its commission. An alderman having been robbed, at night, in a dark street, it was ordered that, in the close London streets and alleys, more lamps should be hung. There was an immediate decrease in the number of offences.

But the most troublesome and filthy of the London plagues of this description is not one to be removed by putting light into a lantern; it needs, rather, the putting of light into men's heads. The best way to abolish knaves is to abolish fools. It is only because tens of thousands traverse London streets, who are grossly ignorant and stupid, that the same streets abound in sharpers ever ready to delude. Education most effectually lessens crime; not by direct conversion of vice into virtue, but checks it, as gas-light does, by baulking it of one of the conditions under which it works. As you may kill a plant by depriving it of air or water, although you leave the plant itself untouched, so you may kill crime by removing all the ignorance on which it feeds. It is only because men are less stupid than they used to be that they are less willing to go down the small streets in the Strand with gentlemen who whisper promises of fine smuggled cigars and handker-



chiefs, or less disposed to go down on their knees to pick up the choke-pears, scattered by a costermonger, at the cost of their hats and other personals, which become liable to seizure by the costermonger's friends.

Highway robbery is a plague nearly extinct. Mr. Porter mentions (in his work on the Progress of the Nation), on the authority of persons who formerly lived in the environs of London, that it was their uniform practice to rendezvous every evening, after the day's work was over, and proceed to their homes in a body — especially those whose road lay south of the Thames, at Dulwich and Norwood — for mutual protection. A physician, who resided at Blackheath, and had to cross the country at all hours of the night, had, at different times, been obliged to shoot several robbers, by whom his carriage was attacked. Highwaymen's horses stood at livery, at the different stables in town, as openly as the horses of honest men. Nor was it always easy to distinguish the one from the other; for the old amusement of Prince Henry, practised on Gad's Hill and elsewhere, was not quite extinct late in the last century. Respectable tradesmen — reputed respectable until they were found out — took to the road after business hours, booted and masked, and made the lieges stand and deliver in the manner of professional highwaymen. The Newgate Calendar is not without in-

stances of flourishing retailers being taken in the fact of highway robbery, tried, and hanged. Pathetic stories were also current in the magazines of that time respecting decayed gentlemen robbing from distress; and, on being expostulated with by their victims, bursting into tears, telling a piteous tale of distress, courting corroboration of it by ushering them into some garret to behold a dying wife and starving children, and finally being, not only forgiven, but put into a good way of life on the spot. This sort of plague has been thoroughly eradicated. Happily there are few respectable shop-keepers who do not now possess money in the funds, a suburban villa, and a one-horse carriage. The modern refuge for decayed gentlemen is employment in one or other of our great National Red Taperies.

Amateur felony is not of so old a date as professional thieving. Three hundred years ago, there was a London thieves' slang, not unlike the present; and there were men who maintained schools of vice. There was "one Woolton, a gentleman born, and some time a merchant of good credit, but falling by time into decay." This man kept an ale-house, at Smart's Key, near Billingsgate, which, being suppressed, he "reared up a new trade in life. And in the same house he procured all the cut-purses of the city to repair to him. There was a school-house for young boys to cut purses. Two devices were



hung up: the one was a pocket, the other was a purse. The pocket had in it certain counters, and was hung about with hawks' bells, and over the top did hang a little sacristy bell. The purse had silver in it; and he that could take out a counter, without any noise, was allowed to be a public foister; and he that could take out a piece of silver out of the purse was adjudged a judicial nipper, according to their terms of art." A foister being a cutter of pockets; a nipper, a picker of the same. A lifter was a robber of shops or chambers; a shaver, a filcher of cloaks, swords, or spoons, that might happen to lie unwatched; and a night burglar was a mylken ken. Mr. Woolton, who was a professor of thieving, in the year fifteen hundred and eighty-five, hung mottoes on his school-room wall, rogues' texts, such as the following:—

Si spie, si mon spie, foyste, nippe,  
Lyfte, shave and spare not.

The writer of a Trip through Town, six score years ago, tells how, in the parish of Saint Giles's-in-the-Fields, among other sights that he saw, was a place called the Infant Office, where young children stand at livery, and are let out by the day to the town mendicants. After some description of the hiring of boys, girls, and infants at this office, the writer says that "An ancient matron, who had the superintendence of the place, held forth in her arms a pretty poppet of about a year old, telling her customers

there was a sweet, innocent picture, a moving countenance that would not fail making a serjeant-at-law feel for his half-pence." A beggar-woman, who was vastly in arrear for the hire of children, was refused credit until she had paid off the old score, and so forth.

In a form, I trust somewhat abated, this plague remains, and a thousand small streetrogues, known to most of our readers, are as old as those to which we have referred. Knaves in this country follow the old path of tradition quite as blindly as right honourable ministers of state; so that if it were not that the knaves, through cunning, acquire now and then a new idea, and that anything of that nature dawns less frequently upon the modern statesman, we should be disposed to say that, evil-intentioned as is the one class, and good intentioned as is the other, there is one way to them both. There used to be thieves of genius who conceived bold projects of their own, and achieved great triumphs over difficulty that appeared insuperable. The world has also known great statesmen who could do and dare, and justify their daring. Now, again, as the noble so are the ignoble. Few, indeed, escape infection by the newest of the plagues of London, known as the Routine. Who does not know how, when a man catches anywhere the routine disease, he becomes feeble and wastes to a shadow of himself, how rapidly he



becomes blotted over, and goes the way of all flesh into rottenness? Who does not know how dreadfully infectious this new sickness is? How it is communicated by papers and documents, lurks in the horsehair of stools, and how it clings to tape (especially to tape of a red colour) with so much energy that no known disinfectant — and the strongest have been freely tried — is able to remove it? For very many years this pestilence has waged its war against humanity, being most dangerous in the more central parts of the city of London, and in the districts of Whitehall and Westminster. It is also our decided opinion, whatever the Rector of Saint Paul's, Covent Garden, may have thought of it in his day, that one popular opinion of the year sixteen hundred and sixty-five, to which that excellent man adverts, still holds its place fast in the public mind. We are, for our own parts, not ashamed to confess our belief that if the clapper were to fall out of the bell at Westminster there would be good hope of some speedy abatement of this plague.

### GOD'S GIFTS.

God gave a gift to Earth: — a child,  
Weak, innocent, and undefiled,  
Opened its ignorant eyes and smiled.

It lay so helpless, so forlorn,  
Earth took it coldly and in scorn,  
Cursing the day when it was born.

She gave it first a tarnished name,  
For heritage, a tainted fame,  
Then cradled it in want and shame.

All influence of Good or Right,  
All ray of God's most holy light,  
She curtained closely from its sight.

Then turned her heart, her eyes away,  
Ready to look again, the day  
Its little feet began to stray.

In dens of guilt the baby played,  
Where sin, and sin alone, was made  
The law that all around obeyed.

With ready and obedient care,  
He learnt the tasks they taught him there;  
Black sin for lesson — oaths for prayer.

Then Earth arose, and, in her might,  
To vindicate her injured right,  
Thrust him in deeper depths of night.

Branding him with a deeper brand  
Of shame, he could not understand,  
The felon outcast of the land.

God gave a gift to Earth: — a child,  
Weak, innocent, and undefiled,  
Opened its ignorant eyes and smiled.

And Earth received the gift, and cried  
Her joy and triumph far and wide,  
Till echo answered to her pride.

She blest the hour when first he came  
To take the crown of pride and fame,  
Wreathed through long ages for his name.

Then bent her utmost art and skill  
To train the supple mind and will,  
And guard it from a breath of ill.

She strewed his morning path with  
flowers,  
And Love, in tender dropping showers,  
Nourished the blue and dawning hours.

She shed, in rainbow hues of light,  
A halo round the Good and Right,  
To tempt and charm the baby's sight.

And every step, of work or play,  
Was lit by some such dazzling ray,  
Till morning brightened into day.

And then the World arose, and said —  
Let added honours now be shed  
On such a noble heart and head!

O World, both gifts were pure and bright,  
Holy and sacred in God's sight:  
God will judge them and thee aright!



## TRADE.

How trade has expanded since the Anglo-Saxon time, when Billingsgate was the sole London wharf for the discharge of ships' cargoes: how British commerce has grown from the small beginnings of the Norman period: how it has struggled on and augmented in spite of royal decrees and ordinances promulgated for its protection, but, in reality, fettering and crippling it in every direction, would require more pages than can be here spared. One king prescribed the prices at which certain goods should be bought and sold: another declared in what places trade should be carried on: a third forbade merchants, under heavy penalties, to deal in more than one kind of merchandise. Foreign merchants were compelled, by another sovereign, to expend all the proceeds of the goods they sold in the purchase of English merchandise, — a kingly method of settling the balance of trade. Thus, law was heaped upon trade, until trade was almost overwhelmed and the merchant felt puzzled as to the legal mode of conducting his business. It need not therefore be matter for surprise that, in the days of the white and red roses the whole community did not transact as much business as is now done by any single high class commercial firm in London, Manchester, or Liverpool.

But some faint and disconnect-

ed ideas may be gathered, of the present growth of our commerce, in a morning stroll through the city towards the docks, and past the busy haunts of trade. The incessant rumble of waggons groaning beneath the weight of valuable goods, in their transit from ship to warehouse or railway: the crowded river with its endless forest of spars; the mass of shipping within our docks; the hum of the busy hives which stretch beyond our sight in all directions, teeming with goods, wares, and merchandise, from all quarters of the globe; the stately fabrics reared for the purposes of trade and banking, afford a glimmering, indistinct conception of what is going on around us; but, there is a book issued from the official press, from which may be obtained a clear and definite account of our enormous commerce. It is a Public Ledger opened periodical-ly by the Board of Trade.

This volume of figures is the Annual Statement of the Trade and Navigation of the United Kingdom, for the year eighteen hundred and fifty-three, much improved upon its predecessors; indeed, there seems little more to be desired in the way of information concerned with the subject of the work. Whilst in every other branch of the executive, affairs are managed on the old cramped routine system of a middle-age period, this department alone keeps pace with the wants of a progressive age. The



explanation of this is, that the Board of Trade is brought into such intimate relation with the stirring minds of the day — merchants and men of business — that it has caught from them the spirit of the time, and moves onward, whilst all around it has been standing still.

Great as is the mass of figures in this volume, there is no confusion. The tables of abstracts, general imports and exports, transit-trade, principal imports and exports, general shipping, are classified and marshalled with the regularity and precision of the divisions and regiments of a well-trained army. An index to the whole presents a bird's-eye view of all the remarkable data connected with our trade and navigation, not alone for the year under special notice, but for the four previous years. The staff of officers employed in getting up the yearly chronicles of our trade would suffice to carry on the entire government of many petty German states.

Not only legislative reform but science has brought facilities for trade, the bare mention of which tend to show its extent. Railways bring people and goods together, which before were always separated. A cask of sugar to get from Glasgow to Carlisle had formerly to circumnavigate England in a ship; now it reaches its destination in a few hours by railway. Merchants living at a distance from one another corresponded for years and never

once met. Now, the Glasgow, Liverpool, or United States merchant makes his journeys to London or to other centres of trade as often as need arises. The introduction of the electric telegraph has also helped to work a great change in the mode of transacting business. Instead of the day's operations being as formerly, entirely carried on upon 'Change, bargains are struck between Liverpool, London, and continental firms of many thousand pounds' value — from morning till evening — through the agency of electric wires. A ship laden with coffee from Costa Rica, or sugar from the Brazils, arrives off some port in the English Channel consigned to the order of a London merchant, on account of a firm abroad. The captain does not come to an anchor and wait an exchange of posts with London for his orders: he simply puts his sails aback, pulls ashore in his boat, sends a few words by electric telegraph announcing his arrival, and, by the time he has finished a glass of grog at his favourite inn, a reply reaches him from town, to this effect: "The London market is depressed; — go on to Hamburg." At the end of an hour, from first stepping into his boat, he is making all sail for the new destination.

What would the shade of Edward the Third say to the entry, inward and outward, of upwards of twenty thousand ships at the



port of London alone, when, in his day, the customs receipts amounted to about eight thousand pounds a year of the coin of that period? The encouragement given to trade by Elizabeth, and the state of peace in which this country remained from her accession to the reign of Charles the First, caused the customs revenue of London, in the last period, to amount to one hundred and nine thousand pounds in one year. A century later, it reached half a million sterling; in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-seven it amounted to ten millions and a quarter, being precisely half of the entire customs revenue of the United Kingdom. According to the blue book before us, there were upwards of four million tons of shipping entered both ways at the port of London in eighteen hundred and fifty-three, against one hundred and eighty thousand in the middle of the last century. The declared value of the goods exported from this country in eighteen hundred and forty-nine was upwards of sixty-three millions sterling; showing, that within twenty years, our trade beyond sea had increased by fifty per cent. Thanks to free trade, steam, and electricity, we are now advancing with more rapid strides; and we have accomplished, in four years, what had previously required twenty to bring about. In eighteen hundred and fifty-three, our exports

amounted to nearly one hundred millions sterling; being an increase of more than fifty per cent. upon the trade of eighteen hundred and forty-nine, and equaling the yearly revenue of the whole of continental Europe, with the exception of France.

Of our entire export trade, one-third goes to the British colonies; and more than another third is shipped to the United States. In casting our eyes over the shipments of eighteen hundred and fifty-three to various parts of the world, we did not fail to remark that the British manufactures and produce exported to the gold colony of Victoria amounted, within a few thousands, to the value of the whole of the imports to British India, viz. seven millions sterling. The population of the two being respectively two hundred and fifty thousand and one hundred and forty millions, it follows that the proportionate consumption per head was twenty-eight pounds sterling in Victoria, and one shilling in British India.

The ratio in which our manufactures are taken by different places is interesting and instructive. Thus gold-digging would appear to be a thirsty occupation and gold-diggers a jovial community; seeing that one-half of the wine and beer sent out of this country is taken by the Australian colonists, — in other words, if they drink it all in one year, they will absorb two hundred thousand barrels of strong beer, and nearly one million and a half gallons of wine. This is exclusive



of spirits, which were exported to Australia at the rate of seven gallons for each colonist. The chief occupations in Australia are those of shepherds, stock-keepers, and gold-diggers; and one would imagine that such kind of work, being none of the cleanest, would create a demand for the stoutest description of clothing. Yet it would appear that, sheep are tended, cattle herded, and gold dug for, in light evening costume: silks having been taken to the value of nearly half a million, and muslins and cambrics to the extent of a million and a half yards; whilst, of vulgar fustians, only one hundred and twenty-four thousand yards were required.

In strange contrast with the steady progress of our own trade and that of other European states, is the convulsive starts of countries without the reach of Saxon influence. Thus we find Morocco taking in one year seven hundred and eighty-seven thousand yards of our cottons; two years later, as much as six millions and a half yards. In eighteen hundred and forty-nine, that state took only five thousand yards of our linens; in the year following, nearly three hundred thousand yards; and three years later, it fell back to nearly the original quantity. From this instance of fickleness in trade, it is edifying to turn to the commercial equanimity and immovability of the Hudson's Bay territory, — a country equal in extent to the whole of Europe, excepting Russia. Many mercantile failures or panics are not to be looked for in that snug continent of private property. In eighteen hundred and forty-nine, the shipments of hardware to Hudson's Bay amounted to two hundred and thirty-two hundredweights; in eighteen hundred and fifty-three, they had reached exactly one hundred weight more. Woollens were shipped to the extent of one thousand nine hundred and fifty pieces in eighteen hundred and forty-nine; four years later, they amounted to two thousand two hundred pieces; whilst linens have declined to the extent of six thousand yards. The Hudson's Bay Company are evidently cautious traders.

The requirements of some countries amount almost to eccentricities. Thus Aden (the coaling station for Indian steamers), for several years, took nothing but a vast quantity of coal and some hundred barrels of beer; when suddenly it required one hundred and thirty thousand yards of cotton goods, — nothing else. Persia, in the year eighteen hundred and forty-nine, took from our merchants six guns; after a respite of years, employed probably in testing the quality of the weapons, the descendants of Cyrus imported from us nearly seven thousand guns and twenty-five hundredweights of hardware and cutlery. The Falkland Islands are not less peculiar in their requirements. In one year



their inhabitants were content with linen goods to the amount of eight pounds, and cottons of the value of twenty pounds; whilst they consumed nearly two hundred pounds' worth of pickles, seven hundred and sixty-nine gallons of rum, and two thousand nine hundred and twenty-three pounds of tobacco. English clothing would appear to wear and wash well in that remote part of the world, since the eight pounds' worth of linens sufficed for three years, at the end of which period a farther small quantity was imported.

On the west coast of Africa there is a British settlement called Fernando Po, remarkable for negroes, palm-oil, ivory, and fever. One would not look in that unpromising spot for any rapid development of British commerce, or the increasing wants of civilised society. Yet in eighteen hundred and forty-nine there were shipped thither two hundred guns and four thousand gallons of spirits. In eighteen hundred and fifty-three, we had so far civilised the dusky tribes of that country, that they took from us one hundred and twenty-five thousand gallons of spirits and ten thousand five hundred muskets. During the same period the imports of gunpowder had increased from seven thousand to two hundred and twenty-two thousand eight hundred pounds. All this ammunition could scarcely have been required for elephant shooting, since the

tusks of ivory shipped thence in those five years amounted to but little more than three hundred.

Turning to Egypt, we feel sorely puzzled at the amounts opposite items which, to our minds, could scarcely have been found there at all. We might conceive the modern Egyptians growing tired of using the same primitive papyrus for their correspondence, as was employed by Rameses and Cheops; accordingly eight thousand two hundred pounds for stationery does not altogether perplex us. But what are we to say to printed books to the value of thirty-three thousand pounds! Are they fitting up another Alexandrian library? Have the dwellers among the pyramids taken to Bulwer's novels, Scott's lays, and Macaulay's histories? Have they circulating libraries in Thebes and book-societies at Memphis? What can the descendants of the Pharaohs want with haberdashery to the value of fifty-four thousand eight hundred pounds? or watches and jewellery to the amount of eighty-six thousand pounds? There must be indeed corn in Egypt to pay for all this? The secret oozes out, after a careful scrutiny of the Trade Returns. The immense quantities of millinery, novels, note-paper, and gold repeaters, entered outwards for Egypt, are shipped to Alexandria by steamer, but only en route by overland for India, China, and Australia, which



countries should, amongst them, receive credit for this traffic of valuable, perishable, or fashionable articles. It seems but a year or two ago, when the indefatigable Waghorn crossed Egypt with his first batch of letters to India. Now, every young lady in the Presidencies must need have her wedding-dress and her novels sent out by the overland route.

Queen Elizabeth found some difficulty in collecting and manning a few hundred ships to repel the Spanish armada. In the year eighteen hundred and fifty-three Great Britain owned upwards of twenty-five thousand sailing-vessels and thirteen hundred steam-ships, independently of the royal navy. But a better indication of the extraordinary rate at which commerce — in the most extended sense of that word — has advanced, exists in the increase of correspondence by post. From the recently-published report of the Postmaster-general it appears that, a century ago, the annual revenue of the Post Office was only one hundred and forty thousand pounds. It now amounts to two millions and a-half sterling. The increase in the transmission of money through the Post Office has been even more prodigious. Fifteen years ago the number of money-orders issued from that establishment was one hundred and ninety thousand. Last year the number almost exceeds belief. It amounted to ten millions and a-half.

The centre of British trade is

the Royal Exchange. Although the most commercial people in the world, except the Dutch, we were the last to provide our merchants with a building suitable for the daily transaction of their business. To so late a period as the reign of Elizabeth the merchants of London were wont to assemble in Lombard Street; where, in the open air, in all weathers, and at all seasons, they were content to gossip and make their bargains. In those familiar days, when our streets were wider and far less frequented, it may not have greatly interfered with the traffic of the city. Those open-air meetings had prevailed for several centuries, and it may appear still more singular that, at the present time, three centuries later, there are many of our larger manufacturing towns in the north possessing stately exchanges, but where the dealers, brokers, and spinners, prefer assembling around some time-honoured iron pump, or about some decaying wooden post, in the badly-paved, weather-beaten street.

The first Royal Exchange was erected, by and at the chief cost of, Sir Thomas Gresham, whose business-sign, the grass-hopper — still adorns the summit of the building. It consisted of two floors, in the upper of which was a species of bazaar in which were exposed for sale every conceivable article, from Venetian silk to mouse-traps, and Jews' trumpets. The royal Elizabeth to encourage this new "bourse,"



as it was termed, paid it a visit, and christened it The Royal Exchange. Sir Thomas, we read, aware of the importance of the occasion, went twice round the Upper Pawne, and besought the few vendors of goods already located there, "that they would furnish and adorn, with wares and wax-lights, as many shoppes as they coule or woulde; and they shoulde have all those shoppes so furnished rent free, that yeare."

The effect of royal patronage was not less marked in those times than in the present day. The shops that were thus given rent free paid within a year or two afterwards as much as four pounds ten shillings per annum, a large rental at that period; and traders were most solicitous for room in the Upper Pawne.

The building was originally constructed of timber and slate, and it was no irreparable calamity that it fell amidst the general destruction of the Great Fire of sixteen hundred and sixty-six. Three years later the second building was opened on the old site — greatly improved in appearance, solidity, and utility. In January, eighteen hundred and thirty-eight, this second Exchange was burnt down. Four years precisely from that date the first stone of the present building was laid by Prince Albert.

## BREAD CAST ON THE WATERS.

A YOUNG man (see his description in any lady-novel of any year), eminently handsome, and mounted on a fiery-eyed black horse, rode slowly down the avenue of a gentleman's "place," in the pastoral county of Lanark. It was not a domain — not an estate; it was merely a moderate-sized property, with a pretty square-built house situated on the banks of a picturesque river, and protected from east and north by an abrupt elevation, which in most countries would be called a mountain, but here was known as the Falder Hill. His dress (see the same authorities for the becoming costume of the year seventeen hundred and eighty) set off his splendid figure to the greatest advantage. But Charles Harburn (that was the young man's name) owed less to any other personal advantage than to the fine, open expression of his face. It does not matter whether this expression arose from features or not; there it was. You couldn't look at him without wishing to shake him by the hand, — he was so jolly, so radiant, so manly in all his looks; and his looks did no more than justice to the inner man. Everybody liked him, except old careful fathers and mothers who had rich and only daughters; and even in that case I doubt whether the mothers could have retained their enmity after the first week.



Fathers are such harsh and unsentimental brutes, that I believe they would have hated him more and more. They could see nothing to admire in him at all. He hadn't distinguished himself at school half so much as young Pitsgothic of Deanvale; nor at college so much as Polwoody of Drumstane; and yet nobody made any fuss about those very estimable youths, though they had two thousand a-year each, and were exactly the same age as Charles Harburn. Lord bless us! how old fogies of fifty will reason upon love and beauty! and prove that the snub nose of Polwoody and the bandy legs of Pitsgothic are every bit as pleasant to look on as the Grecian outline and classic figure of the very charming young man we have left so long on his great black charger, in the avenue of Falder Mains. Reason away, old blockheads! It's pleasant to hear your silly remarks! Jane, and Susannah, and I, know better, though these fair maidens are both under twenty, and I never passed for a philosopher; but if a small bet will be any satisfaction, I am ready to deposit a moderate amount of coin on the correctness of the judgment of these two ignorant young girls, and leave the decision of the wager to the oldest professor in Edinburgh College, provided he has no marriageable daughters of his own, and is not himself on the look-out for a third wife.

At last, Charles Harburn got

to the foot of the avenue; and, on closing the swing-gate behind him, and entering on the high-road, he gave vent to the exuberance of his spirits by touching the courser's flank with his whip, and dashing off at a gallop on the narrow grass border that bounded the public way. I am ready to depose, that at the same time, he gave utterance to certain words which sounded very like these — "Nancy Cleg-horn is the nicest girl in the world, — the best, the loveliest, the most accomplished, the kindest; and I wish her father had broken his neck, or been drowned in the Falder, with all my heart." Now, to look at him, you would not suppose that such murderous sentiments could find room in the heart of so radiant a youth. Yet he distinctly wished poor old George Cleghorn, of Falder, to meet, or rather to have met, at some previous date, with an untimely end. So little can one judge, from countenance, of the depravity of the human mind! Perhaps Thurtell smiled joyously, in the course of his drive, in that dreadful gig, with Mr. Weare. Listen, a little farther, to what this horrid Charles Harburn is saying to himself — "If the antiquated ruffian would say 'No' at once, I could bear his opposition, and know how to behave; but now, with his talks about Dumbarton being of rock, and Ailsa Craig of granite, while I and Nancy are only flesh and



blood, — who can make head or tail of what he means? If I am Dumbarton, he says, for seven years, and Nancy, for the same period, is Ailsa Craig, he will not refuse his consent. I can't see, for my part, how Ailsa Craig and Dumbarton are ever to come together, if all the fathers in Scotland approve the banns; and as to being flesh and blood, of course we are, and not tanned leather and fiddle-strings, like himself! I will marry Nancy Cleghorn as soon as I can, and let the aged pump — Hallo! little boy!" he cried out, interrupting his soliloquy, and pulling up the black steed, which snorted with the excitement, and pawed the ground with impatience to proceed. "What's the matter, my wee man? Has anybody hurt you, that you're greetin' so loud?"

A little boy of ten years old was sitting on the fence at the side of the road, and crying as if his heart would break. Before him lay the fragments of a small wooden tray, and a torn old red cotton handkerchief wrapt round a pair of very clouted shoes. He had never taken the trouble to pick up a few rolls of cotton thread and a broken-toothed comb, which lay mixed with other articles of the same kind in the mud of the narrow foot-path.

"Do you hear?" said Charles. "What has happened to you? and why are you in such grief?"

The little boy took the backs

of his hands from his eyes, which he had apparently been trying to push deeper into his head with the knuckles, and presented a countenance of utter despair mixed with a good deal of dirt, and, at first, a little alarm.

"Twa men," he sobbed out, "have robbed me, and run awa' with my stock-in-trade."

"It couldn't be very large," said Charles, "and maybe you will find friends who will set you up again."

"I have no friends," said the boy, whose face, when undisturbed by spasms of grief, was very clear and honest. "I never had any friends, and I am thinking I never will have any friends."

"Oh yes, you will — never fear. Tell me all about it, and perhaps something may be done."

"I started from Glasgow," said the boy, "three days since, with my pack."

"How did you get your pack, and what was in it?"

"I got the pack by saving. I was an orphan, — a fundling they call it, because I was left in a field on a farmer's ground at Partick; and when I grew to working age" —

"When might that be?" asked Charles.

"When I was four year auld, I left the byre, where I lived with the calves, and gaed out to frighten craws wi' a rattle. I got threepence a week, and a feed o' sowans every day; and so, ye



see, I began to lay by a little siller. The farmer's name was Douglas; and there was a mark on my arm of an anchor and a sinking boat, which they called a brand, — so my name was Douglas Brand; forbye that the minister that christened me said I was plucked from the burning, and put half-a-crown into a wooden box with a slit at the top, to set an example to charitable friends; and when I got to be ten year old — last month, sir — I thought it time to go out into the world and seek my fortune. I can read and write, and ken a' the New Testament by heart, beside the Shorter Catechism and a half o' the Pilgrim's Progress; so with the help of the minister, and the saved-up siller in the box, I bought a stock of knives, and combs, and reels of cotton, and thimbles and shears, and needle-cases and boxes o' pins, and pincushions and writing-paper, and sticks o' wax and pocket-books, and tape and twine. It cost four pound, fourteen, and four-pence, and it's a' gane! Twa shearers, wi' heuks in their hands, asked to see my stock, and when I showed it, they took everything I had, — five knives and sixteen thimbles, and twenty reels of thread. It's a' gone — clean awa' — and I've naithing left but the broken tray and the auld trapkin wi' my Sabbath-day shoon." And at the contemplation of his great losses, he again lifted up his voice and wept.

*Household Words. XXXII.*

"And how much would it take to replace you as you were before the rascals robbed you?" said Charles.

"Do you mean cost price?" said the boy, his eye brightening up with the spirit of mercantile enterprise, "or what it would be worth if it was a' sold?"

"Cost price, of course. How much, out of the original four pounds, fourteen, and four-pence-worth, had you disposed of?"

"I had cleared one pound three," said the boy, "and not parted with a twelfth part of the stock; but they found the money in my stocking sole — I'll never wear stockings again, for they're just a waste — and took it all, sir. I hae na a farthing in the world."

"Poor lad!" said Charles Harburn. "Here's all your life perhaps broken in your hand, and nobody to help you. But cheer up, man. I'm not very rich; but I'm very happy just now, — and here, we'll share what I've got." So saying, he drew out a purse, and finding there were nine golden guineas in it, he gave four to the boy, and said, "I told you we would share it; but you see it's not very easy, as here are nine Georges, and neither of us has any change."

"We could toss may be for the half one," said Douglas Brand; but so low, that the words escaped the ear of his benefactor, and a blush came to his own cheek when he thought what an



ungrateful proposition it was. "Oh, what can I do for you, sir?" he said; "you've restored me to all my hopes. My gratitude shall know no end, and I'll think on ye and pray for ye till I die."

"Make a good use of your luck, my little friend," said Harburn, "and that is all the thanks I require. But, by the by, you said you would pray for me. Now you are a very innocent lad; you know your Bible, and you're grateful to the good minister who stood your friend; bow down on your knees, Douglas Brand, up with your hands, my wee laddie, and pray that I may be Dumbarton for seven years if required, and finally be joined to Ailsa Craig."

"It's something like asking a miracle," said the boy; "but if the heart's wishes have any power, my petition will be heard, and many more that I will not cease to make for blessings on you and yours."

I am very happy, that you and I did not see the scene that then occurred, — Charles sitting on the back of his now quiet horse, with his hat in his hand, and his head bent reverently down, and Douglas Brand on his knees in the public road, with closed eyes and clasped hands, uttering prayers about Dumbarton and Ailsa Craig, which he did not quite understand, but which rose earnestly and sincerely from a thankful heart, because he believed, in some way or other,

these precipitous elevations were connected with the happiness of his friend. We might have been tempted to see something laughable in the attitudes of the two; but perhaps, in the apprehension of a Higher Intelligence, there might have been something not quite worthy of our contemptuous smiles in the sincerity and fervent trust of the young man of twenty-one and the pedlar boy. Who knows? A slight shake of the rein, and a merry "Farewell! and success attend you," set Harburn forward on his homeward way at a pace that soon took him out of sight of Douglas Brand.

"I'll write down on the tables o' my heart," said the youth, "the name o' the kind gentleman, — but wae's me, I never asked his name. Oh, how I wish I had asked who he was! — but, at any rate, I will never forget Dumbarton and Ailsa Craig." And he took from a secret pocket in his jacket a tattered old pocket-book that had escaped the notice of his assailants, and wrote down the names of these two well-known rocks, determining to take steps, as soon as he was able, to unravel the mystery that connected them with his generous friend.

After a rapid career of six or seven miles, the black horse turned of its own accord up a narrow side-road, that lay in a very narrow valley between two hills. The country grew wilder as he continued his course along



the winding banks of a branching stream; hedges soon ceased; enclosures disappeared from fields; huge hills rose up on either side, with no attempt at cultivation destroying the primitive desolation of their surface, — but suddenly, at an opening of the valley, a little white gate pointed out a path leading round a promontory of the mountain on the left, and at the end of a small level space, forming a peninsula of very rich land, surrounded on three sides by a sinuosity of the burn, was seen a low white-washed mansion, with smooth green turf on the little lawn in front, and supported on one side by a large orchard, at this moment filled with the richest fruit, and at the other by an ornamental garden, to which there was a descent by a few steps from a room at the west end of the house. Standing on those steps, as if arrested in the act of descending into the garden, a lady waved her hand to the advancing horseman, who leaped lightly from his horse, and putting the reins on his neck, watched him trot off in a very sedate and business-like manner to a stable abutting on the orchard, where a groom was waiting for his arrival. A minute saw Charles in the garden by the side of his mother, with his arm round her waist.

“Before I ask you how you have sped,” she said, “I must tell you the great event has happened. You are lieutenant

in the regiment we desired, and must leave me in a week.”

A start of gratification at the first part of the news was checked by the tone of his mother's voice. It conveyed to him as clearly as if the idea had been expressed in words, “You know how desolate I am, and yet you are delighted to leave me.” He was not at all delighted to leave her. He could have stayed with her all his life; only it looked such a shrinking from the duties of his age and station — such a selfish gratification of his love of home, if he continued for ever to reside with his mother, that he had applied for a lieutenant's commission (it was not absolutely necessary in those days to begin with the lower grade) in a regiment at that time engaged in bringing the revolted Americans to submission. And, accordingly, in all his day-dreams about Nancy Cleghorn there had been a perpetual glitter of epaulettes on his shoulders and a clank of sword and spur, which, however, only intruded themselves in a prominent manner when his thoughts dwelt on that young lady's imperturbable papa, whose insight into the human heart we have observed was greatly strengthened by his knowledge of geography.

“In a week?” he said. “Well, we have seven days' happiness before us, dear mother, and I will not allow a cloud to pass over a single hour.”

“And therefore you won't tell



me how you prospered to-day at Falder Mains."

"On the contrary, I will not conceal a syllable of all that passed. Old George is as great a millstone as ever, but Nancy is true as steel. She says if we're not rich enough to live without employment, she can make as much money as we require by her paintings. And how beautiful they are, mother! What likenesses! — what finish! You should see what she has made of me on Black Angus. By-the-bye, I wonder if they'll let me take him as my charger! I feel sure if Tom Splinters at the turnpike saw the picture at his gate, he would charge toll as if it were alive."

"But painting is a very precarious profession; and, besides, it is not quite the occupation for —"

"Ah! there's some of your nonsensical family pride, because you claim from Robert Bruce. I don't see why painting isn't as gentle a craft as wearing a uniform or pleading at the bar. But we shan't require it. She has only two sisters — I am an only child. Glen Bara is not very valuable, but we could live, mother — we could be happy: we could read, and draw, and walk, and ride, and farm, and feed cattle till they couldn't move — only George Cleghorn talks such nonsense about Dumbarton! How the deuce can I be such a great ugly, frowning mass of Whin! And Nancy — she's

to be Ailsa Craig — and then, when we have been petrified for seven years, we are to marry. Seven years! — only think of what an immense time that is!"

And then the young soldier poured out all his indignation on the head of poor old George Cleghorn of Falder Mains. And the mother thought it very unkind of Mr. Cleghorn to be so very careful and distrusting. And many attempts all the week were made to shorten the period of probation. Would three years do? — would five? But no! George Cleghorn was as obstinate as a mule, and Charles Harburn at the appointed time took his way for London to embark for foreign service, with a charming miniature of Nancy suspended by a ribbon and resting night and day upon his heart, and leaving with her his whole-length portrait, mounted on Black Angus, and bearing at one corner the signatures in white paint of the two lovers, under the hated names of Dumbarton and Ailsa Craig, with the date, in fainter letters, seventeen hundred and eighty.

Now, did Charles Harburn ever see Falder Mains again? Did he marry Nancy Cleghorn? Did the flinty-hearted father of that accomplished maiden relent, and send over the sea to tell Charles that as none but the brave deserve the fair, he had determined to bestow his daughter's hand where her heart had so long been placed, in reward of the gallantry



he had shown in many a dashing charge? And that his mother, the dear and honoured Mrs. Harburn, was in earnest expectation of his return to Glen Bara, which she had had newly painted and decorated in honour of the approaching happy event? It is a pity, my good and curious reader, that you can't examine my countenance before you put these questions. Do you see any symptom of fatuity, or even insanity, in my light grey eyes? — any wandering of intellect in the corners of this rather well-cut mouth? In short, do you suppose I am such a very egregious Tom Noddy as to tell you whether any of these incidents occurred at this particular part of the story? Don't you see that I have to go to America with my hero, and describe his achievements at Camden and Eutaw Springs and York Town — at the latter of which he received that sword-cut on his temple which made him so interesting, and left a mark that most people considered a great increase to the manliness of his beauty? Then I have to describe his disagreement with his general, and his duel with the insulting aide-de-camp; his rescue of his colonel's daughter from the hands of the wild Indians, who were about to tomahawk her first and eat her afterwards. Then his long detention in America by circumstances over which he had no control — his appointment to a difficult and dangerous com-

mand in Canada — his adventure in the boat at the edge of Niagara Falls — all these things I shall relate in the order here set down, if I see any necessity for doing so; and I do most positively decline to depart from what I consider the proper course of my narrative merely to gratify a petulant curiosity as to whether certain things happened at a certain time, with which it strikes me the reader has nothing whatever to do, except to read, with profound admiration, when the secret is at last confidentially communicated. How do I know that if he were discontented with the answer I gave him, he wouldn't at once shut up the page, and perhaps fly to an account of the Queen's last Drawing Room in the Morning Post? It is therefore, perhaps, my best policy to be as uncommunicative as possible.

I will only say that when Charles had been about two years absent he received a letter from his mother, in which, alluding to her communication of the month before, she says, "You have recovered the shock of my sad intelligence, I dare say. In fact, I always wondered you were so particular in that quarter — but there is no accounting for tastes. Last Sunday it was so fine that I ventured once more into the saddle and rode over to Falder Church. An excellent sermon from Mr. M'Tavish, but in so strong an accent that if I had not spent some part of my



youth in the Highlands, I should not have understood what he said. For the first time, I saw Major Nobbs. He is very yellow, and has been thirty years in India in the service of a Nizam of some place which I cannot spell, and very rich, they say. He would wed. They say, also, he came into the kirk under protest, as he has imbibed some very strange notions in the East, and some people say he is a Mahomedan, and proposed for all three, but George would only consent to his marrying Nancy. So they are off next week for their honeymoon in a ship that sails from Liverpool; and Nancy leaves a portrait of him, dressed in a very wonderful uniform. It is to hang over the dining-room mantel-piece, and looks very like the sign of the Saracen's Head. The bride seems quite happy, and I hope this letter will find you the same." It did. [The last mail had knocked him down for a whole week. But now he was in such exuberant spirits that a report got spread in the regiment that he had succeeded to a baronetcy and ten thousand a-year. He attended every ball that was given far or near — flirted in a very violent manner with any girl who would listen, talked disparagingly of love and constancy on all occasions, and was observed one night suddenly to burst into a fit of laughter and something very like sobs. Then he laid aside for the first time a small miniature of a blue-eyed,

red-lipped, light-haired female, which he had always sedulously concealed, but which he now swore was a likeness of an aunt who died young. So he was thought a youth of strong family affection to be so moved by a portrait of his mother's sister; and, besides, I have always heard his mother was an only child. I have very little doubt, therefore, that the ringlets and bright eyes belonged to Nancy Cleghorn, now Mrs. Major Nobbs.

## CHAPTER II.

THERE was a man of the name of Napoleon Bonaparte, the son of a pettifogging lawyer in Ajaccio, who made a remarkable disturbance at the beginning of this century. He upset several thrones and set them up again — altered the balance of power, kept the world in awe, and also made the fortunes of Brand, Bustle, and Co., the army-contractors in Wapping. That little Corsican adventurer never raised an army without putting hundreds of thousands of pounds into the pockets of this respectable firm. I he won a battle in Italy, there came such a flood of wealth into Wapping that it seemed as if he must be a sleeping partner in the concern, and thrashed the Austrians merely on purpose to increase the profits of trade. Mr. Brand lived in Grosvenor Square, and went down to Wapping every day in a splendid carriage, with two footmen on the box beside the coachman,



and two more hanging on behind. The aristocracy felt some surprise that a man of Mr. Brand's family should condescend to trade, but they were reconciled to it by the immensity of the income he realised, and the great scale on which his transactions were carried on. If he had dealt in single hams or disposed occasionally of a stone or two of beef, he would have been viewed in a very different light — but a man who filled three large ships with hams, which never reached their destination, and three more with powdered beef, which always, by some unaccountable means, was paid for before it started, and never was heard of again, either by the estimable government officer who handed over the money, or the army for whose benefit it was supposed to be shipped. A man who did business by the shipload and received his payments by the twenty thousand pounds, rose out of the category of tradesmen altogether, and became a potentate — a power — a visible representative of the inexhaustible wealth of England. So Mr. Brand was looked on as an embodiment of all the taxes; and it was felt, while we had twenty or thirty army-contractors rolling in such countless wealth from the mere profits of supplying beef and hams, that Britons never, never, never could be slaves. I have said the aristocracy were at first a little scandalised by pigs and oxen being salted and sold by a

person of Mr. Brand's family. And this may perhaps be accepted as an answer to the celebrated question of "What's in a name?" If Mr. Brand had been Mr. Snooks — nay, if Mr. Douglas Brand had been Mr. Snooks Brand, no one would have wondered at his trading in oxen and pigs. But having had the opportunity some years before of lending a little temporary assistance to one of the chiefs of the Douglas family, he received various letters of thanks from that grateful nobleman, asking further time for the payment of interest, and acknowledging the near relationship that existed between them; and as the younger branches of that wide-spread clan applied for similar assistance and made their acknowledgement in the same way, it came at last to be universally known that Mr. Brand was a cousin, more or less removed, to many of the heads of that illustrious house; and I happen to know he acted the part of "uncle" to some who were not so high up on the family-tree, but who still were in possession of some of the ancestral jewels, and had inherited portions of the family plate. But, uncle or cousin, he was equally a relative, and, therefore, when in eighteen hundred and fifteen, to mark the country's appreciation of his services in having amassed a fortune of half a million of money, he was created a baronet, by the style and title of Sir Douglas Brand, there was a pretty general



feeling that the days of chivalry were restored, and that Britannia had less to fear than ever on the subject of slavery, or of any interruption in her hereditary occupation of ruling the waves.

Among the strongest believers in the stability of his country and the perfection of all her institutions, was Sir Douglas Brand himself. A nation which gave such an open career to all her sons — which enabled a person, as he said at public dinners, to rise from obscurity and insignificance to the highest positions in church and state, — a nation that did this was the glory of her own children and the envy of surrounding states. It was a clearly demonstrated fact, therefore, to him and others of his class, that the dignity and power of England consisted in the number of people who, by dint of lucky contracts and judicious purchases in the funds, rose to wealth and eminence. They looked, accordingly, on the Helder Expedition of seventeen hundred and ninety-nine, where the commissariat was enriched though the army was forced to capitulate; and the still more brilliant expedition to Walcheren in eighteen hundred and nine, when the army was exterminated, but the variations of the funds doubled the fortunes of fifteen or twenty jobbers in Wapping and elsewhere, — as the noblest trophies of a free constitution, and they rolled off to church in their respective carriages on the day of fast and hu-

miliation (which was appointed by authority) to throw upon Providence the blame for the want of quinine in the marshes of Holland, and of military skill in the Earl of Chatham. Waterloo was a sad day for Lombard Street and nearly shut up the counting-houses in Wapping. Sir Douglas withdrew his capital from the food-market, and nursed it in mortgages and loans. He came to an arrangement with Brand, Bustle, and Co., by which he bereft them of the glory of his name, and retired from any responsibility. He left, however, a considerable amount of capital in their hands, and stipulated for a weekly inspection of their books, and a voice in the conduct of their business. Money in this manner accumulating — rank secured — friends gathered round him — and a long career apparently open before him if he chose to enter Parliament, by the purchase of half-a-dozen boroughs, — it is curious to say that by one of those odd eccentricities of the human mind for which nobody can account, the honourable baronet sickened of the grandeurs of Grosvenor Square, neglected sometimes for a whole week the alternations of the funds, and the sales of exchange, and kept his mind perpetually fixed on a vision of the Lanarkshire hills, and a young horseman who had been useful to him on a certain interesting occasion. He recalled the features and the form; the name, if he had ever known it, he had



entirely forgotten. Thirty-five years had passed, and such thirty-five years of war and struggle, and hopes and fears, and rises and falls, and eventual success, as were sufficient, one would think, to have buried the transaction altogether. But no — clear as if before his bodily eyes, arose the outline of Falder Hill, — the long high road, bordered with a strip of grass, — the coal-black horse, — the kind-faced cavalier, — the four golden guineas! And one day there appeared in the Times newspaper an advertisement, stating that, "If the gentleman who, in seventeen hundred and eighty, bestowed his generous aid on an unfortunate pedlar boy, was still alive, and would apply at Messrs. Dot and Carry's, Broad Street, London, he would hear of something to his advantage."

Ah! Charlie Harburn, why don't you read the Times newspaper? but what use would there be in reading it from end to end? Has your life been less adventurous than Sir Douglas Brand's? Has your memory retained its freshness more than his? Alas! not the faintest line remains of pedlar boy or generous aid; you might hear the story told and never recognise yourself as the performer of that good deed. Many a good deed have you performed since then; much generous trust you have shown; many a friend you have helped, and met with little gratitude in return; and now your heart has

got rather hard, — you don't believe in the fresh impulses of youth and the tender sympathy of the yet unwasted feelings. You would say, if you heard of a young man dividing his moderately-filled purse with a weeping pedlar boy, "What a fool the fellow was! I'll bet you he came to poverty in his old age, and he deserved it, the thoughtless coxcomb!" Is that the way you teach your own son — another Charles Harburn, now eighteen years of age, a cadet at Woolwich, and handsomer, if possible, than his father, nearly as kind to all, and as radiant and full of hope as you yourself were on that August day in seventeen hundred and eighty, when you rode black Angus, and were so filled with admiration for Nancy Cleghorn?

Major Harburn lived the life of a hermit in his poor old dwelling of Glen Bara. His wife, the daughter of his colonel, had died some sixteen years before, and as he sat over the fire on winter nights, a confusion sometimes came into his head between the maiden he had loved so ardently at home, and the gentle Canadian girl, whom he had married, and who had left him so soon. Their features got mixed on the wondrous canvas, whereon our fancy paints the incidents of the past; for Fancy has more to do with the scenes of our joyous youth, than mere prosaic recollection. Imagination and memory are twins, and amazingly like each other. Sometimes he took a meditative



ride over the scenes of his early happiness, and wandered with loosened rein and thoughts flying far back into the past, among the fields of Falder Mains. George Cleghorn had long passed away, and the property now belonged to a captain in the Indian army of the name of Nobbs — only son of the late Sir Hildebrand Nobbs, who had died full of honours and the liver-complaint, leaving the estate which he had obtained in right of his wife to his sole representative; and his picture — a full length in the uniform of the Nizam's body-guard — painted by Lady Nobbs, to be hung in the town hall of his native town, where it is still to be seen by the curious, and where the frame is very much admired. It chanced one day in August of the memorable year one thousand eight hundred and fifteen, to which I have now brought this narrative, that Major Harburn, under the impulse of one of those fits of sentiment, which in the intervals of more serious fits of gout and rheumatism, sometimes seize even an old gentleman of fifty-six, had ridden over hills and valleys, and was sauntering up the avenue of Falder Mains, when his attention was attracted by an unusual bustle at the door of that usually quiet and deserted mansion. There was a post-chaise in the stable-yard, there was a gig on the lawn; and pacing in front, were two men measuring the ground, and one man still perched in the gig, was taking down the

number of feet, as ascertained by the measurer's tape, all the windows were open, the hall-door was wide ajar. There were men in the different rooms making a great noise with hammers, and trundling about of old chairs and sofas. The major dismounted, and for the first time for five and thirty years, entered the well-known house. Alas! that stone and mortar, timber and glass, even paint and paper should remain so unchanged when time has such an effect upon our noble selves. There was the old piano, there were the oaken chairs, here were the glazed prints, all recognisable; and standing among them all, bent in the back, dim in the eyes, short in the breath, and bald in the head — more out of tune than the piano, more old-fashioned than the furniture — was Charles Harburn, whom nobody could identify with the young lover of other days — no, not his mother, if she were still alive — no, nor Nancy, who once had all his features by heart — scarcely indeed himself if he had suddenly seen in the glass, some morning when he was shaving, the presentment of the merry-eyed young man, who had been so happy and so admired in these old rooms before he joined the army.

It was not a pleasant visit, and he turned to go. In the passage were three or four people carrying parcels, work-boxes, footstools, and other things; and he drew back to let them pass. The



post-chaise was drawn up to the door. He heard a voice say: "You'll pack up all the framed pictures, and send them to my address at Cheltenham. The prints are to be taken at a valuation." And the major saw the speaker mount into the chaise with some difficulty. Her back was very broad; she wore a bonnet, big enough and high enough to have done duty as an umbrella; she wore a brown velvet pelisse, though the thermometer was at eighty in the shade; and when her maid had followed into the carriage, and sat down on the top of various packages, with which the seat was encumbered, the chaise drove off, and Harburn went out to mount his horse. A man who had left off the measurements, held the bridle while he mounted.

"Great doings here, apparently," said the major, giving the man a shilling.

"Deed, aye, sir. A' th' auld folk is getting rooted out, and the Londoners will come down in a body, and tak' Lanarkshire a' to themselves."

"The place is sold, then?"

"Have you no heard that?" said the labourer, involuntarily despising the old man for his ignorance, in spite of the shilling which he still kept in his hand.

"Sir Douglas Brand has bought it, and Middenstrae Haughs, and as far on as the Duke's; and they say he's in treaty for half the county to the north, so he'll hae mair land than a' the nobility; and so he's measuring here for a

house that's to be the size o' Drumlayrig, and the family is going to have a sale, and very nice lots there'll be, though I dinna think that the pictures will be much missed, notwithstanding the auld woman seems to think they're worth a' the rest of the goods."

"The auld woman?" enquired Major Harburn.

"Aye, Leddy Nobbs, that was her that stickit sae lang in the coach door; she was ane o' auld George Cleghorn's daughters, and was married on upon a black man that lived far awa' in India. Some folk think he was a cannibal, but I canna think that, tho' he's an awful sight to look on. That's him wi' the row of yellow teeth, and the brown skin, hanging above the mantel-piece. She canna hae been a great judge o' beauty, or men maun hae been unco scant."

Major Harburn made no reply, but slowly rode down the avenue. It is astonishing how little impression this curious incident made on him. He had heard his Nancy's voice again, he had seen her figure, and, instantly, all the past disappeared. He did not believe in the reality of his insane admiration for a broad-backed woman of sixteen stone, who had to be pushed by main force through the door of a post-chaise; and one resolution he immediately made and carried into effect the moment he got home, which was to take, burn, or otherwise destroy the miniature of his aunt



— the fair-haired, small-waisted, blue-eyed female — which had hung by a silk ribbon so long about his neck, and which was still preserved in a very secret drawer of his *escritoire*, and occasionally looked at when he wanted to recal the air, the features, the expression of Nancy Cleghorn.

Impatient to visit his purchases in Lanarkshire; impatient to see once more the Falder Hill — in sight of which his broken fortunes had been restored — Sir Douglas Brand posted down from London, and after sleeping on the previous night at Moffat, proceeded along the road towards his newly acquired property on this very day, the anniversary of that in seventeen hundred and eighty, to which he always looked back as the foundation of his fortune. He got out of the carriage, which he ordered to go slowly on, and walked along the footpath for several miles. Looking on the right hand, looking on the left, he thought at last he identified the very spot where the men had robbed him, where his whole possessions lay in fragments at his feet, and where the young horseman had restored him to wealth and hope. To verify it still more, he paused at what he considered the identical scene; there was a hedge-row there as before; he stept quietly off the road, and sat down on the grassy bank. He sank into himself, and buried his face in his hands, giving himself up to the

contemplation of the years that had passed since then. He heard nothing, saw nothing, but sat immoveable with his hands over his face.

"I hope you're not unwell, sir," said a kind voice at the side of the road.

"Not at all," said Sir Douglas Brand, rising up, as if ashamed of his emotion. "I was only resting after having walked a few miles to see the beautiful scenery. My carriage is gone on."

"It is waiting at the turn of the road," said Major Harburn, a little repelled by the coldness of the stranger's tone, and his ostentatious allusion to his carriage. He lifted his hat and rode on. On this very day appeared a second advertisement in the Times. "The gentleman who in seventeen hundred and eighty, gave his generous aid to a pedlar boy, on the high road in Lanarkshire, is probably dead; but if his son, if any, will address Messrs. Dot and Carry, Broad Street, London, and verify the incident, he will hear of something very much to his advantage."

"I will pay over twenty thousand pounds to him at once," said Sir Douglas, as he stepped into his carriage, "and if he takes a fancy to Mary — ah, well! there's no saying what might be done."

Now I have forgot to tell you that in the year eighteen hundred the rich contractor married — for love. Yes, the bright flashing



eyes of Signora Estrella Nunez, the daughter of a Spanish refugee from Cadiz, conquered the susceptible heart of Douglas Brand. Her father had had every farthing of his fortune confiscated, and certain bills on the Spanish treasury were ignominiously repudiated, and his estates, which were of considerable extent, seized as the goods of a traitor, so that Don Jacinto Nunez was very glad to convey all these valueless documents and nominal securities as a portion to his only child, receiving from his generous son-in-law, in the meantime, an annuity of one hundred a year. It is so good, and sometimes so politic, to be generous. When a few years had passed, and Don Jacinto had died, and Trafalgar had been fought, and Holy Juntas were established in the Peninsula, the bills upon the Spanish treasury were acknowledged by the liberating government, and paid for out of the English subsidies advanced by Brand, Bustle, and others. The lands were restored, and sold for ready money, and Mrs. Brand's allowance increased to a thousand a year, in consequence of her turning out an heiress. Her enjoyment of this sum was, however, very short, and the widower turned all his affection upon his only child — christened, out of compliment to Don Jacinto, Marie de Compostella, but known by the father's heart, only as his little Mary. Deep foundations were dug, high strong walls were raised, fences were thrown down, whole farms were turned into a park, and thousands of acres of valuable land; and millions, I was going to say, of mountain and heath, formed the domain round Falder Castle. Other lands were added. Small proprietors bought out — or their tenures made uncomfortable by quarrels about boundaries, and law-suits about manorial rights. And among the rest, persecution raged fierce and hot against poor old Major Harburn, who declined to part with his little estate of Glen Bara, though he was invited to fix his own price. He liked the place, his son liked it. It had been in their family four hundred years — so they said and believed — and no amount of money that an honest man could ask, would repay them for the loss of the hereditary soil. Sir Douglas Brand had distanced all competitors in making money by an inadequate supply of beef and ham to the British army. His efforts had put at least twenty thousand gallant men to death, who might have lived long and happily, if the stores had been of prime quality, or properly distributed where required; and he was not to be defeated now by a proud old major, whose worldly substance would not have purchased the bristles of the pigs on whose carcasses Sir Douglas had grown so fat, and the Walcheren expedition so lean. So he bullied and threatened, and fortunately discovered that not many years



before this, the proprietor of Glen Bara had mortgaged his estate to enable him to lend some money to a friend, for the purchase of his step, which money had never been repaid, for his friend had perished in battle, and the noble and paternal British government had kept the money he had paid for his promotion. The army contractor was in his element again. He found out the holder of the mortgage, he had it transferred into his own name, with all the arrears. He wrote a notice that he should require the money at once, or that he would be forced to foreclose. And the major, who by this time was more bent than ever, more rheumatic, more gouty, more short in the breath, more bald in the head, and quite as ignorant of business, was thrown into great distress. He grew ill, a fever made him for a few days delirious, and then left him so weak, that the farrier, who came over to see a lame cart-horse, thought he couldn't live long, and advised the housekeeper to send for Master Charles.

Three years had passed since Sir Douglas's first appearance. It was now the warm and genial month of August once more; and while poor Major Harburn was dying at Glen Bara, the baronet was in the noble library of Falder Castle, with a map of his territory before him, in the centre of which, coloured bright red, to distinguish it from the Brand property, was enclosed the an-

gular, independent-looking, and diminutive Glen Bara. This was the Mordecai at the gate that made all Sir Haman's happiness of no effect. He struck his hand on the red-coloured enclosure. "I will have you in green, like the rest, before a week is out. I will turn this proud major out of house and home. If he refuses the price I offer, I will seize it by legal process;" and he looked in a very self-satisfied manner towards a tin case on one of the shelves, in which reposed the mortgage he had lately bought. As if the business were already concluded, by means of this energetic declaration of his intention, he determined to go out for a walk among his newly-planted gardens and newly-levelled fields. On passing the housekeeper's room, he heard voices. Sir Douglas was never above picking up information. He paused and listened.

"He is the handsomest man I ever saw," said the housekeeper; "don't you think so, Miss Mary?"

"The horse, Mrs. Elgett, the horse, is handsomer than the man. I never saw such a noble horse. Where did you get it?"

"I found it with a great deal of rubbish left by the late family in a room above the stable. I was struck with the beautiful man, and have pasted it on the wall. I wish just such another youth would present himself here, Miss Mary. What would you do then?"

"You are a foolish old wo-



man," said Sir Douglas, entering the room, "and you, Mary, I'm ashamed of your listening to such nonsense."

"See, papa," said Mary, "it is only a daub of a young man and —"

But here the beautiful lips of Mary Brand grew rigid with surprise, the blood left her cheek, and she said,

"Father! what's the matter? are you ill?"

"Who did this?" said Sir Douglas, gazing on the portrait. "The same look and form! Have I been ungrateful? Have I forgotten you? No! not for an hour. Come, take all! you shall share it with me!"

"Father, father! oh! what does this mean?"

"It means that he is there! That — that's the man I have longed to see for forty years! Who is he? What is his name? Ten thousand pounds to the person who brings me to his presence!"

"Alas! sir, see the date," said Mary, "seventeen hundred and eighty; and the name's in white paint—Dumbarton, Ailsa Craig."

"I remember," cried Sir Douglas, "he made me pray that they might be united. I had forgotten the names; but now it is all clear. Do you know whose likeness it is? Does any one on the estate? Find out, and I will reward them beyond their dreams."

And for an hour he gazed on

the poor old presentment of Charles Harburn, mounted on black Angus, painted in the joyous time by Nancy Cleghorn, and shamefully left neglected in a lumber-room of Falder Mains by the much-changed Lady Nobbs. After he had set all engines at work to find out the original, he ordered the carriage, and, by way of diverting his thoughts, determined to take his daughter with him, and show her the small property he was so soon to get possession of; though, we must remark, that he never informed the young lady of the means by which he hoped to obtain Glen Bara.

Meanwhile, faint and slow came the breath of Major Harburn. He lay on a sofa in the parlour and looked out upon the opposite hill, apparently counting the shadows of the clouds that flitted over its face. An unprofitable occupation if he had been engaged in it; but his thoughts were elsewhere — with his young wife in Canada. Beside his bed, there she lay, cold — in the little churchyard. Then they went farther back, and he was running out and in at Falder Mains. Nancy met him at the door, and made up by kind looks and warm hand-shakes, for the cold reception of old George. He walked with her in the woods, and they exchanged their vows; and then a great broad-backed old lady stuck in the doorway of a post-chaise; and a lawyer's letter presented itself, with



threats of immediate expulsion from his home.

"I must die here," he cried of a sudden. "I will die nowhere else. Will Charlie never come?"

As if in answer to his wish, wheels stopt at the door. His son, now aged twenty-one, dressed in his blue frock and stiff red collar and cuffs of his regiment, entered the room, and knelt at the side of the sofa.

"You come, Charlie," said the major, "too late to lengthen out my life, but not too late to let me die in peace. Ride — ride to Falder Mains — they call it Castle, now — but ride, I tell you. Tell the proud man there that I am dying fast, but that I wish to die where I have lived — where my mother — where we have all died. Ask him not to refuse me this. It won't delay him long. Go, go; the black horse is kept saddled on purpose. You will be back again in two hours."

Sir Douglas Brand sate silent by the side of his daughter Mary. Ah! what a pretty girl she was! What Spanish eyes, spreading Andalusian sunshine over English cheeks! For she was surprisingly fair in the complexion, and yet dark as midnight in eyes and hair. And good, too; and clever. And, at the present moment, very much surprised at her father's behaviour. That hard man's heart had been touched by the sight of the picture. He now was absorbed in happy recollections. He told his daughter as much of his previous history as his

pride would let him reveal. He said, that at a certain part of the road a piece of good fortune had befallen him, from which he dated all his prosperity. He did not say what it was, but he pulled up the carriage, and helped her to dismount, and took her arm lovingly in his, and walked along the foot-way; and when they came to the grass bank he had sat upon — tramp! tramp! tramp! There comes the sound of a horse's hoofs at speed! The horseman, as he approached, pulled up, out of respect to the lady; and Sir Douglas, turning round, gazed on the exact counterpart of the scene that had filled his heart for so many a year. There was the same noble-looking youth — the same kind expression — the same graceful figure. The black horse was moving slowly on.

"In the name of Heaven!" cried Sir Douglas, "tell me who you are! You have haunted me from that hour to this! — aye, since the time when you gave me the four golden guineas until now that I am Sir Douglas Brand, with half the lands of the county in my hands!"

"You, then, are Sir Douglas Brand," said Charles, dismounting. "I was on my way to wait on you, with a most humble petition."

"No, no!" said the old man, still wandering in his thoughts, "not a petition to me; I cannot hear it."

"Perhaps the young lady,"



said Charles, "will exert her influence on behalf of my poor father. He is dying, sir, — dying in poverty, and without a friend — except myself; and I am as powerless as he. All he asks is, leave to die at home. Oh! don't turn him out for the few days he may have to live!"

"Your father? Your father? Aye! It was nearly forty years ago. His name?"

"The same as my own," said the young soldier, "Charles Harburn, of Glen Bara."

"We are on our way to Glen Bara," replied Sir Douglas. "We will go with you. This must be done by no hands but mine."

"Father," said Charles, gently opening the parlour-door, "don't let the news agitate you. Sir Douglas Brand and his daughter are come here to see you."

"He is a tyrant—an oppressor. I won't see him," said the major, raising his head from the sofa where he lay.

"But he repents—he is changed and softened, now," said the baronet himself, going up to the invalid. "We have met before. It is not my fault we have not discovered we were friends."

"May I die in my own house?" inquired the major, scarcely comprehending his visitor's language.

"If wealth can keep you alive — if kindness can prolong your days — you shall not die, my truest friend and earliest benefactor. I have discovered you at last! Don't you remember our

prayer together, in the road, near Falder Hill, that heaven would join Dumbarton and Ailsa Craig?"

A light shone in the major's eye — a smile came to his lips. "I remember," he said; "it all comes back to me at once. I was riding black Angus. There was a little boy in misery. I relieved him. And Nancy — you wouldn't believe it, sir, — she went off and married an old piece of mahogany, of the name of Nobbs; and three years ago I saw her in Falder Mains. She was Ailsa Craig. We never came together. So the prayer, you see, was useless."

"Perhaps not," said Sir Douglas, looking towards Charles and Mary; "it seems to me quite possible, Major Harburn, that the union may still take place. But in the meantime we must devote ourselves to the restoration of your health. You shall find Glen Bara as clear from debt as on the day when you took possession. The sum you advanced me was a loan which has prospered greatly. As the first instalment, I will pay over to your son, to-morrow, twenty thousand pounds — and I am ready to mortgage Mary as security for the rest."

## THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

### A BULGARIAN POST-HOUSE.

It is in the gray of the dawn that we ride through the gates



of Rasgràd, having already travelled a stage before daylight. The mighty clang of many anvils forging instruments of warfare, nevertheless, smites harshly on our ears, and the fierce glow of the furnaces strikes ruddily on our sight; for the trade of the armourer is the busiest in Rasgràd.

Our tired horses go steaming along through the heavy morning dews, and our breath comes in mimic clouds through our damp beards and comforters sprinkled over with watery jewels. The ground is wet and slippery, and we feel sufficiently chilled and hungry as we thread the tortuous filthy streets, and at last come abruptly on the post-house.

It is a little loft of a place, built upon an open wooden foundation, not unlike the guard-houses of the frontier troops near the Danube; or an elevated boat-house, to use a more familiar simile. Nobody is up; but, by means of much knocking and a loud hullabaloo, in which our Tatar distinguishes himself considerably, we rouse the tenants of the post-house at last, and the lumbering door revolves sulkily on its groaning hinges. A fierce gaunt man, the very personification of slothful worthlessness, now appears, and looks at us with a contemptuous scowl. Brutal ignorance and savage passions are written on every coarse line of his sensual countenance. He has small dangerous eyes,

which shun the daylight; a long, straight, fox-like nose, sharpening at the point, such as I have often noticed in cunning thieves; a low, lowering forehead; and an immense thick-lipped mouth. His projecting lower jaw is of immense power. He wears enormous rusty moustachios; but the rest of his beard, now of a week's growth, appears as if it were shaved sometimes. His dress is the common dress of the vulgar Turks, save that he is girded with a thick roll of dirty-white woollen stuff of some kind. For the rest, he is a large, loosely-built, hulking fellow. He stoops in his gait; and has great awkward hands and arms. He is armed to the teeth, not figuratively, but literally; for the hilt of his straight sword projects from his waist, beyond even his bare bull neck; and his drowsy half-awakened air announces that he had just risen from sleep.

Our Tatar dismounted, and bustled up the rotten wooden steps with holes in them, pushing his great bulky body aside to pass the doorway at the top. We followed him without question; and then another hulking fellow got up from the straw-stuffed divan or mattress, which was laid on the floor along two sides of the room, and began to wind some twenty yards of dirty whity-brown serge round his loins. The post-house was a foul den, so full of vermin that we were afraid to sit down and rest ourselves; but the warmth of a



large wood fire burning on an ample open hearth, was grateful to us, coming in from the bleak twilight without. A long, dirty hobbledehoy was, however, coiled up and sleeping, almost among the embers, so that we could not get very close; and after lighting fresh cigars, we were glad enough to go out of doors and escape, leaving to our Tatar the general management of our further affairs. We found that the post-house was situated in the centre of a sort of farm-yard, kneep-deep in mud and slosh. It was quite a picture of rustic plenty; and unthrift oxen and sheep were wandering about in it whither they pleased. A multitude of fowls, ducks, and geese, kept them company; and the shrill clarion of a cock sounded bravely at intervals to greet the approaching day. A few stolid peasants lounged about, and a little way off, another was lazily harnessing a yoke of oxen to a primitive waggon, crusted over with the mud of many roads. In the village streets some children began to appear, rubbing their eyes and munching; and one Christian woman looked palely forth from the low doorway of her hut, — a sad picture of patient hopelessness. We had scarcely time to make these observations before our Tatar appeared with a blank face, and announced to us that we could get no horses on. Breakfast also seemed entirely out of the question; and the loutish tenants of the post-house

looked on scornfully, enjoying our discomfiture. When we offered them money (about twice as much as usual), they turned insultingly away, and left us talking; but, when our Tatar at last lost patience, and laid his whip about them, and when I shouted in a voice of thunder that I would cause the severest punishment to be inflicted on them if we were detained, one of them lurched sulkily off in search of horses, and the Tatar assured us, with a sly wink, that the other would very soon manage to find us something to eat.

The hobbledehoy also now woke up from his sleep among the ashes, and began to prepare us some coffee. It is a weary conclusion to come to, but really nothing can be done in Turkey without hectoring; and all things but truth may be found with harsh words and a whip. As daylight stole slowly in, we began to look round us and examine the post-hut, to which we had returned, more attentively. Its sole furniture was the straw-stuffed divan, quite alive with vermin, and two little brass coffee-pots. The unglazed windows were barred with little rotten rails of wood. Small rude shutters, which rattled to every breeze, were placed in them. The walls and ceiling were of one uniform smoke colour. You could have traced your name or a fancy portrait of your enemy upon any part of them with the point of a stick.

We did not wait long before



one of the truculent-looking men came in, and laid a little round red earthenware dish before us. It was full of eggs, warmed rather than cooked in oil, and seasoned with garlic. He was quite cowed now, and moved silently to get us some salt and black bread to make up the banquet. When we had eaten, he afforded us every assistance to make some decoction of tea in one of the little coffee-pots, and then he brought us pipes from some house in the village. His companion had also mysteriously found us horses; and they both recommended themselves earnestly to us when we rose to go, and held our rusty stirrups as we mounted. Our loud words, indeed, had raised us generally in the estimation of the neighbourhood, and there assembled quite a little crowd of respectful admirers to see us ride upon our way. Misrule and violence can have but one effect, — it makes men either slaves or rebels.

### DEATH'S CYPHERING-BOOK.

AN assembly of manufacturers in the North, met, last month, for the purpose of combining in what they are pleasant enough to call a National Association for resistance to the law, which requires accidents to be prevented by the fencing of their dangerous machinery. It so happened that just before their meeting was held, attention had been called,

in this journal, to the subject of preventible accidents in factories, and to the proper determination now shown by the government (Heaven knows it does little enough that is proper), to enforce those clauses of the Factory Act which aim at their prevention.

We could not, indeed, pass over without mention, or mention with admiration, the active resistance offered by a large body of mill-owners to the order for the fencing of shafts, which, being unfenced, destroy and mutilate every year a large number of workmen. At the same time, however, we did by no means bring against mill-owners as a class a sweeping accusation of barbarity, but, on the contrary, gave, what we thought, just prominence to several facts, showing how benevolent and noble it was in their power — and not seldom in their will — to be. Though — not very unreasonably, we hope — adverse to that particular system of fencing with humanity, of which we spoke,\* and which this National Association of factory occupiers is intended to maintain, we were, and still are, disposed generally to agree with the opinion expressed by one speaker, at the aggregate meeting which produced such an association, that “among the cotton manufacturres of this country there is as much kindness, benevolence, charity, and philanthropy, as amongst any other class of her Majesty’s subjects.”

\* See Vol. XXXI, p. 255.



But, our agreement in any such opinion can by no means be founded on the evidence produced at the said meeting. It was held, as we said before, very soon after we had called attention to the present state of the dispute over the lives and limbs of operatives; and we are indebted to this chance for getting from those who disagree with us the best specific answer they could give to the case, as set forth by ourselves, chiefly in the shape of a statement offered by the chairman of the meeting, which it was hoped, by a speaker, "would travel through the length and breadth of the land, and prove an antidote to the trash, the poison, published on Saturday in Household Words." We have procured the antidote, and by no means intend to withhold it from our readers. It was produced as a grievance, at this meeting, that such offences as those which the National Association undertook to justify should be "poeticised in twopenny publications for the benefit of pseudo-philanthropists." The real philanthropists (who we suppose are the men not squeamish about a few spots of spilt brain, or a leg or an arm more or less upon a poor man's body), shall plead in justification all that they have to plead: poeticising for themselves, not only in the Manchester Town Hall, but also more immediately before our pseudo-philanthropic readers.

The chairman of the National

Association, and of the aggregate meeting at which it was formed, on the seventeenth of April last, began his introductory address with a brief account of the course taken by the Home Office with respect to the clauses in the Factory Act, relating to the fencing of machinery, and of the "storm" in Manchester, produced by the recent determination that this portion of the Act shall be enforced more thoroughly than heretofore. Thus far the chairman's account tallied exactly with our own; and he went on to say that, as deputations had failed at the Home Office, an aggregate meeting of the trade had been summoned to meet on the tenth of April, had been adjourned for a week, and was the meeting then before him. The chairman next dwelt on the prejudice entertained against mill-owners as a class, which he showed to be manifested by the circulars of the Home Office, by the prosecutions of unfenced machinery, by the almost carrying through the House of Commons of a bill which they opposed — for, as another speaker put it, "in a pretty full house, they were only in a majority of eight," (Pity the sorrows of a persecuted interest!) — and by an article in this journal, on unfenced machinery, part of which he proceeded then to read, out of a morning paper. The statements derived by us, from the reports of the factory inspectors, and the opinions founded on them, he



then proceeded to answer. The main point of his answer was, Look not at the number and seriousness of the accidents in factories, taken alone, but at their per-centage on the whole population of the factory operatives in this country. He began by attributing to "wilful blindness or ingenious perversity," the constant omission to state the number of people among whom factory accidents occurred. He proceeded to state that number, upon the authority of the very people whom — unless he meant ourselves — he was accusing of suppression. "The last report," he believed, "which was made by the factory inspectors, was about four years ago; and at that time there were about six hundred thousand people employed in the inspected factories." Very well. Since that time, every report in which the inspectors number accidents, contains also a careful numbering of the new mills opened, of the old mills enlarged, or become unoccupied, and of the increase of horse-power in every district. There is no concealment, therefore, through wilful blindness or ingenious perversity, of the extent of the factory system, on the part of the gentlemen whose reports suggest to the Home Office and to the public those conclusions against which the chairman was protesting.

As for ourselves, we admit freely that it never did occur to us that it was possible to justify,

by arithmetic, a thing unjustifiable by any code of morals, civilised or savage. By land and sea, thousands of our countrymen are killed or maimed every year, in consequence of accidents that are distinctly preventible. Every such accident lies at the door of the man by whose neglect or indifference it is permitted to occur; and every such man ought to be made, by society, to feel, in a substantial way, the seriousness of the responsibility he has incurred. This opinion we have expressed frequently and strongly, and not by any means with exclusive reference to cotton-manufacturers. We have urged it with reference to ships, with reference to house-building, with reference to sewerage, with reference to town church-yards, with reference to sundry trades, with reference to railways, mines, and quarries, as well as with reference to factories; and we have not forgotten that there are some sources of preventible accident to be discussed more fully than heretofore, each in its own convenient season.

It happens that no season can be so convenient as the present for directing the attention of the public to that class of preventible accidents which is attached to labour in the factories; simply because, at this time, means are being used for their prevention, and a powerful interest combines for the purpose of producing deputations, aggregate meetings, and associations, to frustrate the



hope of the public that such means will be effectual. Having explained so much, and added our private belief, that if there occurred annually throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland, among twenty or thirty millions of people, only one accident preventible by law, it would be, nevertheless, the business of the law to prevent it, we will go on to the arithmetical demonstration of the right of bruising, tearing, maiming, battering or crushing, four thousand operatives per annum, which should be vested in an interest employing a total of seven hundred thousand persons. This is, in fact, the Manchester chairman's requirement; we hope we are not totally blind, but, that it is an argument on that gentleman's part, we confess we cannot see. If it be an argument for anything, it is an argument in addition to all that have hitherto urged upon the government a strict upholding of the factory-law. We will not call it inhumanity — it is not that — but it is surely a strange illustration of the power of self-interest and habit, that a gentleman of high character, who well deserves all the respect attaching to his name, could think a point of this kind settled by the calculation, that four thousand accidents, great and small, yield only one to every hundred and seventy-five persons, and that the number of horrible deaths yearly being only forty-two — seven hundred thousand, divided by forty-two, gave

a product of sixteen thousand and sixty-six, or, in round numbers, one in seventeen thousand.

What if you were to carry out this method of arguing by products? There is a kind of death which the law seeks to prevent, although it is scarcely found to be preventible, and that is, death by wilful murder. Perhaps there may be about forty-two who suffer death in that way, annually, throughout Great Britain; and the population of the whole country is immensely greater than the population of the factory-world contained within it. Perhaps, also, there may occur in the year four thousand burglaries of greater or less moment, or some other number which would go certainly oftener than a hundred and seventy-five times into the whole population. Why, then, let it be asked, are honest men to be taxed for the maintenance of expensive systems of law and police when the per centage of burglary and murder, upon the sum total of men who are neither murderers nor burglars, is represented only by such a ridiculous fraction as may be received at an aggregate meeting like the Manchester chairman's with laughter and applause. He spoke of a third of a man per cent. Burglary and murder put together, do not touch a third of a man per cent. or anything approaching to it. What right then has the home government to concern itself about such trifles as burglary and murder? This is



the sort of argument to which we are reduced when the moral element is exchanged for the arithmetical.

Besides, what, may be said, arithmetically considered, is a murder or a robbery? A man, aged thirty, is guilty — if he can be called guilty — of a murder, which he has spent only five minutes in committing. He has lived about seven million nine hundred thousand minutes, during only five of which he has been committing murder. His guilt is but a fifteen thousand eight hundredth per cent. or, as the Manchester chairman would have put it before his meeting even more triumphantly in decimals, — decimal nought, nought nought, nought, six upon his innocence. What right has society to hang him? Besides, in those thirty years, if he has been living in towns, and moving much in streets, he must have come within murdering distance, at the lowest computation, of three hundred thousand people whom he has not hurt. His crime, as an individual we have already put into figures, and now it appears that, by as much as one in three hundred thousand is less than forty-two in seven hundred thousand, by so much is such a murderer less justly liable to public interference than an unfenced shaft. All this is absurd, of course; but, in this excessive absurdity lies the whole weakness of the case which was triumphantly hailed by the aggregate meet-

ing at Manchester as an answer to our trash and poison, — namely, the assumption that arithmetic will ever work out questions of moral right and wrong.

The chairman of the Manchester meeting next justified the preventible accidents in factories, by comparing them with the much greater proportionate number of preventible accidents in coal mines. A man living in Piccadilly might in the same way consider himself entitled to pick pockets with impunity, on account of the very small number of pick-pockets among the population living in that thoroughfare, as compared with the population of Field Lane or Saffron Hill. He went on to direct attention to the large amount of preventible misery and death caused by the neglect of government in the Crimea, and considered that “a member of a cabinet which was committing all these mistakes with such fatal results” — one of a “delinquent government” — had no right to bear heavily at home against neglect and delinquencies which were to be expressed by figures incomparably smaller. In other words he was of opinion that, being itself unquestionably answerable for disorganisation and loss of life on a vast scale in the Crimea, the government has no just right to enforce petty authority and a care for your mere single lives in England; that, having destroyed an army abroad, it ought not at home to



regard with terror anything so trifling as the smash of a few bodies, and the wrench of a few limbs; that the country, having experienced a great preventible disaster — for which it is indeed taking measures to find out what persons were immediately responsible — is bound to clear the road for every kind of small disaster, and to put up quietly with anything that is not by more than ninety-nine and nine-tenths per cent. as bad as the winter afflictions of our troops in the Crimea!

Most seriously we have to state that we have here faithfully detailed the entire argument of the chairman of the National Association for resistance to the factory law, and yet he was certainly the most argumentative speaker at the late aggregate meeting, and the advocate to whose speech speaker after speaker pointed most frequently as a triumphant reply to the "philanthropic writers and publishers of twopenny publications who wished to add grist to their mill — so that the one wrote and the others published for the prejudices of the people." Even the prejudices of the people, probably, are less astonishing than the prejudices of a very little class contained among them. It was to the prejudices of, we hope, a very small percentage of the people (let us by all means reason by figures) that the chairman appealed when he summed up with his opinion that

"in looking at these facts, he must say it was high time to form a National Association of the factory interests of the three kingdoms." The National Association formed accordingly, is now alive, and — may we venture to add — kicking.

Among the addresses of the other speakers we find repetitions of the preceding arguments, and of others to which we have referred on a previous occasion. The great fire of Manchester, which was to be caused by fenced machinery, was not indeed threatened on this occasion; but, disobedience of orders on the part of the men (by no means disobedience of law on the part of the masters) was of course duly put forward as the ordinary cause of accident. There was a good man known to a good poet who had much to do with sufferers, "and quite forgot their vices in their woe." There are reasoners who can discuss the widows and orphans of mangled operatives, the disabling for life of hundreds of men, and the wounds of others, quite forgetful of their woe, over a setting forth — not of their vices — but of their trivial faults of carelessness; the playfulness of children, who fling thoughtlessly about, and are admonished by the tearing off of arms and legs, the thoughtlessness of a white-washer who forgets to tuck his coat tails carefully up, and as a just consequence is caught by the said tails, dragged by a shaft,



and has his brains dashed out against a beam. The poet said of his good man that "to relieve the wretched was his pride, and ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side." The Manchester reasoner prides himself, in this case, on resistance to attempts for the relief of wretchedness, which resistance springs out of a failing of his that leans not to the side of virtue as in the three and a half per cents. "From the return of the coroners in the factory districts," the reasoner says, "it appeared that out of eight hundred and fifty-eight accidents occasioning loss of life, only twenty-nine, or three and a half per cent had been occasioned by factory machinery." Three and a half per cent! The argument is of a substantial character.

There is a kind of fencing for the prevention of accident with which inhabitants of towns are all very familiar — the fencing of areas with iron railing. Let us suppose that this were not now an established system, but an innovation proposed by some pseudo-philanthropists. Is it not manifest that the house-owning interest would have as good a case of grievance to make out, as that which is put forward by the factory owners who are asked to fence their dangerous machinery? Areas being unfenced — in London, let us say — all people who are prudent would avoid walking too close to the edge of them: the danger would be patent, the means of avoidance

obvious; it would be a man's own fault if he allowed himself to tumble into an area. Nevertheless, accidents would occur; probably in something less than the per centage usual in factories. We will suppose that the per centage of accidents would be nearly the same; that would give ten or twelve thousand great and small disasters annually, from contusions up to broken heads and ribs and limbs, with a hundred or a hundred and twenty persons killed. The pseudo-philanthropist would of course cry to a prejudiced public, Here is a great yearly waste of life and limb, preventible by the most simple expedient of binding every house-owner by law to put a fence about his area! House-owners might then get up deputations, form aggregate meetings, and hold forth upon the platform, generally to this effect: That the proposed law would put them to a great expense without just cause; that the deaths by tumbling into areas, went into the whole population so as to give a product representing only one in about seventeen thousand; that the persons in London suffering from accident of any kind through unopened areas, amounted only to one in one hundred and seventy-five; that the accidents commonly took place in spite of warning and through obvious imprudence; that children foolishly played on the edge of deep areas, knowing that they had no right



to be there; and that in spite of all warning, the said children would tumble in. By what principle of justice, then, should the owner of the area be made responsible for, and put to expenses by, their disobedience and folly? That a great many more deaths had been caused by mismanagement in the Crimea, and that there were more accidents in coal-mines than in London areas; that the government had therefore no right to protect life at home; and that the London house-owners were a persecuted interest. Besides, it could be urged, that if the fencing were established it would lead to dangers of the most alarming kind. It would not of course put a stop to accidents, because children would fix their heads between the railings and impale themselves in endeavouring to climb over the spikes, which would at the same time offer serious obstacle to escape from the house in case of fire. But, what is infinitely worse, they would unquestionably lead to a great English revolution, which would be a conflagration far more to be dreaded than the fire of Manchester, producible by fencing horizontal-shafts. For, let any one only consider what might be the consequence of lining the streets of our large towns with heavy weapons — pointed iron spikes — of the most formidable character. Little more than six years have elapsed since special constables were

sworn, and revolutionists were feared, in London. Everyone knows, too, how high the excitement often rises at a general election. Let the time come, when in case of any such turmoil the disputants, not left to their mere fists and sticks, are tempted by the sight of stands of arms lining the streets, and what will be the consequence? The iron railings will be torn up and distributed among the populace; torrents of blood will flow: the military will be necessarily summoned; and the most furious combats will begin. Barricades will be thrown up, and the passions of the populace, stimulated to the utmost, will finally hurl the British empire over the brink of an abyss. Surely it is a lesser evil that a little boy should tumble down an area! Which sentiment the aggregate meeting of house-owners would receive with cheers and laughter; and it would then wisely resolve itself into a national association of house-owners for the maintenance of open areas.

We turn from the wisdom of the platform to the wisdom of the press, which renders homage to the platform. A Manchester newspaper has "practical evidence demonstrating that secure fencing might vary the character of the accidents occurring, and nothing more. Of the two thousand accidents in the last factory inspectors' report, we find that exactly thirty-nine proved fatal; but of these no less than eigh-



teen, or nearly one-half, are described by the inspectors as *accidents not arising from machinery*. The fatal accidents from machinery were as one in two hundred of the whole number; while the fatal accidents *not* arising from machinery were as many as one in every five."

The reports of the factory inspectors are half-yearly. They separate, in every case, the accidents arising from machinery from the accidents which arise in other ways: placing them in distinct tables. From our comment and calculation we, as a matter of course, in the article to which this newspaper refers, excluded wholly those accidents not arising from machinery, which are triumphantly produced as an answer to our case. Many of them being preventible, some of them might have gone by way of addition to a sum of wretchedness already great enough; but, we neither said nor hinted anything to that effect, and took no more note of the accidents in factories with which machinery had nothing to do, than of the yellow fevers in Jamaica or of deaths by apoplexy anywhere. If the newspaper to which we refer had obliged us with the statistics of yellow fever as an answer to our case, they would have been as relevant as the above-quoted paragraph.

The writer then asks, whether we should like to be held responsible for the death of persons

mangled by our printing machines, and wishes to know why printers are not called upon to fence their presses. Simply, because nobody is aware of any accidents that could in that way be prevented. If skulls were smashed and limbs torn off in printing offices by machines which could be rendered harmless, we should, we trust, if we were printers, not think it a hardship to perform our duty by preventing what we could prevent, or quarrel with a law that ordered us to do so. Having propounded this most sapient appeal direct, the Manchester newspaper reverts to its pet idea of the accidents that have nothing at all to do with the question, as forming staple for an argument as weighty, probably, as any other. While Household Words, it says, is thus hounding on the government to inflict upon the manufacturers penalties from which other trades are entirely free, we subjoin a sample of the kind of accident which helps largely to make up the factory inspectors' formidable table. It is supplied by a correspondent of a Bradford paper:

I have just been told by a millowner of three accidents, which no doubt form part of the half-yearly two thousand which are regularly reported. During the dinner hour the lads had made a seesaw on an empty oil cask in the mill-yard; one of the lads was thrown off and hurt his head. Another day a number of donkeys which brought combers work were in the same yard. The lads teased the donkeys, and one got a severe kick from one of them. On another occasion some lads were climbing up the crane-rope, when one fell and was hurt. These occurred all in one mill yard, in this



town, and are served up by Dickens as part of the horrible mutilations of the factory occupiers.

The total number of accidents of this kind, not arising from machinery, mentioned in the last half-yearly report of the inspectors, is eighty-seven, among which eighteen ended in death, and twenty-two or more in broken bones. The whole number of accidents reported as having arisen from machinery during the same half-year — and of those only we have spoken — was one thousand nine hundred and seventy-one. The Bradford paper knows very well that we have not served up the nonsense of its correspondent to the public, and regarded donkey's kicks as dreadful mutilations. We have reason to know better. Fresh from the reading of such a paragraph as that just cited, we are privileged to say that we can place ourselves in the position of the lads who, under the shadow of a factory, teased donkeys, and got a severe kick from one of them. The effect of it is, by no means, horrible mutilation.

## MOTHER AND STEP-MOTHER.

IN FOURTEEN CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER I.

"WELL, after all, I suppose it is not very much to be wondered at! Your disconsolate widowers are always the first to take com-

fort. Poor dear Ann! not dead two years till September, and Edward married again. The doctors ought to be ashamed of themselves, putting it into one's head that he was going into a decline. I am sure I couldn't rest day or night for thinking of him."

"I congratulate you on the relief this news must be to you, Fanny. Thomson says your brother is looking better than he ever did in his life; and he tells me his wife is a decided beauty."

"I cannot help thinking that he might have given us warning of his intentions earlier. It looks so awkward to know nothing of one's own brother's affairs. I talked so much about his grief that I shall get finely laughed at when he comes home with a young wife."

"You must endure with your usual patience, Fanny. I do not think he has used us particularly well; but it seems she was furious for him, and when a beauty of eighteen falls violently in love with a man of six-and-thirty, it must be allowed that it is sufficient to turn his head."

"O! you men always attach so much importance to youth. For my part, I should have thought Edward would have had too much sense to be caught by a miss in her teens; besides what can such a girl know about the management of children."

"I suppose she cannot know very much at present; but that comes by instinct. I do not think she is likely to make the worse



stepmother because she is young; and Frank is such a pretty child that the danger will be of her spoiling him."

"O, it will be well enough till she has children of her own. Poor little Frank's good looks will not do him much service then; and you may take my word for it, Wilton, that it was a bad day for the poor child when his father first saw this Helen Macdonald."

Sir Edward Irwin, the subject of the fore-going tête-à-tête, was a baronet descended from a respectable family, and possessed of very considerable estates in the North of England. He had married, early in life, a lady of a sweet and amiable temper, and, eschewing fashionable gaieties, had found his happiness in domestic enjoyment, and in literary and scientific pursuits. The premature death of his wife startled him from the even tenor of his life. It was the first sorrow that had befallen him, and he was overwhelmed by it. His wife had been so constantly his companion; she had met all his requirements with a sympathy so ready and so intelligent; that he felt as though the dearer half of his soul were taken away, and as if it were impossible for the other half to linger behind. The caresses and necessities of his son, a child of some three years old, were powerless to rouse him. He was unhappy in having nothing to force him from his sorrow. His ample means, his

obsequious retainers, his anxious friends — all ministered to it. Toil, the hard but sweet necessity of the sorrowing multitude, brought no aid to him: he nursed his woe and fed it, till his bodily strength gave way. Friends interfered; doctors were consulted; his affection for his child was appealed to; and he submitted passively to be sent to Italy, that change of scene and change of climate might be tried. He went without hope — without desire of recovery. Italy or England — what mattered it to him? The world was one grave-yard, with one barren mound of earth, by which his heart sat and wept. So he said, and so he thought.

He took his child with him; for, though in his saddened mood the sight of the pretty boy only served to whet his sorrow, he clung to him as all that remained of her he had lost; and watched over him with a nervous solicitude grievous to behold. The contrast between the healthy child and the sorrow-stricken father could hardly fail to strike the most careless observer; it very quickly awakened the attention of Mrs. and Miss Macdonald, who happened to occupy an adjoining palazzo in Florence, whither Sir Edward had betaken himself by the direction of his physicians. The simple story of his bereavement roused the interest of both ladies — an interest which, in the younger, quickly assumed the character of passion.

Young, beautiful, and undisci-



plined, Helen Macdonald revelled in wild notions of an all-consuming and imperious love. Her ardent temperament had been exaggerated by the loose morality of the unprincipled South, and she easily accepted the handsome stranger as the incarnation of an ideal, which already at eighteen she had despaired of meeting. Sir Edward's sunken eye and wan cheeks, his tall, worn person, and his rare and sorrowful smile, moved her, as the perfection of health and manly vigour might have failed to move her. What was not the love worth which could set such a mark on the bereaved one? She sympathised with, she admired his sorrow; and to soften it, to pour balm into the wound which he loved to keep open, became the ambition — the object of her life.

Occasion is rarely wanting to those who heartily seek it. In the present instance the child naturally opened the way to the father. The little boy's heart was easily won by the smiles and caresses of the beautiful stranger, who spoke to him in the language of his mother, and folded him in her arms almost as tenderly. The name of Helen Macdonald was constantly on his lips, until it became familiar and grateful to his father's ears. Courtesy required that Sir Edward should rouse himself to show some sense of the kindness lavished on his child. The first step taken, the rest followed naturally. Secure in his grief, Sir Edward submitted

to the attentions of his neighbour. Her profound admiration, her sympathy unuttered, but spoken in every look, in every gesture, were a flattery which he accepted without suspicion. The meeting with her became the event of the day, until the sweet pale image of his lost love passed from his mind like breath from the face of a mirror, and the living passionate Helen reigned supreme. One bitter struggle he endured — one sickening attempt to return to his past state of feeling; but the flesh overcame the spirit, and with a sigh, half of sorrow at his instability, half of relief, he yielded himself to the intoxicating rapture of his new passion.

Helen was so very beautiful; so tender, yet withal so jealous, so imperious, that she kindled for a time his more placid temper into a semblance of her own. She was his tyrant and his slave; but in all her moods, so full of witchery, that she left him no time for backward thought, but filled him heart and soul with her own image.

No obstacles stood in the way of their union except such imaginary difficulties as the restless fancy of Helen created. Her mother, who in many respects resembled her daughter, was still in the meridian of her beauty, and was not ill-pleased to be relieved of a child whom she could not govern, and who had become a rival, and to have her creditably established as the wife of one of the oldest baronets in



England. Sir Edward, on his side, had no near relations but his sister, and he had been so little in the habit of consulting her, that it was only on the eve of his marriage that he wrote to her. And the same letter which announced to her his complete recovery and approaching marriage, informed her of his intention of bringing his wife immediately to England.

## CHAPTER II.

IN spite of the dissatisfaction which Mrs. Wilton Brook had expressed at her brother's marriage, she was by no means deficient in anxiety to see her new sister-in-law, and she appreciated her brother's position too highly not to be anxious to ingratiate herself with a wife who she felt would exercise a strong influence over him. She accordingly dressed her pretty person in the most approved fashion, and prepared her lips for smiles and compliments, as she drove to visit the bride at Mivart's Hotel.

If her prejudice had been stronger than it was, it must have yielded to the grace and beauty of the stranger. Mrs. Brook, too, could not but be struck by the improvement in her brother's appearance, and she was grateful to her who had effected it; for, though a worldly woman, she was not deficient in natural affection. Sir Edward was her only brother, the head of her family, and she almost forgot

poor Ann when she gazed on his renovated form, and saw the tender pride with which he watched the movements and listened to the words of his young wife.

The appearance of the child awoke the train of old recollections in the mind of his aunt, and when she had admired his growth and caressed his fair long hair, she could not refrain from whispering to his father:

"How like poor Ann!"

Lady Irwin caught the whisper; her lip quivered, and the colour deepened in her cheek; she drew the child closer within the circle of her arm, and said softly — "I think him so like Edward."

"So he is," returned Mrs. Brook. "He is like Edward about the nose and mouth; but he has his mother's eyes."

It did not please Lady Irwin that the child's eyes were so large and tender.

"They are very beautiful," she said, with an anxious, half fearful look at her husband; but there was no sorrowful recollection in his countenance — nothing but present love and happiness.

"You can form no idea, Fanny, of what a mother Frank has in this dear little sister I have brought you. I cannot understand it, such a child as she is. Well might the poet say

*φιλότεκνόν πως πᾶν γυναικεῖον γένος.\**

\* The love of children is a woman's instinct.



"What! you haven't cured him yet of his abominable habit of quoting what nobody can understand, Helen?"

"O no! I don't wish to do it, either. You will laugh at us, I dare say, when I tell you that he is to give me regular lessons when we get home. I know a little Latin already, but not enough to be of any use. We have arranged our occupations for the winter. Edward's wife ought not to be a smatterer, you know."

"But I hope you are not going to let him bury you and himself down at Swallowfield. It was bad enough before, but to hide you in the country would be a crying scandal indeed."

"O, we have not the smallest intention of doing anything of the kind — have we, Edward? Do not alarm yourself, dear Mrs. Brook, I am quite as fond of society as you can desire."

"Well, that's some comfort. I only hope and trust that you do not intend to lay yourself out for a literary lady; that will do some twenty years hence; at present it would be a positive sacrifice. I am not sorry that you are only passing through town now; it would not have done to take off the gloss of your debüt by appearing at the end of the season."

"O no! that would be an improvidence indeed," returned Helen, laughing. "I haven't tired Edward out yet, and we intend to live demurely and properly this winter, that I may come out span

new with country cheeks next spring. We are going home to-morrow. It sounds so strange to talk of going home to a place one has never seen, but I almost seem to know it, I have made Edward tell me so much about it, from the lime avenue by the river side to the old oak cabinet in his study. I shall soon know the ways of the house, and then I hope you will come and see us."

"That's a very civil speech of yours, my dear," said Mrs. Brook, in high good humour; "and you may trust to my discretion not to break in upon you too soon. But what do you say to leaving me the boy for the present? I will take great care of him, and my girls will be nice playmates for him."

This invitation was declined with thanks, but with a haste which showed that neither Sir Edward nor his wife were inclined to forego the pleasure each derived from the presence of the child. Perhaps Mrs. Brook had given the invitation to test the real state of her sister-in-law's feelings towards her little nephew; certainly she did not seem displeased that it was not accepted, and took her leave, enraptured with the bride, and perfectly reconciled to her brother.

#### CHAPTER III.

A FEW weeks saw Sir Edward Irwin and his lady established for the winter in their handsome country mansion. When the pleasant task of showing his



estates to his wife was over, and the excitement of returning in joy to the home which he had left in sorrow and weakness, had subsided, Sir Edward resumed his old, but long interrupted pursuits; and his wife, true to her intention, entered on a course of study which should enable her to share them. Nor did her energies flag after a few weeks of strenuous exertion; her mind, vigorous and enquiring, demanded a pursuit which called its powers into action, and her proud spirit rose with the difficulties which presented themselves. Her husband smiled at her eagerness, and was delighted at her intelligence; so that the hours he spent in assisting her in the severe studies she undertook, were the pleasantest of his day.

And Lady Irwin was happy. Her husband had no thought beyond her, the boy thrived and loved her; but yet her happiness was not perfect. Mere passion never brings happiness; it is of the earth, earthy, and bears the elements of corruption in itself. The love that does not come from Heaven, that does not look to Heaven for its perfection, cannot raise, cannot purify the heart — it is a restless wind that stirs the troubled soul, and will not let it be at peace — it is unquiet and ingenious as self-torture. So it was with Helen Irwin; between her and her happiness came a shadow, the phantom of one who had ceased to be.

The picture of the first Lady

Irwin hung in the drawing-room, and she would sit and gaze at it until the canvas seemed to glow, and the sweet thoughtful face to live, smiling down upon her in secure triumph. She tortured herself by imagining the tenderness with which those large gray eyes had hung upon her husband, the loving words which those lips had uttered. If at any time his eyes dwelt on the picture, or if he involuntarily compared the features of his son with it, she could hardly control her impatience; and she would break from the boy in the midst of his caresses, if the resemblance he bore to his mother happened to strike her.

So time passed till a little girl was born to her, and the disquiet of her soul was hushed for awhile; the infant stole the trouble from its mother's heart, and wakened in her bosom strange yearnings for something better and purer than she had yet known. The great mystery of that new life, made so dear by suffering, and still so dependent on her, stirred her to meditation on the great mystery of our being — the weakness incidental to her condition, while it humbled her pride, softened her heart to receive with meekness the only doctrine that can explain it. But in a few months the frail infant sickened and died. No tear wetted the mother's cheek, she endured in silence the affliction to which she would not submit, impiously arraigning the Hand that sent it,



and the vague conception of religious truth which she had begun to entertain vanished, and darkness closed in upon her soul.

She had her child buried in a quiet corner of the churchyard, away from the vault where Lady Irwin lay, and thither she would wander at lonely hours, and sit on the little mound with dry eyes and an angry heart. The harebells that grew spontaneously about it she plucked and bore away, but she hung no garlands on the stone and planted no flowers over the place of her infant's rest.

Her studies, which she had rather neglected during the little one's life, she now resumed with increased ardour, seeking distraction for her aching heart in mental exercise. Her husband, aware that all was not as it should be, though far from apprehending the true nature of the grief of which she never spoke, willingly lent her his aid, hoping that the pursuits which yielded him such satisfaction would act with medicinal virtue upon her. Her mind thus acquired strength, but her heart did not keep pace with its progress; the circle of her affections narrowed, no interchange of friendly sympathies with her equals drew her from herself, no tender acts of personal charity to the poor about her softened her sorrow. She became cold and stately, and proud of her secret grief unpropaned by common pity and unlike that of any other.

A young woman in the village, who had been married shortly after Lady Irwin's arrival at Swallowfield, lost her baby soon after the death of Helen's daughter. She was a simple creature, and the affliction lay sore upon her, for her husband was often rough, sometimes unkind to her, and, being from a distant part of the country, she had few friends in the village. Many a summer evening did she spend in the churchyard, and many a tasteful garland of wild flowers did she weave to dress her baby's grave. More than once Lady Irwin passed her in the gloaming, but her heart never softened with a feeling of kindred sorrow; she rather despised the grief which could find relief in such childish demonstrations, and the poor woman — with the one thing that loved her laid in the dust, with clothes barely sufficient to cover her, and a cold hearth at home — was richer and happier than the beautiful lady whose costly robes brushed her as she passed, for, in the depth of her desolation, she could look to One, who had promised to bear her sorrow, in the light of whose presence she might hope to be reunited to her darling.

The world, as it is called, occupied a due share of Lady Irwin's time and attention: her tastes inclined her to magnificence, her beauty and her talents to display, while her husband's fortune justified her in assuming a leading position in society. No



parties were more brilliant, no dinners better appointed than hers. Science, literature, and art were duly honoured at her house, her husband was an accomplished conversationalist, and she herself possessed the rarer virtue of being an excellent listener. Thus her house was the resort of men of the highest intellectual attainments in town, and when at Swallowfield she was rarely without visitors whose names were known and honoured.

But though Lady Irwin had many admirers she had no friends; she asked no sympathy, and had none to give — none, at least, for the sorrows and joys of daily life — she was self-contained. In a man such a character is hard and sad — how much harder, how much sadder, in a woman, whose vocation it is to temper the stern realities of life, who, to be strong, must have some touch of weakness, who, if by too easy credulity, she opened the way to sin and death, should also point the road to life by faith perfected in the sense of her infirmity.

Aware of the violence of her passions, and falsely believing that unsubdued vigour of natural instinct was a proof of greatness of character, there was nothing of which Lady Irwin stood in such dread as the compassion of people of a tamer temperament. She, therefore, learnt, not indeed to govern her feelings, but to repress all outward manifestation of them, and to hide the

tumult of her bosom under a cold and stately bearing. She became silent and inclined to solitude, or to the dangerous intimacy of Agnese, a waiting-woman who had followed her from Italy, and to whom more than to any other creature she was in the habit of unveiling her emotions.

It seems to be an imperative law of our nature that the heart should unburthen itself to some one. When he whom we trust is indeed a friend, faithful in counsel and strong in comfort, obedience to this law is the sweetest solace of our earthly pilgrimage, but when we hide the ugly portions of our character from those who love us, and expose them only to those of whose judgment we stand in no awe, who, our inferiors in intellect and station, pander to our passions and foster our evil tendencies, there is no perverted blessing which may be turned to more deadly account.

Agnese Pistorella was the natural daughter of a Venetian nobleman, who had been assassinated by her mother in a fit of jealous despair. Having accomplished her crime, the murderess was overwhelmed with remorse, and, far from attempting to make her escape, herself sent to summon the officers of justice, and lay with her loosened hair falling like a pall over her victim till they arrived. Her youth, her beauty, and the violence of her passions, drew much attention to her case, but she was executed



—submitting to her fate with the constancy of one who knew it to be the natural consequence of her deed, the compensation due to the Manes of her lover. The child she left was completely abandoned by its father's friends, and became dependent on its maternal grandmother — a woman of infamous character. Taking advantage of the interest excited by her daughter, this woman made a loathsome traffic by exhibiting her child; but curiosity soon died away — the sooner, as the grandmother thought, that the girl inherited the swarthy countenance and beetling brows of her father. Nursed early and often with the terrible story of her parents, and tutored to assume a look of melancholy, Agnese gradually acquired that low cunning with which Nature arms the oppressed, passing from infancy to womanhood subject to the caprices of the abandoned old woman who, even in her dotage, meditated crime.

A deep-lying love for her mother was the poetry of Agnese's life; whatever was sweet or soft in her memories gathered round the image of the beautiful, sumptuously-apparelled woman dwelling in luxurious chambers, who had fondled and caressed her; of those sunny, far-off times she had a vague recollection, but well did she remember the last time her mother's arms were folded about her — well did she remember the bare dungeon

walls, the darkness, the blood-shot eyes, the pale, haggard cheeks, and the long, lingering kiss of the white tremulous lips.

On her grandmother's death she was forced to seek the means of living, and accident placed her in the family of Mrs. MacDonald, where she filled one of the lowest grades in the household. Here her haughty silence, while it made her unpopular among the servants, but excited the interest of Helen, who, in the loneliness of spirit engendered by the absence of confidence between herself and her mother, readily turned her thoughts to the outcast, and made it her earnest request that the girl might be given to her as her special attendant — a request which her mother, ever careless of her true interests, and blameably lax where her discipline should have been the strictest, never thought of denying her. The kindness thus unexpectedly shown to her, Agnese repaid with blind devotion. To Helen, in the dark twilight of a winter night, she told the story of her parents, lingering with fond minuteness over all the details with which her memory was stored. It was a story Helen well loved to hear; she never pointed out the heinous sin, and how the last evil was the fruit of the first, — neither for herself nor for the poor orphan did she read this lesson.

Through Helen's courtship, Agnese had watched, with jealous care, for the smallest sign



of faithlessness in Sir Edward, resolved, if need were, to prove her devotion to her mistress by sacrificing herself to avenge her; but the need did not arise. He had loved before — dearly loved, it was said; but she and Helen were both persuaded that true passion was now, for the first time, awakened in his bosom. When they were married, and Sir Edward gradually relapsed into his old habits, the ascendancy which his wife exercised over him left no room for jealousy, however much she might fret at the evenness and placidity of his temper.

How mutually injurious these two women were, may easily be conjectured. Neither acted as corrective to the other; but each strengthened and confirmed the other's evil tendencies.

#### CHAPTER IV.

LITTLE Frank Irwin would have been sadly starved for affection and sympathy, if he had been entirely dependent for both on his step-mother; for, though at times she oppressed him with her caresses, and indulged him even beyond what was wholesome for him, she grew so capricious in her treatment of him, after the death of her infant, that his naturally sweet and trustful temper must have been injured. But when they were in the country, which was generally for nine months in the year, Frank found a playfellow and friend in the little daughter of the clergyman,

a blue-eyed child, something less than a year his junior.

The rectory was not a quarter of a mile from the gates of Sir Edward's park; and Mr. Birkby, the rector, was a distant relative of the Irwins; so the intimacy of the children was quite natural; and whenever his mamma was busy — whenever Agnese was cross — whenever, in short, anything happened to disquiet him at home — away ran little Frank, to forget his trouble in the company of Kitty Birkby; and many a sunny afternoon did they sit together, under the large apple-tree, in the orchard, or in the shadow of the old cedar, making daisy garlands, and mingling their hearts in innocent prattle.

Frank was a great hero to Kitty. Frank went to London and to all kinds of places with long names, which he knew quite well, and could repeat as easily as she could repeat the names of the field and hedge flowers. Frank went to the theatres, where he saw all sorts of wonderful things, which he described to her with indefatigable patience. There was not a marvellous feat of harlequin that she was not familiar with; and she even dreamt of the fairy — in pink, with silver wings — who always came down in a chariot, drawn by peacocks, just in time so save the prince and princess from the deep-laid plots of the cruel ogre with green hair, a bulbous nose, and a cavernous mouth, who had announced it to



be his intention to dine off the prince, and promote the little trembling princess to the honour of Mrs. Ogress. O, with what eloquence did he describe, to the round-eyed, eager auditress, the final scene of the drama, when the fairy, having made the prince and princess happy, and consigned their wicked aunts and uncles to well-merited punishment, ascended out of mortal ken, seated on a many-coloured cloud, which seemed heavily charged with electricity, — a mode of travelling highly unpleasant to any one but a fairy, but which, of course, afforded her unalloyed delight, as she took care to communicate to the prince and princess that they must expect nothing further from her: it being her intention to retire into private life, among the stars, where she (very rationally, as the world goes), did not wish to be disturbed.

By the time he had related the story six or seven times to Kitty, Frank became so enamoured of it, that he conceived the bold idea of acting it; he was to be the prince, Kitty the princess, and Sara, her nurse, a particularly solid young woman, the fairy; the other dramatis personæ might be imagined.

Kitty took very kindly to being the princess; she stuck a flower in her hair; sat herself down on a bank, and pretended it was a throne; but when Frank tried to induce her to personate the agony of the princess when her lover

was torn away from her by the savage ogre, here represented by a crabbed old tree, he was almost discomfited. Very much urged, Kitty rushed fiercely up to the tree, and beating its knotty stem with her chubby hands, cried, "Naughty ogre, take away my prince!" It was in vain that Frank explained the truculent nature of the ogre, and the timid character of the princess. This, however, was nothing in comparison to the trouble he had with Sara, who was always deeply engaged in reading a dilapidated copy of the Old English Baron, in devouring sour apples, or darning stockings, when she was required to make her graceful descent upon earth.

But there were other things which Frank delighted to impart to Kitty: the grand mystery of hic, hæc, hoc, in which he was, at an early age indoctrinated; yet Kitty was no prodigy, at five years old she hardly knew her letters; and if any one had told her that the earth was like an orange, flattened at the poles, she would have opened her blue eyes in most profound astonishment. Like Frank, she had lost her mother in her infancy, and was in great measure dependent on a maiden sister of her father, who resided with him, and who loved her dearly. But Miss Selina Birkby was now in the winter of her days, and having spent the prime of her life in the dreary state called, in derision, single blessedness, she knew no more



of the rearing and training of children than a day-labourer, accustomed to no sort of horticulture but the sowing of turnips, might be supposed to know of the rearing of delicate exotics.

Kitty, nevertheless, had a most charming little countenance, which changed from smiles to tears with the rapidity of an April day. She was a great favourite with Sir Edward Irwin, who liked to take her on his knee, and to play with her soft curls; but she never pleased Lady Irwin — perhaps because the sight of her awakened the memories of her own lost little girl — perhaps from the increasing jealousy of her disposition, which nothing seemed too small, nothing too innocent, to excite. She wondered what Sir Edward and Frank could see to interest them in a little creature neither remarkable for beauty, nor distinguished for intelligence; and Kitty, for her part, had an instinctive dread of Lady Irwin; she was almost completely silent in her presence, and approached her only with effort and unwillingness.

But if her instinct led her to avoid Lady Irwin, it operated yet more strongly in the case of Agnese. The child absolutely trembled if Agnese touched her; and once, when she insisted on kissing her, she was almost convulsed with terror. Agnese, as may be imagined, was not slow to repay dislike with dislike. She chose to believe, that, being the

child of an ecclesiastic, Kitty was peculiarly under the ban of Heaven; for, though destitute of anything like true religion, she clung with pertinacity to the superstitions which she had been taught in childhood, and especially delighted to believe that the marriage of a priest was a sacrilegious thing, and that, therefore, little Kitty was nothing but a fore-doomed child of Satan.

#### CHAPTER V.

FRANK was just nine years old, and in the middle of the veritable history of Pyramus and Thisbe, which he read with Mr. Birkby and duly performed with Kitty, when Lady Irwin again became a mother, the mother of a son of singular promise and beauty. Her heart swelled with joyful pride, but it seemed as if happiness for her was never to be without alloy. A conversation which she overheard between the nurse and Agnese completely damped her pleasure, and awakened discontented thoughts in her bosom.

They were speaking of the child, admiring his beauty, and commenting on the joy of his parents.

"Ah!" cried the old nurse, "Sir Edward's well pleased enough now; but, Lord love ye, if you'd seen the fuss there was when Master Frank was born — he worn't nothing to compare to this here lamb, but then he was the heir — Lord, the ringing of bells



and the driving up of carriages! I made nigh twenty pound at the christening — and all the village was invited to dine; there was an ox roasted whole — and, as to the ale, it was quite a sin to see it flowing about everywhere like water."

Nothing could exceed the tenderness of Sir Edward; he could not have shown more joy at the birth of his eldest son; the inquiries were numerous, the christening splendid; but the old nurse's words rankled in Lady Irwin's heart. She still loved Frank, but she could not at all times bear to see him caress his half-brother, though, if he showed the least indifference, she tortured herself by thinking how much the child's fate depended on his affection. As soon as the baby began to take notice, he showed a very decided affection for Frank; there was only one person whom he preferred, and that person was Kitty Birkby.

With all her passionate affection, Lady Irwin wanted the art to accommodate herself to the weaknesses of a little child; she could not talk the fond nonsense which the ordinary mother makes the vehicle of her tenderness, and by which she wakes the dimples in her infant's cheek. Kitty, on the other hand, was distinguished by an extraordinary power of sympathy; she seemed to know intuitively what was wanted of her, and with happy and unconscious grace to meet the requirement. She loved all

children, so it was very natural that she should feel especial delight in the beautiful child who crowed and clapped his little hands at her appearance.

In spite of her dissatisfaction that her son was not his father's heir, Lady Irwin was made much happier by his birth: the boy was all her own — he had her fitful eyes, her square brow, the shape of his mouth was like hers, with a shadow of his father's smile; and before long it became evident that he inherited her temper. He was wilful and impatient, he never let his mother fret herself for want of excitement; it was never possible to tell in what mood the young autocrat might choose to show himself; he was like a mountain-girdled lake, now laughing to the summer sun, now lashing its crested billows into fury. Kitty Birkby was the only person whose influence with him never failed: his mother might waste her strength in the attempt to storm him down; she never gained her point; he would scream till she was terrified for his health, but he would not yield; yet Kitty, without violence, by some subtle charm in her touch or in her voice, brought back the smiles in five minutes, and won him to obedience.

For two years longer Frank Irwin pursued his studies at home, under the direction of Mr. Birkby; he was then sent to Rugby, at that time under the wise government of Dr. Arnold.



His departure caused Kitty great sorrow, but it made little interruption in her visits to the hall; for Edward, as the boy was named from his father, was growing fast, and became daily more imperious in his demands upon her time. It was not in the nature of things, that Lady Irwin should not feel some touch of tenderness to the sweet child to whom she owed so much; perhaps she regretted that she could not love her, and strove by the lavish profusion of her gifts to atone for the want of real affection. In one respect only did the little girl and the woman sympathise. Lady Irwin possessed a musical genius of a high order; her knowledge of the art was profound, and the harp or piano under her hand produced thrilling or stirring harmonies, the transcript of her state of feeling; she was a poet of sound, and the pulsations of her passionate temperament thus found immediate and ample expression.

Now, Kitty Birkby early evinced great taste for music; her voice was peculiarly clear and sweet; she owed much to the careful instruction of Lady Irwin, who was pleased to have a pupil so docile and so apt in her favourite science. In other respects, Kitty's education was not systematised; her aunt taught her needlework and what she knew of French; while her father instructed her in arithmetic, and formed her taste in literature. His eyes failing him he was often

glad to use her younger sight, and thus she learned to read with expression and without fatigue, while she imbibed a fund of general knowledge, which lay in her mind like seed destined to bring forth a rich harvest in future years. And thus her childhood passed in ever-recurring works of tenderness and love. She was so gentle and so modest that it was only by her absence that her friends knew how much they needed her.

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### BOOTS AND CORNS.

"Boots!" There is something, to my thinking, particularly imposing in that simple monosyllable. It conveys, to my mind, an idea of solidity, strength, swiftness, power of endurance, personal capability: it images all the energetic and active properties of our nature. There may be other integuments, equally indicative of manhood, but there are none of which a male wearer is so proud as of his boots. To induce the femoral garment, on one's first entry into life, is something; but to be booted is to have life itself at the point of the toe — a foot-ball to be kicked whithersoever it may please the fantasy of the kicker. The man walks not on two legs who has forgotten the joy and pride with which he put on his first pair of boots, particularly if he be old enough to remember the palmy days of Hessians and Tops, when



the natural terminus of humanity was a shining, well-shaped boot; even in the more than half-concealed Wellington there was a consciousness of stability and grace which nothing else that was wearable could impart. Hats and gloves are temporary adornments; other articles of clothing depend, more or less, on the skill of the tailor, but boots depend upon themselves: self-reliant, they stand alone.

What a wretched, slip-shod creature a human being is without boots! In that forlorn condition he can undertake nothing; all enterprise is impossible; he is without motion; a thing fit only to have his toes trodden on. But, if the thought flashes through his brain that he must be up and doing, what are the first words that rush to his lips? "My boots!" Nothing else could express the fixedness of his new-born purpose. Suppose he called for his horse or his arms, what sort of figure, having them only, would he cut without his boots? He could not ride a furlong, or hold his ground against his foe a single inch. But give him time enough to draw on his boots, and a new man starts at once into existence, ready for anything. You have only to say — in language that savours rather of blank-verse or the Elizabethan period — that an effort is bootless, and the folly of attempting any adventure without boots becomes at once apparent.

It was at a very early period

of my existence that I was first smitten by the magnificence of Boots. I was a juvenile school-boy at Richmond-on-Thames, which "pleasant place of all festivity," was at that time still filled with French emigrants, very many of them of high degree; who — to keep the wolf from the door — gave lessons in their own tongue. At our school the French master was a nobleman bearing the title of Count de Sainte Marguerite, and he fully impressed us with the idea of his being a count by his very grand manner, his very high nose, and his extremely meagre person. Of this last attribute he appeared to be wholly unconscious, for he invariably wore Hessian boots, and close-fitting white-web pantaloons. Surrounded by his class, his natural hauteur melted into confidence and kindness; but when the master of the school — who was a vulgar-minded man — presumed on their relative positions, the latent fire of the old patrician made itself evident, and a few words usually sufficed to vindicate his offended dignity. But it is the last straw that breaks the camel's back, and, arriving a little too late one afternoon — the numerous splashes on his Hessians attested how fast he had walked — he was taken to task so coarsely that, in the heat of reply, he showed more independence than was agreeable. One word begot another, until "pauper" fell from the lips of the master. It was no sooner spoken



than the Count, white with fury — “methinks I see him now” — rose from his seat, hurled at the offender’s head the book he had just opened for our lessons, dashed on his hat, and stood for a moment glaring, with clenched hands, as if he meditated following up the attack. The intention, however, if he entertained it, passed away: he drew up his spare form to its full height — we thought him excessively tall, a common mistake at that age — and with an expression of the utmost contempt, syllabled the epithet, “canaille,” and strode, boots and all, from the school-room. It was the first time I had heard the phrase, and though it has since greeted my ears times innumerable, the effect has been tame and weak by comparison. The poor Count could ill afford to indulge in the luxury of anger, for he almost wanted the necessities of life; not merely on his own account, but on that of his motherless children. But I suppose he found friends somewhere; for we often saw him afterwards in our walks, and the grandeur of his high nose, the purity of his white-web pantaloons, and the splendour of his Hessian boots were unabated. A few years later, a very painful event became associated with his name; but even when I think of his fate, the association is always

Boots.

One of the first plays I ever saw was Kotzebue’s *Stranger*. But neither the tears of Miss

O’Neil, nor the severe dignity of Mr. Young, excited such emotions in my bosom as the boots in which the outraged husband stalked across the stage. Had he worn anything but Hessians, I might have arrived then at the conclusion which I have since formed, that the *Stranger* is, after all, nothing more than a tremendous sentimental prig, but each of those boots was, in my estimation, the very cothurnus of the serious drama; there was a solemnity about them which I am convinced nothing else could have imparted. About the same time I saw the young Roscius — no longer young, it is true, nor anything of a Roscius, but still a star at country theatres. He played Alexander the Great, of course in unapproachable style; but none of his rolling periods, his fire, his fury, his love, his madness — though he tore every passion to tatters, to very rags — weighed anything in the balance against himself when I saw him the next day, in private life, sublimely swaggering across Richmond Green in a shining pair of tasselled Hessians! To this very hour Mr. William Henry West Betty, in boots, infinitely transcends whatever idea I may have formed of Alexander the Great. The Macedonian phalanx turned out, I dare say, a very formidable set of fellows, but I could better have understood the prestige which attended them had their nether limbs, instead of buskins, been arrayed in Hes-



sian boots. Alas for the decadence of all that is great and grand! I believe that at this moment only two pair of Hessians can be found in daily perambulation of our vast metropolis — one pair devoted to the service of the excise, the other to that of the medical profession. What must be the feelings of the owners of these boots, as they pass the celebrated mart of Warren in the Strand, where the chief attraction in the windows used to be the well-known picture of a tomcat showing himself before the mirror-like surface of a polished Hessian! Exultation, perhaps, at the thought that they only, out of all the peripatetic multitude, are still masters of the situation; sorrow, possibly, to think that when their boots have ceased to shine, none will be left to replace them.

But, lament as we may the decline of this particular boot, the philosopher, who knows that all that's bright must fade, the brightest still the fleetest — can yet derive consolation from the fact — especially if his legs be none of the straightest — that Hessians are not adapted to everybody's wear. It is true there are other boots which come very nearly under the same category; but who, for example, ever saw a philosopher in a neat pair of tops? I am not, however, presenting this subject for the consideration of philosophers, who, of all people, ought to be content to take things as they find them, although they very seldom are

so. Setting them, then, aside, I proceed with the sort of boots which I have just mentioned. The wearers of tops at the present day are almost entirely sporting characters (including, of course, grooms and tigers), obsolete farmers, and heavy graziers. Yet it requires no great stretch of memory to recal the time when some of the leading men about town never appeared abroad without them. The Duke of Dorset, Sir Francis Burdett, and Mr. Byng, well-known as their persons were, would hardly, I think, have been recognised had they paraded, what Sam Slick calls their larger limbs, in any other integuments. It is, indeed, reported of the first named of these three gentlemen, that he always slept in his. If we go back a little further — say, to the Tom and Jerry era — we shall find that there was scarcely a sprig of fashion, or a sprig's imitator, who did not sport, as the chief article of his costume, an unexceptionable pair of tops. A little earlier still, and we find the top-boot holding almost equal sway with the Hessian over the legs of the lieges. It was commended to fashionable use by the special coquetry of being worn with a grey silk stocking, the top being pushed down just far enough to reveal a finger's breadth of the glistening hose. But general as the custom was of appearing in top-boots, there were not wanting many who considered it an act of great daring,



not to say a sort of tempting of Providence, to put them on for the first time. The sensations caused by the first pair of tops were singularly strange. They were something akin to intoxication, but with a heavier sense of responsibility. As to walking straight in them, for the first hour or two, the thing was impossible; the knees seemed to give way, the legs to divaricate, and one had a confused notion that the joints, like those of puppets, worked inversely to the design of nature. Even at the best of times, when use had made them familiar, there was a kind of swaggering bow-leggedness which did not arise from continuous contact with the pigskin, but appeared to be a necessary result of wearing top-boots. It was, perhaps, owing to this independent flourish of the booted extremities, that the articles which imparted it were so much in request. With regard to the general effect of top-boots upon the juvenile or feminine mind, as compared with that produced by Hessians, I should say it was as the distinction between graceful agility and ponderous magnificence. The first was the impersonation of light comedy, the last of gorgeous tragedy; one was a brilliant scintillation, the other a sombre reality. But both were adored.

The imperial jack-boot, to which the eye is now beginning to accustom itself, was until within the last few years almost

a tradition. It was associated dimly, but grandly, with Jonathan Wild, the Marquis of Granby, Bagshot Heath, Her Majesty's Horse Guards, and the Field of Fontenoy. To think of drawing on or plunging into boots so imposing, even had they been available for general use — which they were not — never entered into the scheme of the sober-minded man of the first half of the nineteenth century. One could not bring oneself to believe that such boots were made of mere leather, they savoured so much of the ogre, their aspect was so intensely, so preternaturally warlike; rhinoceros skin, or the hide of the castle-bearing elephant, seemed the more appropriate material. To have imagined them without the clank of iron heels and rattling sabres would scarcely have been possible. They were not the boots we envied, for we knew — what all the world have since found out — that we were not a military nation. Let such boots be worn by our foes, men formed by nature as well as art for trampling and kicking; we mild and helpless, as our representative rulers have made us, are content to lie in the mud to be trodden upon and spurned. Like Mawworm, we like it. Such indignities are best suited to our national capacities, unless indeed we are labouring beneath the weight of a hideous nightmare! But, politics apart, the jack-boot has not an indigenous character in Eng-



land, though huntsmen have re-introduced it at the cover-side. I am, for my own part, more familiar with its appearance in shop-windows and pictured advertisements, than in the haunts of the sportsman. I have, it is true, when at Brighton, been lost in wonder at the high-booted gents who turn out on Mr. Roberts's horses, to join a meet — which is not invariably a find — at the Devil's Dyke or Newtimber Gate; but my admiration has chiefly been reserved for the works of art of which Mr. Medwin, of Regent Street, makes so splendid an exhibition. There the jack-boot may be seen in all its glory, on limbs which a good many of us, very likely, would be proud to call ours. But a true and particular account of the jack-boot can only be given by one of our Crimean heroes, for they, at last, have had the privilege of testing its utility.

The boots I have spoken of, however ambitious their pretensions, still fall very far short of the Wellington in public estimation. The Hessian and the Top had their day, but — except for special purposes — it was only for a day; while the Imperial Jack was always caviare to the million. But the Wellington took root at once. Like the man whose name it bears, it fixed itself firmly as one of the institutions of the country. Old-fashioned folks objected, at first, to what they considered the anomaly of wearing leather under cloth — of

making the trowser protect the boot; but this crotchet soon vanished, for, as the poet says,

Thus a new set of Darbies, when first  
they are worn,  
Makes the gaol-bird uneasy, though  
splendid their ray;  
But the links will grow lighter the longer  
they 're borne,  
And the comfort increase as the shine  
fades away.

Besides, the Wellingtons had this immense advantage over all other previously established boots. No matter how unproducable the leg, its want of symmetry was entirely hidden beneath the sheltering trowser, which, like charity, covered a multitude of — defects. Some few — a very small minority, I take it — might exclaim against this protection, and clamour for free trade in the matter of legs; but these were quite at liberty to follow their own devices, on which account the memory of Romeo Coates, amongst others, is still "green in our souls." The majority cleaved to the Wellington — if I may be allowed the expression — like wax; and the Wellington returned the compliment. When a benefit becomes universal we cease — such is the ingratitude of our nature — to make any account of it. The sun that shines every day — somewhere, if not in England; the sleep that comes every night — to most of us, if not to all — we look upon as things that are ours by indefeasible right; and this profound and novel remark holds good of Wellington boots. Whether we



paid for them, as in our palmy days, the sum of three pounds five in Bondstreet, or in more economical and wiser moments, only one pound one in Cranbourne Alley, the fact that we were dealing with a simple necessity alone occupied us. Not a syllable of gratitude was breathed in honour of the illustrious inventor of the boots that rendered us such "yeoman's service." Nay, a spirit of baseness — I can call it nothing else — has gradually crept over the public mind, whereby it has been sought to supplant the fame of the immortal Wellington. This has shown itself in all sorts of mean contrivances — in the clumsy Blucher, the clumsier Ankle Jack, or Highlow, the skimping half-faced sacerdotal Oxford, and in that miserable substitute for an honest boot, the pert Bottine, half cloth, half buttons — neither leather nor prunella — anything but what it ought to be.

I have painted the bright side of the picture; but the tapestry has, alas! its reverse. Boots are the *ne plus ultra*, the Hercules' Pillars of civilisation, and civilisation, I am sorry to say is, in this instance, only another word for corns. As the old song says, every white must have its black, and every sweet its sour. And again, Strife comes with manhood as waking with day; and a most unhappy day it is when he, the proudly-booted one, awakes to the consciousness of being the victim of corns. I am afraid it

would be vain to deny that corns are a natural consequence of boots. The Greeks, who wore sandals, never suffered from corns, for they have left no word in their language to express what they mean. The Persians do not seem to have been so fortunate, their vocabulary being full of the most expressive terms significant of this calamity. Some of these, however, are at variance with others, one of the natural consequences of a language which allows of one word meaning several different things. Thus, a corn, in Persian may be called either *nāmwar*, charm, or *sakht*. The first of these implies something more dignified than we are in the habit of ascribing to corns, the literal interpretation of *nāmwar* being, having a name, celebrated, renowned. These are epithets which might very well apply to a skilful chiropodist; but although the thing itself has a name, and one only too well known, it is rather unusual to speak of a man's corns as celebrated or renowned. Something of Persian hyperbole may be supposed in this matter to influence the speaker. In the second word, charm, we come a little nearer to the actual fact, its meaning being leather, a skin, a hide. This symbolises well enough the external aspect of a corn; but it is in the third form, *sakht*, that we get the full significance of the phrase. Could anybody but a confirmed martyr to corns have heaped up such a series of adjectives as these:



Sakht, hard, painful, strong, rigid, austere, disturbed, unfortunate, afflicted, severe, cruel, stubborn, obstinate, wretched, intense, violent, base, worthless — stingy, even, and sordid! As you read this long string of vituperatives you immediately picture to yourself the state of mind of one who is groaning out his soul in the agony of corns. At first, his expressions are short, quick, incisive, and speak of initiatory sharp twinges. The pain increases; he begins to pity himself, and gradually loses his temper. At last come the indescribable throes, and then he loses all self-command — he foams at the mouth, and raves in all the impotence of madness. I am not at all astonished at the violence of his language, having paid the penalty myself of wearing over-tight boots. Indeed, I am clearly of opinion that more cases of lunacy have arisen from corns than from any other physical malady. We all remember the story of the old Scotch-woman, who, being reminded, on her death-bed, that a number of mercies had been vouchsafed to her during her long career, replied, "It's a' very true, but they've been takken out o' me in cor-r-rns!" The emphasis which she laid on the last word, no less than the general conclusion at which she had arrived, sufficiently denoted the absorbing, overmastering character of the torture she must have endured.

How many a man has suffered,

not in person merely, but in reputation, owing to corns. I defy anybody, however stoical, "to keep the even tenor of his way" under the visitation. Equanimity is not possible with corns. The moroseness of a husband, the snappishness of a friend, the severity of a master, the impertinence of a dependant, the overweening insolence of an official — say of a post-office clerk who only shows his head through a trap and answers in monosyllables — are all more or less attributable to these painful callosities.

But perhaps the worst feature of this sad infliction is the indifference which those who are scatheless, manifest towards the afflicted. Like toothache, rheumatism, gout, sea-sickness, and many other of the commoner "ills that flesh is heir to," corns are never objects of commiseration. You hobble towards the friend whom you accidentally meet; your countenance assumes the most piteous expression; you are about to tell him what dreadful agony you undergo, when — guessing at once what is the matter — he cuts you short by saying, "Ah, corns, I see, bad things, why don't you get rid of 'em?" and away he strides, glorying in his immunity from the pain you suffer. "Why don't you get rid of 'em?" just as if you wouldn't if you could! "What a heartless beast that fellow is!" you say to yourself; but he sets you thinking. Is it possible to do



what he so cavalierly suggests? Haven't you tried rasping, and cutting, and plastering till you are positively sick at heart? Haven't you gone about the house in slippers — dirty old slippers — a shame to be seen? Haven't you patched up your feet in every possible kind of way, buying, for thirteen-pence-half-penny, including the stamp (that very word makes you quake), Sadbuck's Superior Solvent, Ruggles's Annihilator, Bullpett's Infallible Destroyer, Campkin's Certain Cure, and I know not how many more invariable remedies? Haven't you, moreover, fed upon Testimonials till they coloured all your objects? Listen to this plain, unvarnished tale, and then doubt if you can: —

SIR, — Few persons have suffered more through corns than my wife. She had eighteen hard ones on the joints of her toes for upwards of twenty years; they had white specks, attended with fiery redness and inflammation, which often extended all over her feet and ankles. In one hour your cornplasters relieved the pain, and entirely subdued the fiery redness. It gives me great pleasure, sir, to add, that in less than three days her corns were totally removed.

JOHN SMITH, Yorkshire.

Or take this, a case of personal experience: —

It would, perhaps, be difficult to find one who has endured more from corns than I have. I had eleven soft corns between my toes for thirty-eight years, which caused me perpetual torment and indescribable misery. I tried many remedies without any real benefit, till the application of your Gliokaiouskoiene, or Root-and-Branch Exterminator, effected an instantaneous cure. Make any use you

please of this for the advantage of my suffering fellow-creatures.

SAMUEL HOOKEY,

47½ A, Little Upper John-street, London.

If you have been too hard of belief to accept these Testimonials for facts, I haven't. To such a state of servility have I been reduced by corns, that, though nothing ever did me any good, I grasped at every new announcement in the same spirit of undiminished confidence. My credulity, indeed, extended to things utterly foreign to the malady by which I was afflicted. Maria Jolly's frightful account of her fifty years' indescribable agony, from every known disease, which were cured by one canister of DeBowski's Delicious Deglutatory Drops, was received by me as pure gospel. The same with Professor Howlaway's Magnum Bonum Boluses, for renovating the constitution, which combine the elements of granite and starch with other simple ingredients. I even pinned my faith, though I never tried them, on somebody's Azoesis Pericranii; and if I had been in want of full and luminous whiskers (which I am not), or had required something to check the grayness (which I do not), without doubt I should have gone through a course of Rosabella de Mowbray's inimitable Crinopuffaline, and have written her a grateful letter, like Major Slasher of the Hundredth Hussars, who tells her, and all the world, that he has now got a



splendid pair — a fact of the deepest interest to all who dwell in country quarters.

To return, however, to my corns. Nothing, as I have said, was of the slightest service. I had gone through my twenty, thirty, forty — no matter how many — years of fearful torture, when, floundering, one morning, in that ocean of advertisements which spread over the vast expanse of the Times's Supplement, I happened to light on the unobtruding intimation put forth by Professor Leichdornschläger, to the effect that by his system the most inveterate corns are instantaneously and effectually eradicated without cutting or the slightest pain; and that if anybody doubts his assertion, they have only to appeal to all the crowned heads in Europe, who will certify the fact with their own royal and imperial sign-manual.

My first impulse, of course, was to exclaim, Eureka! (that word has rendered the public immense service since it first appeared in Childe Harold); my next, to send for a cab, and drive down to Professor Leichdornschläger's. It was a grand-looking house, perched, as it were, on an eminence of several high steps; and, had I seen it in Germany, I must intuitively have called it Schloss-Bunionberg. There was an enormous orifice in the middle of the door, for the receipt of the countless letters which the crowned heads were

always sending; an imposing brass plate, which bore the professor's style and titles; a ponderous knocker for the powdered footmen of the nobility; a bell for visitors, and another for the *oi polloi*, — the chiropodal and gastronomic departments being by this means carefully separated. As my business was upstairs, I pulled the visitors' bell; and the wire had scarcely ceased to vibrate before the door was thrown open by an individual arrayed in one of the most gorgeous liveries I ever had the good fortune to behold. There was a great deal of white and a great deal of scarlet applied, as it seemed to me — but my eyes might have been dazzled — in wrong places. There were a great number of tags, and points, and buttons, and an overlaying of parti-coloured worsted lace, after a fashion which, in the indignation of his heart, a democratic French friend of mine used to call "*barbouillé à la maître d'hôtel*," in other words, bedaubed with parsley and butter. To my inquiry if Professor Leichdornschläger were disengaged, the hero of this splendid livery replied by asking my name. Now, as I am not one of the crowned heads of Europe, and did not imagine that the mere dissyllable — we will say Thompson — would create any very extraordinary impression, I said, as I have said on numerous other occasions, that my name was of no consequence. It fol-



lowed, therefore, that the brass band at the top of the staircase, which my imagination supposed to be there, as a corollary to the superb footman, did not strike up an appropriate tune, and I was marshalled up stairs without any ovation.

He of the tags and lace conducted me into an apartment on the first floor — back — and withdrew, with the intimation that he would let me know when the professor was at leisure. I was allowed plenty of time to examine the room into which I had been shown. It was of the kind which I may term gloomily grand, the gloom being caused by the high dead wall of a narrow court-yard, partially obscured by claret-coloured curtains, and the grandeur arising from a great number of gilt picture-frames, inclosing subjects which, although invisible, were, I take it for granted, Rembrandts of the brownest water. Of course, such an apartment could not be without its appropriate furniture of massive sideboard, &c., dining-table, and a regular regiment of heavy chairs. I rather guessed at the sideboard, but about the table and chairs there could be no mistake, for I ran against the first, and stumbled over the others, convincing myself anew, if I ever entertained any doubt on the subject, that I certainly was troubled with corns.

We are told by men of science that the human eye possesses the

faculty of adapting itself to every modification of light, which may account for the reason why Mr. Spigot, your butler, visits the wine-cellar (privately) without a candle. Owing to this circumstance, after having succeeded in finding a seat, I began by degrees to accustom myself to the *chiar'oscuro* in which everything was enveloped, and even to make out something of surrounding objects. I was then able to discern that the table was plentifully strewn with newspapers and periodicals; but I must confess I think it would require a long apprenticeship to darkness to enable any one to profit by these publications. As far as any immediate enjoyment was to be derived from their perusal, they might as well have been dummies, or — what amounts to the same thing — copies of certain journals (I need not mention names) which faithfully record the news of last week. But whether their intelligence were fresh or stale, made little difference, since, before I succeeded in deciphering one word — though the interval was by no means brief — the splendid footman reappeared, to inform me that the professor was now disengaged. I am rather inclined to believe that he had been disengaged all along, and that my detention in the dark dining-room was only a *coup de théâtre*, for the purpose of heightening the subsequent effect. At all events, such was the result; for



on entering the professor's saloon, I was literally dazzled with the blaze of magnificence which suddenly burst upon me. If Rembrandt reigned in murky dignity in the dining-room, here Rubens, or some extremely florid artist who did duty for him, covered the walls in a style that was truly regal. There was one well-filled canvas—it faced me on entering the saloon—which, at the first glance, I unhesitatingly ascribed to the great Fleming, on account of the many solid, yet undressed, beauties it developed; but I had occasion to alter this opinion when I became better acquainted with the professor's features, and detected so strong a resemblance to himself in the half-dozen rolling cherubs that were, with difficulty, sustaining a very stout Madonna in her ascent to the realms of bliss. But, indeed, it needed no physiognomical skill on my part to make the discovery, for Herr Leichdornschläger himself informed me, when he saw my eyes fixed upon the picture, that the subject was the Apotheosis of the Professorin, his wife, though the event was, at the least, forestalled, since he added, on seeing me look grave, that she and her children were all alive and well (it would not have been out of keeping with the picture if he had said kicking), at that moment, at Leipsic.

But besides Rubens, or his substitute, there was more first-rate talent from Wardle Street,

Cuyp with cattle, Berghem with beeches, Hobbema as green as grass, Breughal as bright as flame, and in every single instance the frames of these pictures were worth, I should say, five pounds a-piece. Think of the enormous value, then, of the entire collection! It is well for us that we have a National Gallery; but when we want another I recommend an early application to Professor Leichdornschläger. The wealth of this apartment, however, did not consist in pictures only. There were full-length looking-glasses which were quite as costly; or-molu clocks of the present time, that completely took the shine out of those of the Louis Quinze period; artificial flowers under glass cases, orange lilies, dahlias, and the like, which left nature very far behind; sofas and fauteuils of crimson velvet, consoles, guéridons, porcelain—everything, in short, that could attest the lucrative nature of the professor's calling; and in the middle of the room was a circular table, covered with what seemed to be the tabard of Garter-king-at-arms, on which reposed, beside a burnished inkstand, a thick folio superbly bound in purple velvet and garnished with clasps and corners like one of the Guinea Bibles that one sees the portraits of in omnibuses.

I have called myself Thompson, and, such being my name, any one may readily imagine the state of mind I must have been in when



this real blaze of triumph — as they say in the playbills—flashed upon my astonished vision. It was so overwhelming that, in the first instance, it quite eclipsed the distinguished professor — a little, tight-made man, and, physically speaking, easily eclipsed. He it was who, to a certain extent, recalled me to myself, though my eye still travelled round the saloon, and my thoughts still wandered.

"What," he said, "was he to have the pleasure of knowing about my business?"

It may appear very ridiculous, but, as my desire is to state facts, I must accept the ridicule that attaches to my conduct: I could not tell him what I wanted — not, at least, in direct terms. Before me was the mighty book, half filled, I could perceive, with the imperial, royal, noble, and episcopal autographs of individuals whose incomes — to say nothing of their personal dignity — ranged (like silks and shawls in shop-windows) from ten thousand a-year upwards. Every object in the room was, no doubt, a testimonial from some long-suffering ambassador, some heretofore-hobbling marquis, some tender-toed prelate. And in the midst of this army of illustrious martyrs I, Thompson, had ventured to intrude; I who, work as hard as I will, can't make a guinea a-day, and yet am charged with double income-tax. It had never struck me till that moment how much I might be called upon to pay for

the relief I sought. It was necessary, however, that I should reply to the professor's question.

"I wished to know," I returned, with considerable hesitation, and a strong sense of shame, "what — that is to say — how — at least — what — are your terms for — for — looking at my — that is to say — extracting corns?"

The professor gave a quick glance at my feet, and answered as quickly:

"I cannot tell till I see dem; till I know how many dere was. You must show me dem, dat I examine deir badness. It is not possible to conceive in boots."

"If," said I to myself, "I once take off my boots, I am done — I shall be operated upon, in spite of myself, and then comes the reckoning!"

The professor appeared to divine my thoughts.

"Mein Gott!" exclaimed the little professor, in a pet, "can I see drough dick ledder? If your corns was on de outside of your boots, perhaps I might tell! It is oddervise unmöglich — impossible! Komon, komon," he continued, soothingly, "let me see," and he rubbed his hands with a sort of (as it seemed to me) inhuman glee, "let me see how many corns you has; sit down in dis arm-chair, it will be only an affair of a moment!"

The professor little knew what words he made use of. They were the very same which a dentist addressed me with, many years ago,



when I was troubled, like Iago, with "a raging tooth." He only promised to look, but the forceps were on the fang before my mouth was well open. I took, therefore, a sudden resolution.

"I cannot," said I, "afford the time to-day, besides, the truth is, I only called to inquire, and I haven't, in fact — any money!"

"Aha!" returned the professor, with a low leonine growl, "in dat case, I was not desire the pleasure to see you no more. I vill save myself some trouble, and you vill keep your corns!"

Professor Leichdornschläger was a true prophet — I have them still.

### EMBARKATION.

WE are all embarking here — everybody — some into the Baltic fleet, but most of us to the Ionian Islands, Smyrna, Scutari, and the East; detachments of the line, troops of horse artillery, entire militia regiments, myriads of seamen are embarking daily. If you take train by either of our two great lines from town, and travel second class, you will know something of us and our embarkations: files of marines, militia, and regulars, with parti-coloured ribbons in their caps, and parti-coloured bundles in their hands, with budding moustachios, cropped hair, and cutty pipes, will be your comrades; whole ships' companies of sailors, with hats miraculously balanced

on their left ears, with bundles and pipes also, with profusion of ringlets, and tattooed like Otaheitans, will be your mates. These last are under the charge of two or three experienced seamen in authority, who must have magic powers; our blue jacketed friends are locked in on both sides, unlike the rest of us, and are only dissuaded by extreme entreaty and quids from getting out of the windows. On arrival at a station everybody else is well packed off before our tars are let loose; they rush with terrible accord upon the busses, board them irresistibly, and take perilous post upon their roofs; nobody inside, and forty outside, make an omnibus to roll, so that it is almost as good as on board ship — moreover, only let the horses be got into a gallop as they cross the drawbridge, and it will be perfection.

Our cargo is taken to the dockyard and goes into a receiving ship, thence to be drafted into the Baltic fleet. Our streets are now almost impassable — blocked up by the outfitters, who turn all their heavier goods out on the pavement — barricades of iron bedsteads with arrangements for musquito curtains, hot water apparatus machine to destroy bugs, in a case that makes it all look like a little cottage piano; something labelled Indispensable, which seems to contain the concentrated effects of a cook, blacksmith, carpenter, tent maker, and of an Italian warehouseman,



meets us, in particular, at every turn. The Cotopaxi may, indeed, convey such articles, but in a forced march on pick-a-back, I fancy they would be cumbrous. The great art of construction appears to be in making everything appear something else than it is — a perfectly flat piece of iron-work, evidently and outwardly a gridiron, is shown to be, in reality, a chair, a rest, a hammock, and a reading-desk, enhanced by adulation from the vender at every stage of transformation, reminding us of the proprietors of Protean fans at Goodwood and Ascot. Our young friend Calm, of the Royal Rampshire, has been let in for several ships' full of these things — "without which no officer should embark on foreign service." He has a certain cast-iron umbrella which forms a sword and a toasting-fork, a fishing-rod and a minié rifle, weighs little more than thirteen hundred-weight, said to be very useful in the Crimea, which Calm is not going to at all. Enormous heaps of these things lie on the dockyard jetties beside their destined vessels, or are pitched about in obscure holds in a way not reckoned upon by their manufacturers. The Cotopaxi, we see, has had positively too much of them, and will have no more, and the seven hundred and fifty surplus arks remain immovable on the wharf until this day. She took some three hundred horses on board yesterday, beside a whole army

of human beings. These first were brought to the jetty in most excellent condition, and led up the ship's side along a sawdust plane, after the manner of the circus. None were slung on board by the ancient process of great bands under their bellies, with the head and feet of the unhappy quadruped dangling down betwixt heaven and earth, like that most noble order of the Golden Fleece, but each had his comfortable pew allotted to him on the main deck, well padded and covered in on all sides, with his head inwards and his tail to the sea. As he walked up through that long double line, it almost seemed that they were the spectators and we the spectatees — an opera-glass and a white neckerchief would have inverted them into occupants of opera stalls, now yawning with ennui, now annoying us with observations to his next neighbour.

Nevertheless, it was necessary to convey some of their high mightinesses between decks after all; a square box opening at two ends, well padded, and without a lid, swung by strong ropes from a pulley, was placed on deck; and into this machine, either backwards or forwards, as they least objected, the animals were enticed. They disliked this process much, and, when once shut in, cast the most piteous glances over the assembled company, nay, even in some instances, as they were heaved aloft, screamed with terror; yet, for the most



part, it was remarkable what confidence and perfect trust each seemed to have in his owner who never lost hold of the bridle, and guided the unhappy swinging carcase safe down the narrow hatchway.

The Royal Rampshire are off at last: they are gone to

The land where the cypress and myrtle  
Are emblems of deeds that are done in  
its clime;

Where the rage of the vulture, the love  
of the turtle,

Now melt into sorrow, now madden to  
crime.

But I hope the Royal Rampshire will resist both those sentiments — they have been used, at mess, to the love of the turtle already. No; the R. R. R. — the first regiment that volunteered in England for foreign service — will never misconduct itself.

Putting aside the hideous disasters that necessitated that act of patriotism — forgetting all negligences, recklessnesses, idiotcies that have deprived us of fifty thousand disciplined fighting men, and called forth from their peaceful lives the labourer and the artisan, the departure of these voluntary exiles was a proud sight and full of pleasant promise. They are not, indeed, bound for that vast burial-ground before Sebastopol; they are not about to be dependent for their existence upon nonchalant lords in office, all too-placid generalissimos, devil-may-care gentlemen of the staff, acting-deputy-assistant-commissary-generals, red tape interest

and routine; but they are men leaving their country two thousand miles behind them who never contemplated crossing the confines of their county — men embracing the profession of arms, who only intended to have passed six weeks' holiday in playing at soldiers, and giving up pursuits at least equally lucrative and far more congenial; mostly, too, and with the exception of here and there an old Peninsular or Punjaub serjeant, a regiment of very young men (for the flower of the corps volunteered long since from the Royal Rampshire into the line), with syren attractions of their sweethearts, and affectionate solicitude of their mothers to bind them to their native shores. With the officers — particularly in the case of the married officers — it seems a yet more creditable thing. Leaving country houses in the early spring time, to be let or unlet as it may be, and to succumb before alien lodging-house keepers for an unknown period; taking ladies and little children out of drawing-rooms and nurseries to be tossed for five weeks in a government transport across the Bay of Biscay and through Gibraltar Gut.

We confess, then, to feeling grateful to the R. R. R., and interested much in their embarkation. Let us accompany them down the High Street; let us be borne up by every description of True Briton that runs by their side down to the dockyard gate;



for here the mass of their fellow-countrymen is constrained to bid them adieu, — an important, but apocryphal, business with the port-admiral (for it is just as well to tell a big one while we are about it) alone ensures us admittance through the enchanted door. Casting a glance upon the unimaginative rabble without — such a glance as the boy behind the carriage throws on those toiling after the revolving wheels; such a glance as a late under-secretary thought to have cast upon his former colleagues, but for some cry of whip behind — we proceed to the dockyard jetty, where the transport *Obstinate* lies moored. There the Royal *Rampshire* stand at ease for hours until, company by company, they are gradually absorbed into the big ship. Each man carries a tin mug — generally suspended from his bayonet — a pannikin and a havresack. Without disorder, without hurry, almost keeping time with the beautiful march that the band is playing, each finds his narrow sleeping place, puts by his arms and slender baggage, and gives his name (which is a number) to the ship's messman.

Standing upon the poop amidst the crowd of officers, let us survey the leave-takings — some jovial, some pathetic — from the Good-bye, old girl! enhanced by a slap on the back, to the almost inarticulate God bless you! In that little array of flys and private carriages are some poor

left-behind ladies, tearful and hysterical, and a crowd of soldiers' wives, who have no equipages, but who are to the full as ill and sorrowful; also, it must be confessed, here and there are some young females, more in a state of beer than anything else, and maudlin rather than melancholy, whose partings are not heart-rending. On board the old transport *Obstinate* such brave officers' wives who accompany the regiment sit disconsolate on their boxes (which will not enter their cabin doors), or on their cots withinside, wondering whether they ever saw so small a room, or such an apology for a window as that dusky bull's-eye. The beds in the *Obstinate* are laid athwart instead of along, so that the ship being "a roller," the sleepers (?) will lie head downwards with every lurch — but they are yet in blissful ignorance of this. Forbear, therefore, to divulge this little circumstance to the mother with her three fair children for whose comfort she is providing regardless of her own; forbear to warn the major's valet de chambre, who has curled hair and a scent bottle, and thinks he shall rather enjoy the voyage!

The crew are mustered aft to hear their orders read; the soldiers, with white smocks (sea dress, worn over their regimentals), are swarming on the fore-castle; the word is given to cast loose — let us, at least, get out of H.M.S. the *Obstinate* while there



is yet time — the steam-tug forges a-head, and drags her slowly forward — three grand hurrahs are given from every throat, and the band strikes up their favourite Cheer, boys, cheer! and the excitement grows tremendous. Along the loaded wharves, and past grinning batteries, and close in-shore by the crowded beach, the mighty ship goes on; with her sails set and her colours flying, she threads that great armada in the offing — the ships that are our title-deeds to the empire of the seas — she rounds the beautiful island in the distance, she lessens in the dim horizon, and the Royal Rampshire is gone.

### AN OLD PICTURE OF JUSTICE.

I WILL tell in as few words as possible the history of a French criminal process in the year one thousand six hundred and ninety. A detailed account of it is included by M. Oscar Honoré in an interesting book, entitled *Sketches of Private Life in the Old Times*.

In one of the ancient streets of Paris, near the Sorbonne, there stood, until lately, a house of four stories, built in the first years of the reign of Louis Quatorze. Huge gates studded with iron led into the coach-house, they were locked by a heavy key which, when the house was occupied as a mansion, used to be

entrusted to the coachman, and as an appanage of his domestic estate hung on a large hook in the kitchen. From the kitchen, stabling, and other offices on the basement story, a great staircase led up to the business-hall, the reception-saloon, and the card-room. In the business-hall was a massive chest which contained the family plate, and a close alcove built over the street which could be used as the sleeping apartment of a servant. The great staircase continued its way to the floor above, and there — since a brief description of the house is essential to a proper comprehension of the narrative — it is to be understood that there was a spacious antechamber leading to the bedroom of the master or mistress, which was the only other room upon that floor, and that the windows of these apartments opened on the court. In the bedroom there were two doors opening upon a small private staircase, one door being in the alcove of the bed, and the other in a dressing closet, which was the place in which the strong-box — the cash-box of a period when men had to keep much money in a bulk upon their premises — was kept. The floor above was similar as to the arrangement of its rooms. On a floor above that were the sleeping apartments of the servants, and at the top of all was an enormous loft.

In the year sixteen hundred and eighty-nine this house was



inhabited by Madame Mazel, a wealthy card-playing widow, frivolous, luxurious, and full of little and great enmities. She had three sons, named Savonnières-Réné, a counsellor to the parliament; Georges, treasurer of France in the generality of Paris; and Michel, major of the regiment of Piedmont.

The wife of her eldest son Réné was pursued by Madame Mazel with an implacable hatred. Thirteen or fourteen years before the date of the events here to be detailed, this poor girl, Madame de Savonnières, had been arrested in the public street, by an order of which the king had been beguiled, and hurried off to a provincial convent, which had continued from that time to be her prison. She had made several efforts to escape, once or twice even with a temporary success. It afterwards became known that three months before the event on which this narrative turns, Madame de Savonnières had effected one of her escapes, and was concealed in Paris at a house in the Rue du Colombier, where she was heard by some one to declare that, in three months more, she would be free to go back to her husband.

Madame Mazel's household consisted of two young footmen who were brothers, of two chambermaids who were sisters, of an elderly female cook, a coachman, a sort of major-domo named Le Brun, and of a parasitic priest, the Abbé Poulard, who, after

spending twenty years among the Jacobins, had been transferred to the order of Cluny, but had transferred himself, by preference, to the luxuries of the rich widow's household. He ate the daintiest fare at madame's table, and occupied in the guest's bed-chamber a huge soft bed, where he slept, under hangings of blue velvet and cherry-coloured satin. Ecclesiastical proceedings of various kinds had been instituted against him, but he contrived to bear them patiently, and in spite of all that the church or the world might say or do, held to his post as madame's almoner and favourite.

The Abbé Poulard was maintained in his place, not only by the favour of Madame Mazel. Through a sister of his, who was the fascinating widow of a counsellor, he secured for himself the brotherly regard of M. Georges de Savonnières, second son of his patroness. Réné the elder son was not unwilling that his brother should be mated to the widow of an old associate, and the third son was absent upon military service. By help therefore of this lady — Isménie Chapelain — who received from Georges de Savonnières rich presents of dresses brocaded in gold and silver, costly headgear, silk stockings and embroidered shoes, the Abbé Poulard was upon good terms with all the family. Madame Mazel, however, was in no such happy case. Whatever tenderness she may



have herself felt for the Abbé, it is certain that she set her face most obstinately against the idea that her son Georges should pay court seriously to the Abbé's sister. A marriage, much desired by Madame Chapelain was, therefore, to be regarded as impossible during the lifetime of Madame Mazel.

I have said that the male servants in madame's employment were two footmen, a coachman, and the steward or major-domo Jacques Le Brun. There had been another footman, named Berry, who had been dismissed under strong suspicion of having robbed his mistress of one thousand five hundred livres. Le Brun had served the house during twenty-nine years as a confidential servant, and was known to be so strict in his fidelity, that he refused to accept the usual commissions paid by upholsterers and others, for the orders given by him on behalf of his employers. The old man had a wife — Magdeleine Pisierelle, and two daughters, who were engaged as hair-dressers at the palace; there were also two younger children, and the whole of Le Brun's family dwelt together in a lodging of its own, to which the father went, from time to time, as he was able. Sometimes he slept at his own lodging, and sometimes under the roof of Madame Mazel, at the hotel Savonnières.

On the twenty-seventh of November, sixteen hundred and

eighty-nine, that day being the first Sunday in Advent, Le Brun's daughters visited Madame Mazel after her dinner, were received by her and bidden to come at a more convenient hour. She was then going to reside in the Rue Hautefeuille. Thither, according to usage, she was accompanied by Master Jacques, he carrying her foot-warmer and book of devotions, she taking his arm. At the door of the church he quitted her to attend vespers elsewhere on his own account. After finishing his spiritual exercises M. Le Brun sought exercise for his body in a game of bowls. That over, he met with a crony named Lague, who had married one of Madame Mazel's cooks. The friends purchased together the materials necessary for a social supper; and while supper was preparing the old major-domo trotted off on sundry errands, first to see that all was right at the hotel de Savonnières, then to take a peep at his own family, and then to go with the carriage, coachman, and two footmen to take up his mistress, at eight o'clock, at the house of a female friend. All these duties properly performed, he rejoined his friend Lague and went to supper.

His supper was long, and Madame Mazel was being undressed by her two maids when Le Brun tapped at the small door in the alcove of the bed-room to obtain his orders for the next day (Monday) when she was to hold a grand reception.



"This is a fine time of night, Monsieur Le Brun, for such a question!"

The old man went round to the main staircase, entered his mistress's room from the antechamber, and received his orders. Then he came out again followed by the maids, who closed the door and put the key, as usual, on an adjacent chair. Madame pushed her bolt inside, and all was safe. The three servants chattered for a short time in whispers, madame's good-will to Le Brun's daughters being the theme of their gossip; and they then parted, the maids mounting the staircase to their rooms, the old man descended to the kitchen. There — as he stated afterwards — he seated himself by the fire for a last warming of his feet before he went to bed, and while so seated fell asleep. It was long past midnight when he awoke, and startled at the lateness of the hour, hurried to lock the coach-house door, which had been all the while left open. Having fastened it he took the key up to his bed in the alcove attached to the business-hall.

On the succeeding morning his first duty was to go to market. On his way he met a bookseller, with whom he talked in his usual mood about the weather, and on his return he entered the house jesting with three acquaintances, one of whom had put on his cloak and was receiving for that reason sundry thumps upon the back from the old man, who said that

he was entitled to beat his own clothes. The friends gone, Le Brun attended to some business in the kitchen, and gave wood to the footman, whose duty it was to light the fire in madame's chamber. But madame was at that hour not awake, although it was already seven in the morning.

In the meantime Le Brun visited his wife, and left with her a few pieces of gold, his latest savings. When he returned to the hotel Savonnières he called, as he was entering, to a footman who stood at the window of the second story, and learnt from him that his mistress had not risen. The domestics were alarmed. Much noise had been made in depositing the wood at her door, without effect. Endeavours were made to arouse her, still without effect. "Then," said Le Brun, "something bad must have happened. I am distressed that the coach-house door should have been left open so late last night."

Madame's son, the Counsellor de Savonnières, was summoned. By his authority a locksmith was fetched. The room was opened, and Le Brun — who was the first to enter — ran to the bed, crying, meanwhile, to his mistress, — lifted the coverlid, and exclaimed, "Ah, she is murdered!" Directly afterwards he went to the dressing-closet, opened the shutter, and saw that the strong box was intact. "She is not robbed!" he cried. "What does this mean?"

Surgical and legal help was



sent for. The condition of things found in the room was carefully noted in a *procès-verbal*. On the bed was a fragment of a lace cravat, and a table napkin, belonging to the house, rolled into the form of a cap, like the caps used by tennis-players. The body of madame was already cold, and pierced by fifty knife wounds.

The assassin had tied the bell-pulls above reach, and knotted them among the curtains of the bed, so that if even they had been grasped they would only have moved the drapery. There were no traces of disorder in the bedroom or the antechamber; no door had been forced. The key of the plate-chest, in the business-hall, was, as usual, under madame's pillow. Card money was kept in that chest; and on opening it there were found nearly two hundred and seventy-eight livres in gold. It contained also the key of the strong box, in madame's dressing-closet. In the strong box there were found four bags, containing one thousand livres a-piece, and some other bags of smaller size, among which one was addressed "To Monsieur the Abbé Poulard." The box contained also a large purse that was entirely empty, and an *escritoire* in red morocco, gilt, upon which lay a half-louis, and within which, under a false bottom, Madame Mazel kept fifteen thousand livres worth of jewels. Finally, in the pockets of the dress madame had last

worn, there were found eighteen pistoles in gold.

Every act and word of his that we have detailed was at once held to point suspicion to Le Brun. At least, thought the criminal-lieutenant, who occupied the place of our detective, — he may be a party to the murder, if not the actual perpetrator of the crime. The leaving of the coach-house door open, during a midnight sleep, was an especially suggestive circumstance. Le Brun and his wife were both arrested, and confined in separate cells.

It is unnecessary to say that all moral probability was against the notion that Le Brun, for twenty-nine years honoured as a pattern steward, should have been the author of the crime. He drew profit from the life of his mistress. Madame Chapelain had reason enough to wish her dead; still more reason had Madame René de Savonnières; and then there was the Abbé Poulard, a priest of bad character, who had a house-key to himself, and whose bed-room communicated by the private stair with the alcove in the chamber of madame. Of him no questions were asked, though ten hours were occupied in questioning the servants of the house. The Abbé Poulard went about the town, affirming Le Brun's guilt, and adding fabulous particulars as to the manner of it. He had admitted to his mistress the discharged footman, Berry; and Berry had demanded of madame that she



should recognise him as her son. Upon that she seized him by the throat in a frenzy of rage, and Berry used the poniard in self-defence. The story found believers, who had not wit to put to themselves or their informant the most obvious question — How had Monsieur the Abbé come by so much information?

Additional evidence, capable of use against the offender, had come into the hands of justice. The remains of a pocket-knife had been found in the ashes, on the hearth of madame's bed-chamber. A rope-ladder had been found, also; and a shirt, stained with blood, and bearing the marks of bloody fingers, had been taken from under a bundle of straw in the loft. A few hairs, torn from the head of the murderer were drawn from the grasp of the dead body. Barbers pronounced these to be too few to enable them to assert whether or not they had been torn from the head of Jacques Le Brun. The napkin rolled into a cap, which lay upon the bed, was too small for Le Brun; and I should say that the old man's hands were examined, and found to be free from all trace of their having been imbrued in blood. It was observed that if the assassin had entered by either of the secret doors, he could not have passed out by them, because they were bolted from within. Nothing, however, hindered him from passing out by the door leading into the antechamber; and it was

proved that the mere jar, caused by his closing it after him, might be enough to push the inner bolt a little forward.

On the fourteenth of January, sixteen hundred and ninety, the Counsellor M. René de Savonnières petitioned the criminal-lieutenant, in the name of his brother and himself, for a declaration, "that Le Brun was attainted and convicted of having killed and massacred the lady Mazel, his mistress, and of having robbed from her the gold contained in the purse found empty at the bottom of the strong-box, with the exception of the half-louis found upon the *escritoir*."

Barbier d'Aucourt, a celebrated advocate, was charged with Le Brun's defence. He urged the many points which tended to direct suspicion against others. The cook, not long before the murder, had moved her bed to a room on the ground-floor, from which it was possible for her to admit whom she would into the house. The footmen were youths, not likely to strike home; and the victim was found slain by fifty thrusts upon neck, face, arms, and breast, not one of them mortal. Then there was the Abbé Poulard, a monk of bad repute, more open than any other person to suspicion. D'Aucourt urged such points, and, of course, displayed with all his skill the weakness of the case against Le Brun. The advocate was, moreover, possessed by an idea of his



own, namely, that the discharged footman, Berry, could throw light upon the case if he were once confronted with the prisoner. He insisted that this man should be sought and arrested; but his place of abode being unknown, he was not found.

On Wednesday, the twenty-second of February, a decision on the case was arrived at, by a court of two-and-twenty judges. Two only confirmed the accusation, four desired time for further information, and the other sixteen formed the majority, by whom it was decreed that Jacques Le Brun should be put to the provisory question ordinary and extraordinary. In obedience to this order, M. Jean le Nain, an honest magistrate, accompanied by M. Fraguier, a counsellor, superintended the application of the torture to the poor old steward. Le Brun bore the ordeal like a brave man and a Christian, sought no temporary relief by self-accusation, and not only maintained his own innocence, but would allow no word to be wrung from him that tended to shift suspicion upon the family of his mistress, or to reflect in any degree upon her reputation. He was acquainted with intrigues and quarrels, that, if known, would have strengthened the case as against other persons; but he knew what was due to the honour of his calling as a faithful major-domo. He carried his scruple so far, that, when he was interrogated on the subject of any

communication that there might be between the apartments occupied by the Abbé Poulard and that of Madame Mazel, he replied only that this question had nothing to do with the suit against him. Brave old man!

Very different was the behaviour of the parasite who had already blackened the character of his patroness, and was, in the next place, pursuing the old steward to his death, with a remorseless violence.

Le Brun was condemned to die; and it was adjudged that his estate should pay ten thousand livres as damages to the heirs of Madame Mazel, as well as the usual amends of a hundred livres to the church, for the establishment of prayers for the soul of the deceased. It was at the same time privately stated that the judges arrived at this decision, not with a view to its being finally carried out, but for the purpose of terrifying the accused, by a new form of torture, into a full statement of what he knew. Most of them believed Le Brun himself to be not guilty; and as they all knew that their sentence could be—and no doubt would be—reversed in a higher court, they gave false judgment by way of stratagem, hoping that some good might accrue from it.

The appeal to the higher tribunal was of course made by Barbier d'Aucourt, who repeated all his arguments before new judges with redoubled energy.



A French criminal tale of this period, founded on mistaken identity, has recently been dramatised, and performed in many French and English theatres, as "The Courier of Lyons," and under other titles. When the M. Lesurques, who was in that case the victim of an error, came before the court to obtain his restoration to society, his advocate was the same Barbier d'Aucourt — not only a famous lawyer, but also a member of the French Academy — who bestirred himself with so much energy on behalf of Jacques Le Brun.

Before the upper tribunal D'Aucourt's arguments tended to direct the attention of the public in no favourable way towards the Abbé Poulard. That disgraced ecclesiastic, consequently, felt it to be right that he should defend his own character in a pamphlet; and a pamphlet, accordingly, was published by him, in which he called the attention of Parisians to the forced presumptions upon which the argument for the defence of Le Brun was founded, and — quite in accordance with the humour of the time — criticised the style of M. d'Aucourt, whom he accused of not forming his sentences with the grace to be looked for from a member of the Academy, and against whom he revived an old joke which had long done duty in the salons of Paris. D'Aucourt, at an early stage of his career, had on one occasion rebuked what he held to be an indecent use made of

their church by the Jesuits, and doing so in Latin, said "sacrus," when he ought to have said "sacer." The holy men were tickled by the blunder, and D'Aucourt was called "lawyer sacrus" for a long time after. The Abbé Poulard, in his pamphlet, made the most of this. The joke arose over a question of profanity, and was kept alive over a question of murder. But, indeed, the murder of a nominative case was at that time nearly as bad, in the eyes of dainty speakers as the murder of a woman. "You tell me that I murdered my patroness," cried, in effect, the Abbé Poulard; "well, sir, and what then, who murdered his own Latin?"

The pleadings of D'Aucourt had aroused public feeling on behalf of the white-headed steward, who was faithful even in the last extremity to which he had been brought. He had been tortured beyond his strength, and his life was despaired of. Just at that time official intelligence was sent from Sens that a man, calling himself Geolet, had established himself as a horse-dealer in that town; that he was the same Berry, discharged from the service of Madame Mazel, for whom search had been instituted, and that he was accordingly arrested. His arrest took place on the twenty-seventh of March.

The expectation of Barbier d'Aucourt was then strangely fulfilled, for the capture of this man set at rest a world of doubt



and terrible suspicion in an altogether unexpected way. When Berry was taken he offered to the men who arrested him a purse full of louis-d'ors for the opportunity of making his escape, and he was found possessed of a watch which had been worn by Madame Mazel on the very last day of her life. He was sent at once to Paris, where many testified to having seen him in town at the time of the assassination; a woman identified him as a man whom she saw quitting the hotel Savonnières on the night of the murder, soon after midnight. A surgeon deposed that he had shaved him (those being the days of barber surgeons), on the morning following, and noticed that his hands were scratched. Finally the blood-stained shirt and fragment of cravat were proved to have belonged to him. While these facts were being elicited, on the nineteenth of July the Abbé Poulard was arrested, and lodged in the Conciergerie. By confronting him with the real murderer, no proof of complicity was obtained, and it was determined by the civil authorities that he should be handed over to his ecclesiastical superiors, by whom he was subjected to strict discipline and meagre diet in a monastery throughout the remainder of his days.

Isménie Chapelain profited nothing by the death of Madame Mazel; for Georges de Savonnières died during the course of the subsequent proceedings.

The name of Madame René de Savonnières had been carefully kept out of the inquiry; but Berry, condemned to be broken alive upon the wheel, and to pay eight thousand livres of restitution, was put to the torture previous to his execution, and upon the rack he named as accomplices Madame de Savonnières and Jacques Le Brun.

Le Brun was already dead. Imprisonment and torture had destroyed him, and three weeks before this fresh accusation he had been buried solemnly before the altar in the church of St. Bartholomew, having been followed to his grave by an immense concourse of people. His wife Magdeleine had been taken from prison, and was conducted home with her two daughters, in solemn procession, by the same persons who had been present at her husband's funeral.

The murderer's breath did not long taint the old man's fame. In presence of actual death, Berry sent for M. le Nain, formally retracted his charges against others, and in a conference which lasted for an hour, confessed his crime.

His story was, that on the Wednesday before the murder, he had come to Paris on the business of robbing Madame Mazel, and took a lodging at the Golden Chariot. That on the Friday, at dusk, he entered the lady's house, seeing the door then open, and meeting no one,



ascended to the loft, by way of the private staircase. He remained in the loft, hidden behind some hay, and feeding upon bread and apples that he took with him. At eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, knowing that Madame was then at mass, he descended to her bed-chamber, of which the door was open. The maids must have just then only finished cleaning it, because when he went in the dust was flying. Attempting to creep under the bed, he found there was not space for him to pass under with his coat on. He, therefore, remounted to the loft, and there deposited his two outer garments, then, descending in his shirt, he re-entered the room, and achieved his purpose. After dinner, Madame came to her chamber, which she left again to go to vespers. Berry who had found his hat uncomfortable, then came out, and made a cap for himself, with a table napkin that he found behind the mirror. Afterwards he knotted up the bell-pulls, and warmed himself at the fire, until he heard the wheels of Madame's carriage. Then he crept back to his hiding, from which he emerged at midnight to make his demand of money. Madame, of course, screamed and felt for the bell-pulls. Berry warned her that she could not ring, and that if she cried out he would kill her. If she had not cried out, he said, she would not have been killed. He stabbed her at hazard, till she ceased to struggle with him,

after which he stabbed on till he knew that she was dead. Until then, all had been dark, and it was not until after the murder that he struck a light. He took the key of the plate-chest, and sought in the plate-chest for the key of the strong box. He took from that box, six thousand livres in gold, which he emptied out of a purse, but left the purse, and then proceeded to restore every thing to its former state. He went out by way of the antechamber, closing the door with a key that lay on a chair, lest by forcible shutting he might awaken some one of the servants. Then he remounted to the loft, washed his hands there, took off and concealed his shirt, put on his other clothes, and descended. The coach-house door was open, and he went out by it. Had it been closed he should have made use of his rope ladder, and have escaped by one of the windows. On getting out into the street, he observed the brightness of the moon, and the extreme coldness of the night. Before he had gone far he heard a clock strike one.

In this way it happened that the prophecy of Madame de Savonnières was fulfilled to the letter; and that the man named by the Abbé Poulard was, after all, the cause of its fulfilment. May not the priest who slept in the room above that of his mistress, have been wakened by her cries, and was it not possible that the cowardly parasite shivered in his

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bed, while the deed was done that he dared not prevent? May he not have heard afterwards the footsteps of the murderer, and timidly peeping through some chink, have seen Berry ascending the great staircase, torch in hand, wearing the shirt still wet with blood? Too much a coward to confess his cowardice, may he not have connected this sight with the story of the open coach-house door, and believing that he understood the plot, have told a story that might serve in some mean and imperfect sense, the ends of truth?

Upon this, and other mysteries connected with the history, it is now scarcely worth while to dwell. Berry bore with stubborn impassiveness the dreadful punishment of breaking on the wheel. The law made all the reparation in its power to the family of Jacques Le Brun, and there was paid to it also a handsome legacy, bequeathed by the will of Madame Mazel to her faithful steward. Best end of all to such a story, the events here narrated made at the time so strong an impression on the public mind in France, that Le Brun's case is to be ranked as one of those by which society has been assisted in its progress. For it helped much to prepare the way for a good time, which came when rack and screw ceased to be part of the machinery of justice. And of all methods by which "man doth ransack man," or ever hath attempted to ransack

him, their method is, I think, not the most cruel, but assuredly the one least likely to gain the end proposed.

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### COGNAC.

It would not be difficult for a geographical tyro to lose himself amongst the *acs*. A large portion of the map of France is overlaid with proper names which, with whatever consonant or vowel they may begin, have all of them a *c* for their final letter, preceded either by an *e* or an *o*; but more commonly by an *a*, to vocalise their ultimate syllable. It is clear that, to steer your way with safety through this archipelago of synograms, you must not fix your rudder at the stern of the word, but at the prow, or even at midships. You must catch the topographical eel, not by the tail, but by the head and shoulders, whereon good luck and skill may, perhaps, enable you to fix some lasso of artificial memory to hold it with. Thus, there is Balzac, which gives its title to two famous De Balzacs, to Jean-Louis Guez, the artist who moulded the French language into shape, and to Honoré, whose masterpieces of fiction, are for want of translation, almost unknown to the British public. Balzac, besides, is a black variety of grape in considerable esteem for the brandy it makes. There is Blanzac, where the people revolted because salt was taxed too



heavily; where they plundered the salt stores, and killed the tax-gatherers. There is Jarnac, remarkable for its magnificent avenue of poplars which conducts you out of town on the road to Cognac. There is Ruffec, a rising little place (it stands on a hillock), frequented for its markets of grain and cattle, but whose most exquisite articles of export — I intend writing an article about them — it might be injurious to the public service to specify now. There is Moussac, which has been sleeping in the night of obscurity from past eternity to the present day, and which would have slept on unknown for an eternity to come, if the railway had not waked it up and forced it to become a member of active society. There is Nérac, famous for terrines (or partridge pies with an earthen crust of pottery instead of paste); Chierzac where asses and oxen wear coats and breeches in summer time to save them from the stings of flies, gnats, and cousins; Cubzac, with its suspension bridge of iron and wood; Ribérac, where you may eat good pâtés of liver stolen from the insides of ducks that quack; and, lastly, there is Cognac itself where you taste excellent brandy with lips that involuntarily smack. Cognac — now world-famous — is a small town with some nine or ten thousand inhabitants, which stands partly on a plain, but principally on a gentle slope, forming one

side of the valley of the river Charente.

When I passed through Saintes — a picturesque, Italian-looking place, built on broken ground, with a genuine Roman arch by the side of the river, which is crossed by a smart suspension-bridge — when I passed through Saintes on my way to Cognac, they were fêting the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin with so dense a procession, that the diligence could scarcely pass. The leaders had to nod and say, "How do you do?" to the gilt and silvered image that was carried along, for several minutes before we could reach the coach-office. Before I could get out of the coupé, I was torn in pieces by six or eight male and female touters (the latter with flatulent and bursting caps), who wanted each of them to cram a dinner down my throat. I amused myself by not deciding for a quarter of an hour, but walked about the town, with this amiable tail following me, as I examined the shop windows and hunted for points of view. At last, I put myself under the protection of a lady who persisted in inviting me with, "This way, Captain" — a title which tickled my ears as much as "My Lord" does those of other folks on the ninth of November. She carried me off in triumph, fed me very respectably, and then packed me snugly in the diligence for Cognac, without insisting too violently that I should stop and sleep at her inn at Saintes.

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Cognac stands on a foundation of rock, and is solidly built with stone; and so it had need be; for if it were once to catch fire at any point, it would explode like a mountain of lucifer matches struck by lightning, and would blaze afterwards like an ever-burning omelette-au-rhum, which was meant to be gazed at but never eaten. Some of the narrow side-streets look as if they were hewn out of the rock itself. The vines in front of the houses there, seem to climb for the sake of reaching the summit of a natural cliff. This rude and rough external appearance is partly caused by the alcoholic fumes that float in the air. A new stone house turns black outside from three to ten years after its erection, by the chemical action of the vapours from brandy stores. Otherwise, there is no want either of good houses in the town — surrounded by that symptom of wealth, luxurious gardens — or of handsome villas out in the country. The names of many of these narrow little streets, such as Street of the Gardens, and Street of the Golden Island, are inviting enough, if the reality did but answer to the title. Great complaints are made just now of want of employment amongst the working-classes. The merchants are obliged to discharge most of their men. There has been no wine lately to make into brandy; and everything vinous and spirituous is so dear that every accustomed pur-

chaser is afraid to buy. Still, Arthur Young's test of a town's prosperity is manifestly visible; public and private buildings are being erected and restored on a liberal scale.

The Parc, or promenade, is a public strolling-place that any town might be proud of. You mount a gentle slope, which leads you to what is in the way of being made a formal terrace, looking down into the well-watered valley below. To clear the view a little, they talk of cutting down some half-a-score of evergreen oaks, against which I took the liberty of firmly protesting. The authorities, if aware of my opinion that the trees should stand, would doubtless treat it with a deal of deference. You pass the stone monument which stands on the spot where Francis the First first saw the light beneath a spreading tree, rather earlier than his mamma intended; you cross a bridge which will soon be built over a wooded hollow, and then you may stroll all day long in a tangled thicket of shrubs, evergreens, and timber trees, with winding paths cut through the wood and native wild flowers springing up amongst the grass, making it look more like an English pleasure-ground than anything I have yet seen in France.

Estimating the intellectual spirit of Cognac by the literary supply attainable there, it is certainly above proof, when com-



pared with other French towns of the same size. It has at least one weekly newspaper, — *L'Indicateur de Cognac*. There are several well-supplied bookseller's shops; although here, as elsewhere, the trade is often made to combine with other professions in a way that looks odd in English eyes. Thus, Monsieur Gérard, on the Place d'Armes, — an obliging and well-informed gentleman, — writes himself *Libraire et Opticien*, over his door. He also takes photographic portraits, — a fact which is humourously indicated by the picture of an ugly fellow grinning for a wager, and making faces at a daguerreotype battery; the operator being behind it. Besides books and striking likenesses, he also deals in instruments that are of service to dealers in things spirituous. For instance, for thirty-seven francs, he will sell you a pretty little experimental toy, called Sulleron's alembic, which in ten minutes will tell you how much brandy will be produced by any given hogshead of wine. A measured quantity of white wine is put into a little glass balloon; a spirit-lamp is lighted under it; the fumes pass through an india-rubber tube and a zinc or leaden worm, into a copper cooler filled with cold water, and the spirit drops into the same graduated glass receiver from which the wine was measured out. A simple sum of the rule of three tells you what your cask of wine is worth,

in respect to its brandy-giving capabilities. Coarser implements, worms for practical distillation, creep out at the foot of many of the shop-doors, and beg you to buy them as you walk through the streets.

Brandy we know, in comparison with wine, is a mere modern upstart, — a mushroom of the day before yesterday; and so, Cognac, its grand metropolis, is of very recent date, as a commercial town, though not as a mere cluster of human dwellings. Twenty years ago, Cognac was only a village; the same dull, steady-going place that it had been ever since the dawn of time. Now, not to speak of the merchants, the peasantry of the *arrondissement* of Cognac are the richest in all France. Some few are worth as much as sixty thousand pounds sterling; many are worth from twenty to five-and-twenty thousand pounds. Remember that, not long since, they had a succession of abundant vintages. Instead of selling their wine at a ruinous low price, they distilled it and kept it. By that process, it was very easy to pack a great deal of wine into a very little space. Then followed a run of failing crops of grapes, and up went their wares, — up — up — up, till it is to be hoped that they have reached their climax at last, and that the present spring, summer, and autumn will prove more propitious to Jean Raisin's health.

These wealthy peasants still re-

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main peasants, scarcely changing their former mode of life, — a hardy generation of men addicted to sky-blue clothing, and of hale women with caps in various stages of goitreism, and with complexions so tanned by the summer's sun as not even to be bleached by the past long winter. These head-dresses, like flattened and squeezed paper fire-balloons, appear to be their pride and glory. Some ladies seem to protect their caps in damp weather with a woollen covering, as if to prevent them (the bonnets) from catching cold; the whole apparatus being large enough to be a cradle for a new-born baby, in the case of such need as that which happened to Francis the First. Charente is altogether a rich department; and the Charentois, unlike the Poitevins, not only make the most of their fertile soil, but welcome agricultural and other improvements which penetrate so far into the interior.

One trifling circumstance struck me as a curious coincidence. These strangely bonnetted females agree with the Norfolk farmers' wives in making their butter into exactly similar "pints" — only smaller — which they call *marottes* (*marotte* also means a fool's bauble), weighing half a French pound each. Thus, there is an oleaginous bond of alliance between East Anglia and Saintonge, and Angoumois. Will the children, I ask myself, of these peasant capitalists, be content to jog on in the same

humble routine of life? Will they be wise enough to know that true happiness lies in a quiet conscience, and easy fortune, a healthy body, and a contented mind; and will they leave the vanities and strifes of the world to the vast multitude who, clutching after gewgaws, lose their hold of solid and priceless possessions? Probably not; ambitious notions will inoculate their quiet existence, and break out in various forms of display. They will follow the beaten track of self-advancement, though their French frugality may possibly save them. Full occupation will also come to their aid; for brandy is distilled, as well as grown, not in the town of Cognac itself (where there are no distilleries), but on the premises of the respective vine-growing proprietors; where they are called *brûleries*, or burning-places, the provincial expression being to *brûler*, or burn, wine, not to distil it.

The discovery of *eau-de-vie* is referred to the twelfth century. In the thirteenth century, Arnaud de Villeneuve and Raymond Lulle made known the process of the fabrication of Alcohol; but its manufacture did not begin to assume importance until after the close of the fourteenth century. Wine was drunk, age after age, without the least suspicion being entertained that it was possible to disengage from its mass the spirituous portion which alone gives it its intoxicating



powers. The Arabs having taught us the art of distillation, which they had invented to extract the perfume of flowers — of the rose especially — so lauded in their literature, the possibility suggested itself that we might discover the essence which gives to wine its special flavour and effect. After repeated attempts and experiments, alcohol, spirits of wine, and eau-de-vie appeared.

Alcohol is the monarch of potable liquids, and carries palatal excitement to the highest pitch. By entering into the composition of liqueurs, it has opened to epicures a new series of pleasures, as well as to merchants a new branch of commerce; and by helping to fabricate tinctures and elixirs, it has imparted to certain medicaments an energy in which they were before deficient. It has acted as the gunpowder, when they were merely dead, ineffective shot. It has also furnished our aggressive hand with a formidable and deadly weapon. The unhappy aborigines of new-found lands have been exterminated almost as much by the influence of fire-water, as by the force of fire-arms.

The processes which helped to discover alcohol have led us to other important results. For, as they consist in separating and sorting the particles of which a body is composed, and by the combination of which it is distinguished from every other,

they served as a pattern and a guide to inquisitive investigators who were anxious to pursue analogous researches. Hence, we have a long list of completely new substances, the results of distillation and sublimation, discovered, — or to be so, one of these days — such as quinine, morphine, and a host of others.

I am no spirit-drinker myself, and might, therefore, consistently decry the use of ardent spirits. But the use, and the abuse, of a thing are two. There are many persons in France, both French and English, both men and women — but mostly people in the miserable condition of having little or nothing to do — who will drink you a quart of brandy, or more, per day, regularly. It is a marvel that they can live to the end of a month, or that they can blow out a candle without catching fire at the mouth, like a gas-burner when the gas is turned on. On the other hand, there are innumerable industrious workmen and tradesfolk who simply swallow their goutte, or dram, before the labours of the day commence, taking no more afterwards, and who say that it gives them great powers of endurance. There are countless aged persons and invalids, whose stomachs cannot bear either wine or beer, to whom pure brandy, or brandy-and-water, is an indispensable sustenance. There are crises in the history of humanity — such as excessive loss of blood, protracted exposure to



wet and cold, violent and long-continued sea-sickness, or overwhelming mental agitation threatening prostration of the intellectual powers — wherein the judicious administration of brandy, or other alcoholic draught, is the only means of saving life. We are therefore interested in, and obliged to, a district which supplies stores for our medicine-chest as well as for our cellar. If men yield to temptation, and transfer the boon to their corner-cup-board, on themselves alone the fault must rest.

Although Cognac brandy is made from wine, the culture of vines for making eau-de-vie differs considerably from the management of mere wine-making vines. It is also more careless or slovenly in appearance. The level or slightly-inclined vineyards of Charente contrast strongly with the steep cotes of Burgundy. The soil, too, is of a more heterogeneous nature, comprising clay, loam, and calcareous earths. A slope to the north is rather preferred, as less liable to injury from spring frosts. The Cognac vines, before they begin to shoot, look like a legion of great black worms writhing to make their escape to the surface, to get out of the way of some gigantic mole that is devouring their lower extremities under ground. Although the vine-stools are cut down to within a few inches of the ground, the shoots remain

unsustained by props, and trail along the surface of the earth, exposing the grapes, at all stages of their growth, to dirt, wet, insects, and vermin. True, that in long warm summers, they get thoroughly ripened on the heated soil. Brandy grapes, thus matured and shrivelled, form a delicious winter dessert. The most esteemed varieties of grape for eaux-de-vie, are, the Folle, or rather the Folle-Blanche (for there is black Folle, or Madcap, in lower estimation), a very common vine in Charente and Lower Charente, which produces excellent but short-lived wine, and, at the same time, the wine that contributes the most to make good brandy. The berries are middle-sized, and yellowish in colour. The wood is rather stout, and is pruned to three or four eyes, if the stool is vigorous. It adapts itself to every soil. The St. Emillion, or Semillon, is a variety introduced from the south, easily recognised by its very stout reddish-brown wood, its high-shouldered bunches of considerable length and breadth, composed of large berries of an uncommon hue, for they are beautifully yellow when perfectly ripe. In pruning, no more than three eyes are left; and all soils suit it. The Colombar is a charming grape, yellowish when quite ripe. It makes a heady, clear, well-keeping wine. Mixed with black grapes, it makes a tolerable wine to drink. It may be pruned almost at discretion,



though more than five or six eyes are seldom left. The bunches are long and well shouldered; the berries are rather oblong, and rarely decay while hanging on the vine. It is an abundant bearer, resists frost well, and succeeds in almost any situation. The stools rise to a considerable height. It is not rare for a single cep of Colombar to give seven or eight quarts of wine. These are all so-called white grapes; Charente brandy being mostly made of white wine. The before-mentioned Balzac, a black grape, is also in great favour, and very common, producing tolerably good, but rather strong wine, and is best mixed with other varieties. The bunch is beautifully black, the stalk red, the wood reddish-brown. It is pruned to two or three eyes, at most. It shoots late, and very vertically, and requires a clayey soil.

These varieties are mentioned, because they are quite distinct from those which produce either burgundy or champagne wine. A few others are cultivated, though less generally and indispensably. The grapes are pressed immediately from the vineyard, without fermenting in the tub; so that no colouring matter is extracted from the skin of whatever black grapes may enter into the medley, and no alcoholic vapours are lost. The wine from which brandy is made is not an agreeable beverage; it is harsh, deficient in aroma, and very

treacherous as to its tipsyfying powers. Mixed with several times its bulk of water, it may serve to slake the thirst of a weary man. That is all it is good for in the way of drink. Indeed, were it really good wine, it would be too valuable to burn into spirit; and, as a rule, districts which produce the best brandy also furnish the least palatable wines. Nevertheless, the Department of Charente supplies very drinkable, though not luxurious red wines, and cheap. It sustains the industrious labouring man with needful support, though it cannot pamper the voluptuous epicure. Most vineyards are planted with a mixture of black and white grapes; because, although white vines are supposed to be longer-lived than black, their wine is believed to be improved by the addition of juice from their dark-skinned brethren. Moreover, the idea is prevalent that white vines do not feed on the same substances as black; that the former mainly absorb sulphureous elements, and contain more spirituousity in proportion as those matters are in greater abundance, while black vines prefer to assimilate the ferruginous particles contained in the soil, and that the depth of colour in red wine is relative to the iron that lurks in the vineyard. In short, were Jean Raisin to go to war, his fair, Caucasian, white-skinned regiments would fight with a burning brimstone match, while his black and dingy negro hordes



would transfix you through and through with daggers of steel. The strength of Charente lies in its liquid fire, and the most famous spot for brandy in the Arrondissement of Cognac is a tract of land named La Champagne. "But why do you call it Champagne?" I asked. "Ma foi! I don't know," was the answer I got; "I suppose for the same reason that this place is called Cognac." The reader, however, will please to note that Champagne brandy is not brandy from the province which produces champagne wine, but from this favourite locality near Cognac.

Wines (white having the preference; though any cheap wine in little request will do, since the best brandy comes from the worst wine) are ready for distillation in the course of a month after their fermentation is completed, without waiting for them to clear themselves. December is generally the month to begin burning, — the gloomy season, when poor Jean Raisin is brought to the stake, and is treated quite in the orthodox style of cooking heretics, and converting them by fire. Unhappy Jean may say of the *acs* what Rabelais, at Rome, said to the Pope, touching his native place, "Most Holy Father, I am a Frenchman, belonging to a little town named Chinon, where people are very subject to the faggot disease. A great many respectable people have already been burnt there, and, amongst them, some of my own relations."

A speedy execution of the Raisin family is not only mercy, but economy. New wine furnishes considerably more spirit than it would do at the end of a twelve-month; also, wines that have fermented in large bodies, in tuns, yield more liberally than those from little casks. In cold seasons, wine gives ordinarily less eau-de-vie, but then it is of better quality; after hot summers, the wine is more spirituous, and the eau-de-vie less agreeable. Of course, all flat, over-fermented, and acidulated wine gives an inferior and deficient sample of brandy.

The whole art of brandy-distilling depends and is founded on the circumstance that wine is a liquid consisting of fluid elements, a certain portion of which are more volatile, or fly off in vapour, at a lower temperature and more rapidly than the others. But matter is as subtle as well as a solid form of created existence, or entity; and the light-winged particles of spirit, as they take their departure, are apt to be joined by the evil companionship of essential oils, mouldy germs, and empyreumatic odours, which, if they do not corrupt good manners, certainly spoil good eau-de-vie.

Herein consists the why and the wherefore that all brandy is not the same brandy. The department of Charente is renowned for the skill with which it draws off the cream of the flighty fumes, leaving all the good-for-







to zero in price, and wood is up to fever-heat in dearness, the distillation of small marc wine will afford but small profit; but when wine is dear and wood is cheap, marc distillation pays well.

When a peasant-proprietor out in the country has burnt his wine into eau-de-vie, if the markets put on an inviting aspect, he loads the chariot before his door with precious tubs, he then washes his face and hands, puts on a clean shirt and blouse, and takes his Sunday broad-brimmed hat out of the closet. He proceeds slowly on his way with stately step, and enters the narrow crooked passages which Cognac dignifies with the name of streets, announcing his arrival by a long succession of what you might take for pistol-shots, but which are no more than harmless cracks of the whip. He stops at the gate of the establishment, say of Messrs. R. and Co., his cargo is set down, taken in, rolled up an inclined plane, and measured at once by transfusion into a cylindrical vessel which has outside it a glass tube, to which a graduated scale is attached, communicating with the interior, and therefore showing exactly how full the measure is. That settled he walks off with the empty casks, goes on his way rejoicing, leaving the rustic eau-de-vie to be converted into gentlemanly cognac brandy. The purchased liquor is let off from the cylinder by means of a tap, and is either received into the mer-

chant's casks and rolled into a cellar-cave hewn in the rock for the temporary reception of ordinary brandies, or is made to pass through a tube into lower regions, where its further education is to be completed.

Before leaving the reception-room, cast a glance at the little adjoining apartment where the sugar is burnt to colour the brandy; then stroll through the series of basement-rooms rather than cellars, and the whole secret of cognac-making is explained to the dullest apprehension. You see multitudes of barrels of stout oakwood, quarter-casks and hogsheads — two hogsheads making a puncheon and two puncheons constituting a tun — you peep into a little circular room in which iron-hoops are prepared on an anvil to hold fast and steady. You gaze wistfully at the closed doors of a little, mysterious, sealed apartment, where, you are told, is treasured up the most ancient eau-de-vie de Cognac on the premises, numbering some fifty summers and winters. You watch workmen clarifying the eau-de-vie by passing it through a jelly-bag, and you fancy they must inhale so liberal an allowance of spirit at every breath, that if they want to make brandy and water in their stomachs, they have only to go to the nearest pump. Your guide now produces an authoritative bunch of keys, unlocks the door of a special storehouse, and gives you to taste from an



enormous cask, a glass of the burnt-sugar syrup, which brownifies the brandy (English customers admiring a gypsy complexion), and which syrup is not nice at all; and also a glass of softening syrup, made of one-fourth sugar and three-fourths eau-de-vie, which sweetens and smooths the cordial for lickerish lips, and which is so delicious that you would not have the heart to reproach your bitterest enemy if you caught him indulging in a drop too much. You start before an awful trap-door through which the country eau-de-vie is run down into immense tuns that stand firm on fixed pillars painted white and black, each tun being devoted to a peculiar quality of spirit. It is here that they perform the all-important operation, called the Coupe, by mixing several sorts of eau-de-vie together to improve them, with the addition of syrups according to taste.

The stirring-up, or amalgamation, is a long-continued and laborious operation which has made many a stalwart fellow's arms ache. They give you to taste a perfect sample, drawn up from the middle of a cask by means of a little sample-fetching phial, which puts you in mind of the thimble and thread by which caged and trained goldfinches, vulgarly called drawwaters, are taught to supply themselves with drink. It is no thimbleful of brandy which is offered to you, but a bumping

wineglass. Sip and taste as much as you please; but beware how you swallow the whole, unless your head is as hard and insensible as a cocoa-nut with the outer rind on. You admire a collection of choice bottles, ranged on shelves and screened by a curtain, as if they were an invaluable library of book rarities and illuminated manuscripts. (By the way, some French authors have the habit of calling a well-stored wine-cellar a bibliothèque.) You march through the Salle d'Expédition or expediting-room, whence the most strongly exciting missives of the world are sent off to stir the blood of Britons and North Americans, principally. MM. R. and Co. annually cause to emigrate from France some five thousand volumes — bottles, I mean, — bound, that is to say, packed, in wooden one-dozen cases. And look! there is the bookbinder at work on his boxes. He boasts that he can make, at a stretch, from thirty to forty cases a day. And there, in the next room, is a high-crowned dame — whose cap only wants the slash of a sabre at the top to convert it into a pontifical mitre — whose peaceful occupation consists in braiding straw plaits to prevent her touchy pupils, the brandy bottles, from serious quarrels during their voyage across the seas. She also, I believe, decorates their ardent bosoms with gilt and many coloured breastplates, on which are imprinted the words OLD BRANDY



on either side of a perspective view of the establishment. She likewise may have something to do with the putting them to bed afterwards in clean sheets of delicate paper. It is pleasant to see, lying about, hygrometric instruments, bearing the name of their maker, who lives in that arcadian spot, the London Poultry; pleasant also to say, "Bonjour!" to the English machine which cunningly cleans bottles by the force of an oblique jet of water that spins twisting round their empty stomachs, and rinses them out.

The corking-machine is, apparently, a cruel mode of forcibly stopping a vessel's mouth; but they say fewer fractures are made by it than by the more common and tenderer mode, while the operator is in no danger of being maimed by broken glass. A Cognac inventor claims, and has patented, his clever machine for capsuling the already sated and gagged individual. The patient is laid in a reclining position, a leaden night-cap is slipped over his head, he is hitched a little forward, exactly like a man presented to the axe of the guillotine, the executioner pulls a lever, which acts upon a set of wheels and strings, and the imprisoned spirit is as completely secured from breathing a breath of the external air, as if it were buried in a leaden coffin. In the little room where vessels are branded, another Cognac invention claims a laudatory word. The brands themselves are not

thrust into the fire, but are contrived to receive, immediately behind their letters, a red-hot cylindrical heater, which communicates a sufficiency of caustic heat to mark a sharp, deep, and durable impression on the wood. The brand-fire, too, is economised, to heat the water where-with new puncheons are scalded and purified.

If you walk through the premises of the Société Vinicole, a company of brandy-growers, who English themselves as The United Vineyard Proprietors, you will only see the same sights on a more gigantic scale; and Cognac contains within its limits four or five establishments of equal magnitude. You will be introduced into a vast hall containing two-and-forty colossal vats, ranged in double row, so massive and towering, that they make you feel as if you had entered some old Egyptian cave, and with an iron tramway running between them, on whose rails glides a tremendous tub for mixing or making the coupe, as an easy way of fetching samples from the different reservoirs of eau-de-vie. When I was there, four men were hard at work agitating the contents of this moveable vat by means of a central paddle-wheel whose handles were bent at right angles downward, round from the top of the tub, in order to reach the level of ordinary humanity. But, besides mixing by force of arms, there is machinery which is kept acting by quadru-



ped strength; so that it may be correctly stated that it requires a two-horse power to make a single glass of brandy. The very same mill works a set of pumps; the horses, therefore, are able to produce either simple water — the aqua pura of learned apothecaries — or water-of-life-and-death, at will. Robert Houdin himself cannot do much more.

Good brandy is not cheap, even at Cognac. My landlady strongly urged me to carry off a bottle from her stores, at the cost of seven francs, to give a taste of the genuine article to my friends at home. But I replied that I had so long a journey before me, that the bottle would probably get cracked on the road, and the seven francs be consequently spilt, like water. So I contented myself with sticking in my buttonhole a sprig of evergreen from the pleasant Parc, as a material token whereby to remember *ac-land*.

Cognac has a future before it, to which it may look with complacency. One of these days it will have a railway, connecting Angoulême with Rochefort and La Rochelle; and will then get gas, which, in the interior of France follows the iron road, and is only to be found along its lines. Cognac will then be glad to receive coals and many other things besides, from England; especially if England could, in her wisdom, spare her own grain from distillation and devote it to feeding man and beast, by diminish-

ing the duties on foreign spirit. Between England and Cognac there is a friendly feeling, which is not likely to be the less permanent because it rests on the foundation of the pocket. The brandy-merchants of this generous little town sent as a present to the English army in the Crimea one thousand pounds' sterling worth of good brandy, to keep the cold out of our poor soldiers' stomachs. If I were one of the Roebuck Committee, I would try and find out whether it ever reached them, how they liked it, and whether they knew where it came from? A friend's good deeds ought not to be hid under a bushel. But between England and Cognac there is more than friendly intercourse: there are matrimonial alliances. A gentleman whose ample fortune has some connection with puncheons of brandy, has espoused a lady whose handsome dowry is not entirely alien to pots of porter. It is possible even, that the example may spread; for, at, and after the Paris Exposition, Cognac will offer hospitable reception to not a few English visitors. May their fêtes, dinners, balls, and picnics, go off to perfection, without a badly-cooked dish, an unbecoming toilette, or an envious shower of rain! I heartily drink them success (in wine) before-hand and at a distance, in remembrance of the civility I met with in the land of spirits.



## MOTHER AND STEP-MOTHER.

IN FOURTEEN CHAPTERS.

## CHAPTER VI.

"MOTHER," cried Edward Irwin, now a fine boy of fourteen, "why does every one think so much more of Frank than of me?"

"He is the heir, and is just come of age, and when the heir comes of age there is always great rejoicing."

"It must be a fine thing to be the heir!" exclaimed Edward, after a pause, fixing his eyes thoughtfully on his mother's face.

"Why do you think so?" inquired she.

"Why? What a question! Why, the world is before you to be sure; you can do exactly what you please, and everybody thinks you a fine fellow."

"It is better to make a fortune than barely to inherit one."

"O yes, of course; but that takes such a time. Just fancy, mother, how splendid it must be for Frank. Every one says how handsome he is, and every one admires his cleverness and his riding, and everything he does. Now I'm every bit as handsome and as clever for my age, and father says Frank couldn't have ridden Mad Tom before he went to Rugby; yet nobody takes the trouble to find out my perfections."

"Would you rather have been your father's heir than my son?" As Lady Irwin asked the boy the

question, her cheek flushed, and her brow, to which a slight frown had become habitual, darkened.

"Why, no, mother, I don't mean that. I'd rather have my own stately mother, for all her fierce looks and angry words, than the pretty pale lady in the picture; but suppose there had been no Lady Irwin before you, I'm sure you're wife enough for one man any day."

"I should never have known your father if he hadn't come to Florence when he was in sorrow for the loss of Frank's mother."

"Which proves, I suppose, that it didn't please the Fates that I should be an eldest son. I always thought them a stupid set of spinsters. Don't you know any ricketty old Earl or Duke who might be coaxed into adopting me?"

"Do not talk so foolishly, Edward," returned his mother, with displeasure, "learn to have some respect for those to whom you owe your being; learn to have some regard for the talents with which you are endowed, and the legitimate exercise of which cannot fail to make you known and distinguished."

"In spite of all that," pursued the boy recklessly, "I believe, mother, you would like to see me in Frank's shoes. Only think, this grand old house, the woods, the lands, all mine. But there, don't bring down the thunder-clouds! I'm sure, if the old Parcae have ill-used me in condemning me to be a hewer of



wood and a drawer of water, they are ten times more to blame for making you anything but an empress. If they'd only done you justice now, I could have accommodated myself nicely to the character of a royal duke."

"Doubtless, you foolish boy," said his mother, caressing his full dark curls.

"But only fancy, mother, you sweeping along in velvet and diamonds, issuing your commands to your generals and counsellors; ordering one man to lose his head, making a governor of a province of another; and me riding about on a cream-coloured Arabian pony, at the head of an army, going to chastise some rebellious barbarians."

"Silly boy!" cried Lady Irwin, "what a shock you will feel when you descend from your Pegasus, and know yourself nothing but plain Edward Irwin, with not a sou to help you but what your father or brother may choose to give you."

"Considering the state of the case, mother, I think you might have let me give the reins to my fancy a little longer. I wish you hadn't pulled me up with such a jerk. I declare I felt the Arab under me, and the air fanning my cheek, and you and all your court ladies looking down from your balcony. It was too bad to bring me down such a thump into this seedy old room, with nothing out of doors but that wet blanket of a sky. I don't believe it ever intends to leave off raining till all

the branches are washed off the trees. Why, if there isn't Kitty! Only think, mother, of her coming all through this rain. See how daintily she holds up her dress, and what little pools of water her pretty pattering feet leave every step she takes. She's worth my cloud palace, Arab pony and all! There's a smile, now, would make sunshine anywhere. O mother, stir the fire and make it blaze, while I run down and help her off with her cloak."

Away he ran, leaving his mother sunk in gloomy meditation. The impatience he had expressed, and forgotten as soon as expressed, awakened the discontent in her own heart, and roused the old bitterness and jealousy that slumbered in her bosom. She was essentially an ambitious woman; her very love partook of the passion by which the angels fell; and the beauty and promise of her son, while it increased the idolatrous affection which she bore him, aggravated her discontent at the inferior position to which he was destined. But the fire smouldered in her own bosom, and even Agnese knew not into how fierce a blaze a little breath might kindle it.

When Edward returned, bringing in Catherine Birkby, despoiled of her wet garments, and glowing with exercise, the cloud had passed from Lady Irwin's countenance, if not from her spirit, and she welcomed her young visitor with courtesy, even with kindness.



"And now, mother," said Edward, when he had established the guest in a warm corner of a sofa, and supplied her with a footstool and all imaginable comforts; "and now, mother, would you like to know what has brought my princess out this fine November morning? It's a good story, and I'll tell Frank as sure as fate."

"Suppose you begin by telling me," said his mother, smiling.

"You tell her, Kitty. Doesn't she look a nice tutor, now? Just look at her; she wants nothing but a pair of spectacles and a stout cane."

"The boy's distracted," said Lady Irwin. "He is so delighted that you are come to break the dull tête-à-tête with his prosy old mother, Kate, that he can't speak an intelligible word."

"Well then, mother — neither prosy nor old, much younger than Kitty, I'll be bound — would you believe it? the abominable creature has come out through this weather to bring me my Arnold's Exercise book."

"She is a great deal too good to you, sir; and we must get Mr. Birkby to be more strict with you, if you continue so careless."

"But only think of her malignity, mother, when I had forgotten the stupid book so cleverly, and persuaded myself that it would be cruel to send Brade and the ragged old pony for it, she must come through the cold and wet for no other purpose than to make me ashamed of myself.

There's only one thing to be said for her; she never did Arnold herself, and so she doesn't know what a tremendous bore he is."

"Now I have brought the book, I hope you intend to do the exercise," said Kitty, smiling.

"Well, that depends. You must fold the paper and mend the pens, and look out the words in the index. But no, let's go and have a game at billiards. I'll hunt up Frank, and mother will come."

"No, no," said Kitty. "I'll play no billiards till you've done your exercise."

"Well, we can play without you, you know."

"You will have to play by yourself then," said his mother. "You'll find no one here to play with you, if you are rude to Kitty."

"Rude to Kitty!" repeated the boy, the colour flushing to his cheek. "Rude to Kitty, whom I love better than anything in the whole world? I don't know what you mean, mother."

"He only wanted to show me that I was not quite so important as I thought myself," said Kate, apologetically. "Come, Edward, let us go into the school-room; the exercise won't take half an hour, and there will be plenty of time for billiards afterwards."

The boy obeyed, but his cheek still glowed. He got together what was necessary for his work in silence, and wrote quickly and attentively for some time; then suddenly flinging down his pen, he threw himself on the floor, and



hiding his face on Catherine's knees, burst into tears.

"Hush, Edward, is this right—is this Christian?" remonstrated Kitty.

"Rude to you, my own dearest Kitty?" sobbed the boy. "If I was, I didn't mean it. Of course you know we can't play without you—at least, I can't; and I'm sure Frank wouldn't. O, you don't know how dull and stupid the house is when you are not here. Father sits in his study, making discoveries about meteoric phenomena or something or other; and Frank thinks he's doing a great deal with Plato, though I believe half the time he does nothing but smoke and dream; and mother and I talk ourselves into a horrible dislike of everything. O Kitty, I hate myself so sometimes, and you would hate me too, if you knew what wicked thoughts come into my head."

"Wicked thoughts come to all of us, Edward; and you know there is only one mode of driving them away."

"If I were only Frank, now," said the boy, "I should be quite happy."

"Oh no, you would not, if you are discontented now. And your brother loves you so dearly. I cannot think how you can find it in your heart to envy him."

"I do though, Kitty. I envy him his fortune and his rank; but that is not what I envy him most. I envy him because everybody

loves him. Why, even you love him more than you love me."

"Don't you know what good reason I have to love him?" returned Kitty, firmly, but with some little embarrassment. "I have often told you what a friend he has been to me all my life long."

"Yes, I know that you don't love him because he is rich and will be called Sir Francis. O, I wish he had been cross and ugly, for then you could not have loved him."

"O, dear Edward, think how wrong it is to be vexed that your brother is loved."

"Well, it's not exactly that. I don't want people not to like Frank, for I know he's a splendid fellow; but I do wish somebody would love me better than him or anybody or anything else in the whole world."

"You know your mother does; and for her sake you should try to be contented and happy."

"Well, I am very happy, if the days were not so confoundedly long and everything so stupid. Do you know, I did something this morning. I am sure you will say it was very wrong—I felt it was wrong myself. I didn't mean to do it, but somehow I couldn't stop. I told mother I wished I was Frank. She did look so vexed—there came a strange fierceness into her face. Don't you think she is very handsome, Kitty?"

"Yes, especially when she smiles."



"No, when she frowns: it's my treasure of a Kate that looks lovely when she smiles. Mother looks magnificent when she's fierce. I feel a sort of creeping of the flesh and burning at the heart when she looks like that. Is it wrong to like to see her so?"

"It must be wrong," replied Kitty, gravely. "She cannot look so unless she feels unhappy; besides, I do not think it reverent in you to speculate on your mother's looks, and to put your own interpretation on a passing expression."

"Do not look so sorry, Kate — I can't bear to see you. I know I am very wicked, but you must not hate me. I try to pray, indeed I do, and I will yet more. Is it not strange," he added presently, in a lower tone — "is it not very strange that I never like to make you look sorry; but when I vex mother the blood leaps in my veins, and I feel as if I couldn't stop, it makes me feel so near to her. Look at my forehead: don't you see I am getting a frown like mother's? I frown so at night sometimes that it wakes me out of my sleep. I dream of nothing but battles and fighting. Dear Kitty, do you think I could ever go to Heaven?"

"Remember who gave His precious life a ransom for sinners, Edward! Remember Him who loves you, and who is touched with a feeling for your infirmities."

"Sometimes," said the boy,

looking out of the window, and speaking in a soft, dreamy tone — "sometimes all that is written in the Testament seems so true, that I feel strong for anything; but then, all in a moment, away it goes, and the old bad thoughts come back. I suppose, Kitty, it is the Devil taking away the Word out of my heart."

Thus, in the dark November day, they talked together.

#### CHAPTER VII.

"My dear Kitty, we must think of getting you some new clothes to go to London with. Of course, you will like to buy the principal things there; but you must have a new gown to go in. Morley has a lovely dove-coloured silk, which I'm sure would just become you, and he only wants three-and-ninepence a yard for it. It's rather a short length, but he said if I'd take it he'd allow me something."

"I am not going to London, my dear aunt," replied Catherine, in a low voice.

"Not going to London!" exclaimed Miss Birkby, looking over her spectacles in amazement. "Why Lady Irwin has been here herself, and your papa and I accepted the invitation."

"I told Lady Irwin I was not going. I did not know she would ask me till just now. Edward talked of it, but she never mentioned it before."

"But why you won't go I can't understand," pursued Miss Birkby. "You may never have such



another opportunity in your life. You would see everything and be in the first society without any trouble or fatigue. I'm sure Lady Irwin won't be pleased. I can't understand it. Why, when I was your age, I used to go wherever any one asked me. I hope you are not thinking about leaving your papa and me, because, you know, we could manage perfectly well by ourselves, and of course we can't expect to keep you always."

"I think you and papa would be lonely if I went," returned Catherine, slowly; "but that is not the only reason — that is not the principal reason. I don't think it would be well for me to go, and I hope you and papa will let me stay at home."

"Of course, dear, we are only too glad to have you. I'm sure I don't know what we should do without you for three months: I am only sorry about Lady Irwin."

"Well, now, this is too bad," cried Edward Irwin, brushing into the room, his face flushed and his eyes bright with tears of vexation. "Only think, Miss Birkby — only imagine — mother says Kitty won't go."

"She has just been telling me so, my dear, and I am quite as much surprised as you can be."

"But she doesn't know what she's refusing," returned Edward, impetuously — "how should she? She has never been out of this stupid little village in her life; and you can't think what trouble

father and I had to get mother to ask her. She's horribly cross now, and says she knew she wouldn't come, though how she could tell that I can't think. Why won't you come, Kitty dear?" he continued, changing at once from anger to entreaty. "You don't know what a splendid place London is. Mother goes everywhere, and everyone comes to our house; and I'll work so hard — I'll do my lessons every morning before I go out. Do come, that's a dear!"

"I should like it very much," said Catherine, making an attempt to conceal the sadness with which she spoke. "I should like to see what we have so often talked of, and to hear the clever and famous men whom you know, but I do not think it would be right for me to go."

"But why, Kitty, why? We won't do anything wrong. You can go to church three times on a Sunday, if you like; and there's a church close to us where they have service every day. Then there are lots of beggars, ten times more miserable than any you can find at Swallowfield, who come and ask you for money without you're having the trouble of hunting them up. Isn't she tiresome, Miss Birkby? She thinks it such a clench to say she does not think it would be right. There's no good to be got out of her after that; and the beauty of it is, she does not condescend to tell us why she does not think it would be right — O, Kitty! you



can't think what a rage Frank is in. He turned as white as a sheet, and got up from the table where we were all sitting at lunch. He didn't say a word; but I wouldn't be in your shoes for something!"

"It does seem a pity, doesn't it, Kitty?" put in her aunt. "I'm sure your papa and I could manage very well. I could get Jane Thorpe to read to him: she reads particularly well for a person in her condition, and he would soon get accustomed to her."

"Oh, Miss Birkby, it's of no use," cried Edward, sorrowfully. He had been studying Catherine's half-averted face. "She don't wish to come, and, of course, we cannot wish to compel her, however sorry we may be."

Kitty sighed heavily, but said nothing.

"If you'd only give a reason," pursued Edward, after a pause, and in a softer tone. "If you would only say why you don't wish to come."

"That I cannot do, Edward; but will you not put faith in me? Will you not believe me when I say that it is not for want of love to you that I have refused, — that I should have enjoyed it more than I can tell? Will you not believe this on my simple word, and trust and love me still? You do not know how sad it will make me when you are away, to think that you are judging hardly of me."

The boy was silent, his face worked with various emotions. At length it grew clear and firm. He

took Kitty's hand, and pressing it firmly between his own, exclaimed,

"It is hard, but I'll do it. I'll do it for you, Kitty. I'll believe what you say; I won't think hardly of you myself; and I won't let any one else think hardly of you. You never deceived me; you have always been dearer and kinder than any sister could have been, I am sure; so, if you say it's not for want of love, I will believe you and love you all the same; but you won't mind writing to me?"

Catherine assured him that she looked forward to his letters as a great source of amusement during his absence; and the boy at last departed, much comforted, and firmly resolved to maintain the virtue of Kitty's incomprehensible determination against all assailants.

But another and a harder struggle yet awaited her — a struggle she would gladly have avoided, had it been possible. The intimate friendship which had subsisted from infancy between herself and Frank Irwin gave him a right to some further explanation of the motives of her conduct — a right which, whatever the difficulty in which she might be placed by the assertion of it, she felt no inclination to question.

To avoid, or at least postpone, her meeting with Frank, she took occasion to pay a visit to her old nurse, who, with her husband, occupied a small farm, at some



distance from Swallowfield. She did not leave Mrs. Price's dwelling till past five, and the early spring day was waning fast, as she sadly bent her steps homeward. The soft and humid air was fragrant from banks of violets and primroses, and the distant moon hung in the ether. It was an evening for tender thoughts, and as Catherine pursued her way, her mind wandered back to the old days of her childhood, and to the countless pleasant hours which she and Frank had spent together.

When a turn in the road brought her face to face with him of whom she was thinking, she beheld him without surprise, though the tide of blood setting tumultuously to her heart deprived her for the moment of speech or motion.

"I came to meet you, Kitty," said Frank Irwin, "your aunt told me where you were gone — she asked me to come — I hope you are not displeased."

"Oh, no!" said Catherine, trembling yet more, and only daring to deprecate his anger by a look of supplication; for there was a restraint and haughtiness in his tone and manner which were quite new to her. He turned to walk with her, and they had proceeded some way before he again addressed her. At length he said,

"I want to say a few words to you, Catherine." He spoke slowly and with manifest effort. "I need not tell you that your refusal to

accompany my mother to London was a sad disappointment, yes, and an unexpected disappointment to me. I am not going to distress you by an inquiry into the motives of your refusal. You act upon them so decidedly that you must be satisfied with them. I only wish to say that I am aware from your conduct on this occasion, and from the manner of your behaviour to me since my return from Germany, that I have been so unhappy as to incur your displeasure. I have in vain examined myself to discover the reason, you have given me no clue, though I daily feel how strong that displeasure must be which has so completely changed our mutual relations and destroyed a friendship so close, so old. You must not imagine that I am so preposterously conceited as to suppose that your refusal to go to London was entirely occasioned by your unwillingness to be distressed by my presence. If that were the only obstacle, you need no longer hesitate, for I have to-day asked and obtained my father's permission to make an extensive tour in America; I hope even to extend my travels as far as the Rocky Mountains."

He had spoken in a hard, dull tone, never once looking at his companion, but nervously switching his riding-cane to and fro and following its motion with his eyes. Each sentence struck harder and harder on poor Catherine's heart, and when the



last abrupt announcement was made, she was compelled to stop, for her faltering limbs refused to support her, a deadly pallor overspread her countenance, and her lips quivered with the vain attempt to articulate a sound.

Terrified out of his anger, Frank hastened to support her, and gazed with stupified amazement on an emotion such as he had never before witnessed, while his heart smote him for the selfishness of his reproaches.

"O, Kitty," cried Frank, passionately, "forget what I have said. Of course, I know, dear, you can't help it; I was a fool to hope it; but you know, Kitty, every one in this world is selfish but you."

"You shall know the whole truth," said Kitty, who, in her anxiety to master her emotion, hardly understood the import of his words; "I have never trusted you and repented of it, and, hard as it is, I will trust you now."

"No, Kitty; I will know nothing; you shall put no force upon yourself, dear. I know that I am in every respect unworthy your regard. I can well understand what a distasteful companion I must be to a gentle and accomplished woman like you."

"Frank, how can you talk so strangely? you know the inequality is all on my side. Listen to me a few moments, and I will try to tell you my reasons, that you may not think me altogether

capricious and unworthy your friendship. You see my father has spent his life in such retirement that he thinks and cares little about what is said or done in the world. He is accustomed to see you, and he loves you dearly. My aunt knows, perhaps, something more about such things; but, I daresay, if either of them thought about it at all, they would consider that I was quite your equal."

"Well," said Frank, earnestly, though not impatiently.

"You see their affection for me would blind them to the truth." Kitty spoke with increasing effort, but still with a certain energy. "I tried to speak to Lady Irwin, and to ask her help; but I could not. I do not think it is right to speak to you, Frank; but you will help me, as you always have done, all your life, and for the sake of our old, old friendship. I cannot lose your friendship."

"Come what may, that will never be, Kitty," said Frank, earnestly.

"Thank you for that comfort. And now you understand my motives."

"Forgive me, dear, I do not understand them in the least. You talk about the world and about your father being blinded by his affection for you; but I honestly confess myself unable to make out the sequence of ideas, or to see what bearing your observations have on your



refusal to go to London with my mother."

"Don't you see that, if I were to go, I should be, almost of necessity, a great deal in your company, and people might think — or, to speak the simple truth, it might not be well for me."

"O! why did you not tell me that before? Of course, it was hard for you to say it. I was a blockhead not to think of it myself. But I am going away now, you know, Kitty, so far, to another hemisphere; you will go now? No one can make observations, no one can misinterpret you now!"

"I will go if you wish it," she replied, in a very low, heart-broken voice.

"There is something still which you hide from me," said Frank, looking steadily at her, "and it is something which makes you unhappy. Even if I go to America, you do not wish to go to London."

"How can I wish to go if you are not there?" returned Catherine, almost angrily; "would not everything I saw remind me of you and of your kindness long ago?"

"And yet you deny me the pleasure of being there with you? I have heard that women are riddles; and I've been puzzled sometimes to understand my mother; but it's new to me to find *you* incomprehensible and inconsistent."

"Only let me stay at home,"

said Kitty, entreatingly; "don't ask me to go to London — don't show any interest about me; and, when you come back, you will find me once more your old friend and playfellow."

"No, Kate; do not let us deceive ourselves. That can never be again. The happy time when we were all in all to each other is gone; and the cold friendship you offer me is but a sorry substitute for the love you once bore me. As for me, I cannot cease to love you; but I cannot pretend to be satisfied with being less than all to you. Time may possibly modify my feelings, and I may grow accustomed to the thought that I am nothing to you; but we cannot become children again, and the memory of those joyous days only makes the sorrow of to-day the heavier."

"Do not say so!" said Kitty, in a tremulous tone, "we may be as brother and sister to each other."

"Brother and sister!" he replied, almost fiercely. "Do not deceive yourself, as you cannot deceive me, by that miserable delusion! Brother and sister! Brother and sister we never have been, and never can be. I love you, Kitty, cruel as you are. You know that I love you, — not with the temperate affection born of habit and of instinct, which knits together those of kindred blood; but I love you with that passion which, if you do not know, you have at least read of."



You were the dream of my boyhood, the hope of my youth. All that sisters are or may be to others, you are a thousand times to me. I do not importune you to do impossibilities. I love you too dearly to seek to influence you by appeals to your compassion. Yes, and I value myself too much for that; but do not mock me by comparing that which is life of my life to a feeling, however pure and sacred, which may, without difficulty, be divided among half-a-dozen. Some day, Kitty, you may know what it is. God grant that when you love you may never know the bitterness of having your passion unrequited!"

"There are many, many, worthier your affection than I!"

"If there are, I don't care for them. I love you. I have loved you from the hour when I first steadied your infant steps in your father's orchard. I never called you sister. I never felt the love of a brother towards you. The love I then bore you was a faint foreshadowing of that which now possesses me. I, presumptuously, made sure of my happiness. Till this winter, I never questioned that you returned my love, absurd as it may appear to you. Never, till this winter — never, fully, till to-day — did I contemplate the possibility of this agony."

"If I were but nearer to you in any one thing," faltered Kitty.

"What then?" said Frank, impatiently; "it would not bring

your heart nearer to me. I should love you like a lover, and you would look upon me as a brother."

"How little you know!" exclaimed Kate. "Do you think I have had no struggles? Do you think I have shed no tears? Do you think it is easy to me to lose one turn of your countenance — one tone of your voice! O, you must not think that all, or even the heaviest of the pain is on your side. You will have much to comfort you — much to drive me from your thoughts. I shall have only the memory of the past, and prayer, to help me."

"You are more and more inexplicable, Kitty. If I could trust the seeming sense of your words, I should almost hope that you indeed love me, even as I would be loved. Yet you make the confession in a voice so sad, and with a look so hopeless, that I dare not rejoice at it. What barrier is there between us? What unknown hindrance which turns this, which should be the sweetest moment of our lives, into sorrow and bitterness?"

"You know! Oh, why compel me to repeat what you know so well? I am a simple country girl, without protection, without accomplishments. You have talents and rank which fit you to form an alliance with any of the noblest families of the land; and such an alliance Sir Edward and Lady Irwin naturally expect you to form."



"And is this the only hindrance, Kitty?"

"Yes. Even for your sake I would not creep into your family by stealth; or enter it only on sufferance. I will not deserve the reproaches of those to whom I owe gratitude and affection."

"By Heaven, Kitty, you wrong my father and mother if you think that they would value rank or fortune in comparison with such a true and pure heart — such a cultivated mind — as yours! Besides, if they were blind to your merit, do you think they set no value on my happiness — that they have no regard to my wishes? Put such unworthy thoughts away from you! My mother may sometimes seem capricious — she may be uncertain in trifles, but her own affections are too strong to allow her to endanger the happiness of both our lives for a prejudice. I am sure both she and my father will welcome with delight a prospect so full of reasonable happiness for both of us."

But Catherine could not think so. In the midst of her tremulous joy her heart remained heavy with foreboding. She felt that Lady Irwin would disapprove of their union, and a prescience of sorrow weighed upon her spirit.

Frank, though not entirely free from the same instinctive apprehension, could not restrain his delight at the acknowledgment he had drawn from her, he overwhelmed her with endearing words, demanded explanations

of a thousand trifles which had pained him, as evidences of indifference, and learned, with rapture, that they were so many tokens of conscious love. Then he had arguments — unanswerable arguments — to prove the absurdity of her apprehension of Lady Irwin's disapproval, till Catherine, though unconvinced, was soothed into a sympathy in his delight; and when they parted, at her father's gate, it would have been hard to tell which was the happier of the two.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

SIR EDWARD was reading when his son entered the dining-room. He was not a man who habitually wasted much of his conversation on his children; and he hardly looked up on Frank's entrance, merely showing his consciousness of his presence, and his satisfaction thereat by a commonplace question about the weather. Having replied to this, and taken a seat on the opposite side of the fire, Frank began to cast about in his mind how to introduce the great subject which engrossed his thoughts. He did not doubt that his father would hear him with indulgence and interest; but it was with considerable difficulty that he at length stammered out a request that he would give him his serious attention for a few minutes.

"What, again, Frank!" said Sir Edward, laying down his



book, with a look of amazement. "You seem very impatient. Not that I blame you. I think travel does a young man good, provided he travels with a purpose, and not merely for the sake of wasting time and money. I was speaking to your mother about your plan just now. She thinks I ought to have taken time to consider it before I consented to your undertaking a journey so long and perilous; but, as I proved to her, it's nothing to the Argonautic expedition. Notwithstanding the danger of the adventure, I confess I am not sorry you have fixed on the Rocky Mountains as your Ultima Thule; for I shall be glad to have some geological specimens from them; and an authentic account of Mormonism, — one of the most remarkable phenomena of the age. The accounts we have must be, to a certain extent, partial. Now, you will take a clear head and young eyes with you. All I would warn you against is too strong a leaning to the old-world prejudices, with which our good friend, Birkby, has taken such pains to fortify you."

"I have just parted from Kitty, sir," said Frank, breaking in, at last, with desperate resolution.

"Why didn't you bring her up here? The little puss, I don't wonder she's ashamed to show her face. Your mother is by no means pleased, I can tell you. She never was very fond of poor Kitty. Very strange, though I don't know — perhaps it's natu-

ral, after all. I dare say Portia would have thought Imogen rather milk-and-waterish. I really begin to apprehend that my little friend is putting on her womanhood. Kitty, the sweetest piece of Nature's handiwork that ever gladdened human heart, — it is too bad for her to be having her whimsies and caprices."

Here was a good opening for Frank. These warm expressions of tenderness and affection loosened the powers of speech. He defended Catherine from the charge of caprice. He then, with more difficulty, explained the motive which had led her to refuse Lady Irwin's invitation, and concluded with an earnest avowal of his own passion, and an entreaty that his father would aid him with his countenance.

"So I am to remain in my present benighted ignorance of the real state of the Mormon colony," said Sir Edward, when his son at length ended; "and I shall not be able to enrich my collection with specimens from the Rocky Mountains! Do you think that Kitty could be persuaded to make it her bridal tour? But seriously, Master Frank, this is a grave matter. You and Kitty are over young to be running your heads into the yoke matrimonial. Kitty is a wife for an emperor; and you'll be a lucky fellow if you get her. Still, you know it is a matter to be carefully considered for both your sakes."

"Certainly, sir, if you will only



give us your countenance, we shall be willing to wait."

"Oh, yes! I dare say! As willing as the hoar-frost when the sun is shining. I wasn't many months older than you when I married your mother. I was very happy 'bonæ sub Cynaræ regno.' Kitty is not unlike her in many things. But I'll tell you what, Frank, we must talk to Lady Irwin; she does not like to have things done without her. I wish Kitty hadn't had her pretty fit of prudery just now. Helen does not like to have her invitations refused, especially when she fancies she is conferring a favour in giving them."

When the matter was broached to Lady Irwin, she listened with mingled astonishment and indignation. Her countenance sufficiently expressed her displeasure, though she controlled her utterance, and replied, only in a few cold words of disapprobation, to her husband's kindly representations of the wishes of the lovers. Strange as it may seem, she had never contemplated the probability of Frank's marriage, or only as a possible distant evil, to be prevented when it arose. That he would form an attachment to Catherine Birkby had never once occurred to her. Indeed, she held Kitty's beauty and accomplishments in very low esteem, and hardly thought of her except as a useful playfellow for Edward — an agreeable domestic animal, whom it was convenient to have about

the house. To discover in this soft-voiced tender girl the enemy whom she should most sedulously have guarded against, was a bitter aggravation of her annoyance.

Turn the subject which way she would, she could discover no reasonable hope of averting the evil; Sir Edward had already given a quasi consent; she knew that, though generally complaisant, he was occasionally capable of firmness; that his affection for his eldest son was strong, his sense of justice strict, and that he had always regarded Kitty herself with peculiar tenderness. But none of these considerations shook her resolution to prevent the marriage, cost what it might; on the contrary, the difficulties that lay in her way rather strengthened her determination, and sharpened her ingenuity.

The sympathetic indignation of Agnese, to whom she disclosed the subject of her uneasiness during her evening toilette, confirmed her in the idea that Catherine had abused her hospitality, and under the guise of innocence had successfully carried out her wily designs upon the heir. She determined to meet craft with craft, and, by using her great influence with her husband, to retard the union of the lovers, and, while seeming to be only anxious for their welfare, to counteract, and finally to subvert their designs.

The youth of the lovers natu-



rally formed the burden of her objections; she touched slightly on Catherine's want of fortune, and inferior rank; she urged the curtailment of Sir Edward's expenses which would become necessary if two families were to be supported on an income, handsome indeed, but every sixpence of which was annually spent; she dwelt on the injury it would be to Edward, if he were deprived of the advantages of such an education, as his brother had enjoyed, — advantages more necessary to him, since his position must depend on his own exertions. She frankly acknowledged she could not comprehend Frank's attachment, and insinuated a doubt of its continuance, urging how often the pretty face and sweet temper, which were sufficient for the youth, palled upon the matured taste of the man. To this Sir Edward replied, that it was not probable that an attachment founded on such intimate knowledge, and so fortified by esteem, would be of a transitory character; he said that for his part he was quite satisfied with little Kitty for a daughter-in-law, but he acknowledged that he had not contemplated the necessity of a separate establishment, and ended by expressing his belief that the young people were in no hurry, and would make no difficulty of waiting a year or two.

When Frank found that Catherine's apprehensions were, in a measure at least, realised, and

that Lady Irwin seemed determined to retard, if not openly to oppose their union, the antagonism of his nature was roused, and he could not altogether control his impatience in replying to her representations. He rejected with indignation the idea that his feelings might change; he thought the house was large enough for him and Kitty, but if his father and mother thought otherwise, his father had interest to get him some appointment which would enable him to take the burden of his own maintenance, and that of his wife, upon himself; he had no idea of an immediate marriage, but he could see no reason to justify him in submitting Catherine to the anxieties of an engagement of uncertain duration.

In Catherine herself Lady Irwin found the most pliant listener, she was so prepared for anger in the dreaded Lady of the Manor, in the event of her passion becoming known, that when she assailed her with arguments, persuasion, and entreaties, coupled even with caresses, she yielded only too readily, and, grateful for permission to love, assented to any terms, thinking delay scarcely an evil in the greatness of her un hoped-for happiness.

They were betrothed, and it was an acknowledged fact in the neighbourhood, that Miss Birkby was engaged to Mr. Irwin. One or two sour spinsters and intriguing mammas were highly in-



dignant, but by the community at large, it was regarded as a very natural and desirable arrangement.

Mr. Birkby, when asked for his consent, gave it heartily, telling Frank, with tears of pleasure, that he was glad to show the love he bore him, by giving into his keeping his dearest earthly treasure; he was a little displeased at Lady Irwin's desire for the postponement of the marriage, for his affection took alarm at the idea that his child's excellence was not duly appreciated, but a few words from Catherine tranquillised his doubts, and he could not be long angry at what gave him longer possession of her who was so dear, so necessary to him.

As to Miss Birkby, the intelligence threw her into a flutter of delight. She had a happy knack of never seeing what was going on before her eyes, of course she knew that Kitty and Frank liked each other very much, but as to anything more than friendship, the idea had never suggested itself to her. She wished them happy with all her heart, and could see no reason why they should not be happy, since they had always been dear good children, both of them.

And so the matter rested. Lady Irwin, satisfied with having averted the evil for the present, revolved her plans at her leisure, and was content to bide her time. She was not, however, permitted to enjoy much repose, for she

was harassed by the mute solicitations of Frank's anxious looks, and by the open remonstrances of her own son.

Edward heard the news at first with displeasure, and was inclined to feel himself aggrieved because Catherine loved any one better than himself; but when the first emotions of dissatisfaction were over, he entered with spirit into the interests of the lovers, and, having espoused their cause, he supported it with a warmth characteristic of his temperament, and which increased with opposition. Proud of the victory he had gained over himself, and irritated by a suspicion that his mother was actuated by love to him, he was never weary of urging his brother's claims, till his galling solicitations goaded her to madness, and confirmed her in her resolution.

"Inconsiderate and thankless boy!" she exclaimed one day, thrown off her guard by his importunity; "blind to your own interest, as you are careless of the affections of your mother."

"My interest!" retorted Edward, "how can it affect my interest; except that it must be my interest to see Frank and Kitty happy."

"And yourself a beggar, and your mother a pensioner on the bounty of a country parson's daughter! Foolish child, how will it be with you when you are but an inmate on sufferance in



the house beneath whose roof you were born?"

"Mother, that 'll never be! You don't know of what true stuff Kitty's heart is made; if I ever want a home, and she has one, never fear that she'll grudge me share of her's. Besides, have I not hands, arms, and wits; can't I hire myself out for so much a day to be shot at, or get a handsome income for wearing a fine coat, and a sword at some foreign court, and writing lying letters about nothing! Frank and Mr. Birkby, both say I've capital abilities, and I'm sure if I take after you, I must be a long-headed fellow with a first-rate genius for politics. Only think now, mother, would it not be more gratifying to be pointed out as the mother of the eminent diplomatist Mr. Edward Irwin, in time Sir Edward, and soon my lord viscount, or what not, than to look handsome in your black velvet and diamonds as the maternal relative of Sir Francis?"

"It is because I long to see you crowned with self-won honours, that I am impatient of this preposterous scheme of your brother's. Hampered with him, his wife, and perhaps a host of children — women who bring their husbands no fortune, always have large families — how is your father to give you the necessary start? How is he to put you properly forward in the world? On the next ten years the fortunes of your life must depend."

"Ten years! then Frank and Kitty are to wait ten years? Come, mother, that's too bad — why she'll be quite elderly by that time; just think, you are only five-and-thirty now, and you've been married these sixteen years. Depend upon it, I shall never get on the better for Kitty's fretting herself to fiddle-strings. No, no, mother, it won't do; there's no romance in a bride over twenty. If I were Frank, I'd carry her off in a chaise and four and bring her home a married wife — I declare it would be splendid — I'd be postilion, and I don't think you'd have much chance of overtaking us, unless you swept after us in a whirlwind."

The idea of an elopement, and the exciting adventures by which it could not fail to be accompanied, was so agreeable to Edward that, though it had occurred to him as a jest, he did not fail to suggest it seriously to his brother.

"You may look as grave as you please, Frank," he said, impatiently; "I tell you my father would be delighted to have it settled — the dear old fellow is as fond of Kitty as she deserves — you'd be gone just a couple of days, and I'd undertake to draw mother off while you begged pardon, he'd forgive you almost before you could ask him. Mother is splendid for holidays, but you know we sadly want a little household deity to nurse us when we are ill, and put us in



good-humour when we are cross. Mother couldn't say anything when it was done, or if she did, it wouldn't so much matter."

"She would never forgive us, Edward," returned Frank, with a grave smile; "and we should feel that we had given her reason for her displeasure. Kitty's heart would break under the weight of such a resentment as my mother can feel, and all my love and yours would not support her under it. It is hard, but we must be patient."

"Then I'll tell you what it is, Frank, you'll have plenty of exercise for your patience; you may wait and wait till you are both old and cross. Mother will not give her consent, she'll mock you with vain hope, like that scoundrel Pygmalion and his poor sister Dido in Virgil. She has made up her mind — she says you are too young now, she'll find reasons just as good to keep you asunder till she can say you are too old, and ought to be thinking of the other world."

"Kitty would never consent," said Frank, not unimpressed by the boy's representations. The thought was not new to him, the shadow of such a fear had been darkening on his mind for some time.

"Don't ask her!" cried Edward, with animation; "of course, I know as well as you that she won't, if she can help it; but you know she loves you with all her heart — you know that though she tries to be gay, and deceives

her poor old aunt and her father, who is always dreaming about some old Greek lovers instead of minding his own dear little girl; you know that when she thinks no one sees her the tears come welling up into her eyes, and she is grown so thin that I could almost span her waist, which used to be of a proper natural size. I do not doubt that she would protest and be very miserable, but you are her natural guardian now, and it is your business to take care of her health. Now, if you carry her off, and marry her against her will, she can't blame any one but you and me, and I don't think she can be long angry with either of us."

Frank smiled, and loved his brother very dearly for his vehemence. And when he detailed to Catherine his proposal in all its extravagant wildness, there was a touch of sadness in the smile with which he related it, and in that with which she listened — a sadness perhaps inseparable from love so deep as theirs, yet showing that a foreboding of evil was in the heart of each.

## A FIRST SORROW.

ARISE! this day shall shine  
For ever more,  
To thee a star divine  
On Time's dark shore.

Till now thy soul has been  
All glad and gay:  
Bid it awake, and look  
At grief to-day!



No shade has come between  
Thee and the sun;  
Like some long childish dream  
Thy life has run;

But now, the stream has reached  
A dark deep sea,  
And sorrow, dim and crowned,  
Is waiting thee.

Each of God's soldiers bear  
A sword divine:  
Stretch out thy trembling hands  
To-day for thine!

To each anointed Priest  
God's summons came:  
Oh, soul, he speaks to-day  
And calls thy name.

Then, with slow reverent step,  
And beating heart,  
From out thy joyous days,  
Thou must depart.

And, leaving all behind  
Come forth, alone,  
To join the chosen band  
Around the throne.

Raise up thine eyes — be strong  
Nor cast away  
The crown, that God has given  
Thy soul to-day!

## IMPORTANT RUBBISH.

WE have, in one of our former volumes,\* shown how art and science have been brought to bear upon things before thought worthless: how the refuse of the smithy, the gas-works, and the slaughter-house, have been made to yield products the most valuable, results the most beautiful. We are now about to relate how another useful step has been made in our Penny Wisdom.

The iron wealth of England is a proverb in the most remote corners of the world. It produces

the enormous amount of three millions of tons annually. We export to all parts of the world iron and steel to the yearly value of ten millions sterling, and machinery and tools to the extent of two millions; sums that equal the revenue of more than one kingdom.

In travelling through the iron districts of England, it is impossible to avoid being struck with the vastness of the works carried on in those places. A journey through our mining districts — where undying flames leap forth from hundreds of volcanoes and around which nothing is discoverable but blackened piles of cinders and unsightly slag — will not be easily forgotten. For scores and scores of miles, the traveller beholds these apparently interminable heaps of refuse ore. Carts, waggons, and trucks may be seen on all sides, occupied in the endless task of removing this metallic encumbrance of the smelting-works. Hundreds of labourers are engaged in conveying to remote and undisturbed spots, the enormous piles of black, friable, clinkery-looking stuff,—the slag, that day by day and hour by hour is produced by the smelters of iron ore. Some is flung down deep gullies, and hidden in the dark yawning recesses of ravines, when haply any such are to be found. Some is employed in the hardening of rotten roadways, where it is made to perform a very unsatisfactory sort of duty

\* Penny Wisdom, Vol. XVI., p. 98.



for stone. Occasionally it is shot into the sea, when near enough for that purpose, which, however, is not often the case.

Of the actual extent of this rubbish production some idea may be formed, when it is stated, as it has been, on very good authority, that in the removal of all this waste slag from the furnace-mouths of the United Kingdom, not much less than half-a-million sterling is annually expended. Indeed, it has been calculated that in round numbers there are, at the present time, fully six millions of tons of this refuse material produced in one year. At this rate it would be easy to imagine the gullies, pits, and ravines of the iron districts becoming filled up at no very remote period, when iron-masters would have to go farther in search of secluded spots whereon rubbish might be shot.

The philosopher who, by the aid of scientific observation and research, can point out to us how to turn all this perplexing mass of unproductive refuse to good and profitable account — how, by a simple method, we may convert this ugly, useless clinker into a beautiful means of ornamentation, and make it an indestructible and economical agent in the construction of public works and dwelling-houses, — surely the man who can accomplish this deserves some thanks at our hands.

All this has been accomplished by the patient research of

Dr. W. H. Smith of Philadelphia, United States, who recently delivered a lecture on the subject to the members of our Society of Arts. In this interesting discourse, the lecturer pointed out the brittle and useless character of the mineral refuse of smelting furnaces, as at present known under the name of slag. A careful analysis of this hitherto rejected product of our iron works shows that it is composed, in the main, of lime, silica, and alumina, with an occasional admixture of magnesia and sulphur. In all parts of the world the same results are arrived at. The slag of France or Sweden differs in no essentials from that of Britain or the United States. It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader of the similarity in the process of smelting ores, and the vast operations of nature beneath the crust of the earth, where, by a like agency of heat, mountainous deposits of igneous rocks are constantly being thrown off.

The rocks of this origin are met within stupendous masses in most parts of the world. Whilst Nature, on the one hand, employs her igneous products in the construction of gigantic mountain-palaces, man, well aware of their great value, equally applies those rocks, under the names of granite, felspar, basalt, greenstone, syenite, porphyry, serpentine, &c., in the construction of his most elaborated architectural edifices. High geological authorities tell us that if we examine the com-



position of the crust of the globe, we shall find that of all the earths and earthy substances therein, three only will be ascertained to constitute its great bulk, namely silica, alumina, and lime, precisely those which mainly compose the slag of the smelting-house.

The worker in ores when he is occupied with his blast-furnace is, in fact, but repeating, on a small scale, the grandest operations of nature, deep in the bowels of the earth. Heat is the great first agency employed by nature and by the philosopher in the decomposition and re-combination which produce some of the most beautiful and useful products with which we are acquainted. Dr. Smith has shown that the rubbish of the smelting-house is identical in character, and equally valuable, with most of the igneous rocky substances.

Like many other valuable discoveries, this result was arrived at whilst searching for something else. It is well to relate how this truth, so interesting in itself apart from commercial results, was seized upon by the American philosopher, since it may tend to encourage such as may be toiling in other fields of research. Impressed with a conviction of the influence of electricity upon life, health, and disease, Dr. Smith, at that time a practitioner in Philadelphia, commenced a series of experiments in electro-agencies on the human frame. Success in that question induced him to carry

his researches to vegetable life, and from animate he was led to direct his observations to inanimate objects. Mineral matter received attention from him, and, weighing well the geological facts alluded to above, Dr. Smith bent the energies of his mind to trace the effects of electricity in all these combinations and reproductions.

Comparing the condition and character of slag with that of the igneous rocks of nature, he felt that to electric agency must be attributed the cause of the great difference existing between them. In order to test this, he took a piece of the vitrified mass of slag hot from the furnace-mouth, and applied to it a metallic rod. At the point where this electric conductor came in contact with the substance, the vitrified mass assumed a pulverulent character; several rods were employed, and at each point of contact similar changes in the condition of the slag were observable. The electricity rapidly engendered during the smelting process was parted with as quickly on the application of the metal conductors, and hence the sudden and marked change in the condition of the mineral.

In order more fully to test this theory, the experimenter threw a quantity of the molten slag, fresh from the furnace-mouth, into water. Every atom of the liquid being a good conductor of electricity rapidly absorbed it as it lowered the temperature of the



mass, and the immediate consequence was, that the mineral matter fell into a coarse powder, entirely deprived of its former cohesion or solidity.

From these trials Dr. Smith felt convinced that his electrical theory was correct, and that it was to the rapid giving forth of its electricity by sudden cooling in contact with conducting media that slag owed its brittle character—in other words, its want of cohesion and its tendency to pulverise. He reflected that the great masses of igneous rocks upheaved from the centre of heat were in a favourable position for gradually cooling, their gigantic extent would ensure that result—hence their extreme hardness and durability.

With the view of completely testing the accuracy of his electrical theory, Dr. Smith caused a quantity of slag, fresh from the smelting-house, to flow upon a non-conducting substance, where it was allowed to cool much more gradually than was usually the case. To his great delight he found that he had obtained a most complete verification of his opinion. The product thus obtained had entirely lost its semi-vitreous and friable character, and assumed a dense, solid, and rocky nature, capable of resisting the heaviest blows, and altogether assuming the peculiarities of the igneous rocks.

Having obtained this result, the experimenter proceeded to other trials. By continuing the

molten slag, when removed from the furnace, at a high temperature, in an oven, where it was afterwards allowed to cool very gradually, and then run into moulds of a non-conducting substance, the material was found to have become altogether de-vitrified, and to have taken a beautifully veined and granulated character of extreme hardness, approaching to the solidity and strength of the finest marble. By varying the heat applied, by the admixture of colouring matters, and by a subsequent polish applied to the surface, the experimenter has succeeded in producing a perfect imitation of cornelian, agate, malachite, or any other of the more valuable mineral products.

Here then we see how an enquiry having for its object the elucidation of a purely scientific theory, has led the inquirer, by imperceptible steps, to a most valuable discovery, by means of which many million of tons of hitherto refuse matter may be converted into really useful and valuable materials for the builder, the architect, and the decorator.

Already, in America, the slag of iron furnaces, in its new character, is employed for paving purposes with the most complete success, whole thoroughfares having been, for several years, laid down with this material, without any perceptible wear of the surface. In the form of building-bricks it is likewise in considerable use; and builders



in some of the principal cities of the United States testify to the perfect adaptation of such bricks, and to their great superiority and economy over the common clay brick.

It is not easy to limit the application of this valuable rubbish. Wherever durability is required, united with peculiarity of form, there the prepared slag will be found perfectly adapted; for, inasmuch as it can be cast into moulds of any shape, all labour spent in hewing and cutting marble or stone is avoided. It is perfectly compact and impervious, and therefore admirably suited for the construction of aqueducts of any size. It remains unacted on by chemicals of the greatest strength, consequently may be employed for making gas-piping, as it will last out many of the ordinary iron pipes.

When wrought in its higher character, run into suitable moulds, and polished more brilliantly than marble or porphyry, it will furnish pillars, façades, slabs, &c., for the ornamentation of mansions, halls, and public buildings, at a price and in a style not hitherto attained. We have specimens of this beautifully polished material before us, and certainly we can see in it that which is likely to bring about a complete revolution in house architecture. Who will be content with porous bricks, perishable stucco-work, or soft crumbling stone, when such adamant-like cornelian-like mate-

rial is to be had, that shall defy the action of London smoke and factory vapours? We can picture in our mind's eye a new Belgravia, a second Tyburnia, rising up at the bidding of some adventurous Cubitt or Peto, built with slag bricks, and faced with a polished front of surpassing brilliancy, in the most exquisite forms, and apparently composed of marble, agate, cornelian, porphyry, and malachite. If a shade of dust or smoke settle on it, the first shower of rain restores it to its original brilliancy. Time will have little, if any, effect on it; and as for repairs or beautifying every third or fourth year, such care would never be needed. All this we expect to see before many seasons shall have passed over us.

It is impossible to over-estimate the advantages likely to arise from this new branch of industry, so simple in its application, yet so widely available in most European countries, not only with the refuse products of iron-works, but with those resulting from the smelting of copper, lead, and zinc ores. The rough slabs or tiles for pavements or roofing can be sold, with a large profit, at fourpence-halfpenny the foot. When highly polished, at eighteen pence. In its more finished and ornamented forms, for architectural purposes, this material possesses, of course, a much greater value, dependent on its durability and beauty.

Regarding this important dis-



covery from whatsoever point of view, whether in reference to the vast quantity of now useless refuse that may be made valuable, to the many interests that will be benefited by it, — iron-masters, copper-smelters, builders, architects, house-decorators, and water-companies, — we cannot but look upon it as one of the most promising results of modern science in an age peculiarly fruitful in marvellous inventions, and rich in its daily Penny Wisdom.

We have, in a previous paper, shown the marvellous powers of electricity, in the production of light. Here we find the same subtle element busily employed in making mere rubbish a beautiful and useful adjunct to the arts. How far the same agency may be made subservient to the improving of our smelted metals and other products of the furnace, we dare not venture to predict. We will content ourselves with directing the attention of founders, assayers, and all workers in metal, glass, and porcelain, to the subject.

## CHIPS.

### A RIVER PICTURE IN SUMMER.

SUMMER at last: gay, glowing, exuberant summer; laughing through windows, sporting up staircases, playing at hide and seek in ivied turrets, tripping in roguish elfin fashion through thicket and wood, and here, from

the smooth mirror of this tranquil river in dizzy reflections of light, till the letters on the page of my book scud away altogether, and reading is out of the question. There now, the window is open, and that wayward spirit of a breeze that has been whining for admittance is at liberty to gambol at its wild will among my papers. As I droop my head over my hand, half for laziness and half for shade, I am conscious of all sorts of summer influences. Now I lie captive in the folds of that scarf-like haze that floats and trembles lover-like over the glassy translucent surface; then the white petal-like sail of some tiny boat catches me, and I float with it as confiding as a nautilus, till I am lost and melted down in the broad horizon; then I mix with the blue coils of light, and clamber up, after two or three sunny falls, the black vale of some motionless leviathan, that with yards crossed, and sails all loose, lies asleep on its watery shadow: then I hear the gradual clank of the anchor, and the blithe rollicking troll of the sailors as they skip round the polished cycle of the windlass, singing not of Mount Abora but Alabama. Now a long creamy line bisects the expanse of blue. I hear the splash and hiss of the paddle, and a gust of metallic music thrills the stagnant air by me, and I turn to watch the jaunty little ferry-boat, as it coquettishly flirts and curtsseys through an arcana of foam. What



a delicious medium of sounds water is! how it mitigates and idealises the rude work-day world tones: the hubbub of a town, the splash of a steamer, the monotone of a ship-bell, when translated by this, all lose their original dissonance, and gain an idiom, which, if not music is interspersed with sounds nearly allied with it. See! a puff of thin blue smoke, and a quick bright snake-like dart of yellow flame, followed by a deep sullen boom that rattles the window panes, and all but spills my ink. Ha! there is a sight worth looking at. How statelily — nay imperially — she subdues the water; not flinging it off in scorn with an impatient angry face, but trampling it under her keel noiselessly, like a conqueror. How the stars and stripes at her fore, flaunt out against the sky: and the huge red funnel and the glittering brass rail of her crowded quarterdeck — what salient points are they for the light. As I bend forward to listen I can almost distinguish — so still is it — the parting huzzas from the light little satellite that slowly drops behind to let her rouse all her strength up for a battle with the Atlantic.

It is a bright noon now, and the green field below looks cool and inviting. Why should I not bask there, and gladden mine eye with a wider range? The half-alive lapping of the tide in the rocks, and the swaying of the grotesque knots of black sea-weed, like so many jelly-fish, and the careless

follow-my-leader-like dipping of the white gulls, and the bobbing gasping struggle of the buoys, and the tenacious resistance of the vessels at anchor, and their tory-like dislike to turn round with the tide; these are so many pleasant bits of side-play that I amuse myself with observing. And then, on some little sandy promontory or isthmus some blithe seven-years-old heroes are, Canute-like, defying the sea; and, when cut off at last, regaining terra firma with a leap that has all the mimicry if not the importance of heroism.

For the main figures of my canvass I have variety enough: here a zig-zag line of clumsy canal-boats in tow; there a New York clipper with its tall taper masts and snow-white flat cotton sails; then a yacht, with its blue pendant and main-sheet all but dipping the water; here the red, blue, and white of the Dutchman, with his porpoise-like prow, and yellow oily hull; or the sumptuous orange of the Spaniard or Portuguese, with its Columbus-like recollections and Dolci hombre di Jesu! A bright busy scintillating water-picture enough, when I have added the lighthouse and the fort in the distance, and the clock tower with its shining dial opposite, and the forest-like line of masts on the shore, and the dome, and the church towers, and the labyrinthine interlacing of warehouses and chimneys that rise tier after tier along the miles of shore on the other side till the



smoke is clear, and you discern a blue ridge, when, may be, if you had an eagle's eye, you might be conscious of a clear reservoir and a secret underground pathway, which, though not under the protection of nymph or naiad, is surely not without the tutelage of some as benign spirit, if it be the engineer of a water company; when, with the hints of cool baths, and of sunbeams that have not the life crushed out of them by falling too far from the clouds, I leave you to rest or to wander at your pleasure.

#### THE SCALE OF PROMOTION.

It was not many months since that the prime-minister of one of the Italian sovereigns was an Englishman; who had in days gone by served his ducal master in the capacity of groom.

It is not many years since that the prime-minister of the King of Oude — the arbiter of fortune, of life and death, at Lucknow — was an Englishman also, who had first entered the service of the Indian monarch in the humble station of barber. In the course of time the barber-minister retired to his native land with an oriental fortune, independent of royal curls or royal smiles.

At this present moment promotions quite as singular, though not quite so lofty, are made in one of our Indian Presidencies; and, seeing that the Honourable Court of Directors have very recently published a list of such qualifications as they consider

necessary for the future aspirants for civil service in India, it may not be amiss to state what is looked upon in the City of Palaces as the best passport to high office.

The gentleman who is now the Governor of the Presidency alluded to, is an ardent lover of music; a taste for which when properly shown is a credit to the possessor, and a pleasure to his friends. His excellency is anxious to collect about him others of a like taste, a commendable desire if properly carried out. But it so happens that this is not the case. Civilians of the poorest capacity, or greatest inactivity, but performers on some instrument, are retained at the seat of government in posts requiring superior qualifications, for the simple gratification of a musical taste. It is thought necessary that the governor's concerts be well got up even at the risk of jeopardising the smooth working of the machinery of government.

Let the crowd of young candidates who in August next present themselves for examination before the East India Company's examiners bear the above well in mind. To enable a youth to pass the ordeal on this side of the hemisphere, classics, mathematics, or modern languages, may be necessary; but that he should pass the ordeal on the other side with equal success, proficiency in some branch of the musical art, will be absolutely essential; for there the scale of promotion is regulated by the gamut.



## WHAT IT IS TO HAVE FOREFATHERS.

It was a dark winter's night, of which we have no doubt there were many in the year fifteen hundred and fifty-five. This was the darkest, the windiest, the coldest night of them all. There was no moon; if there had been any in the almanac, it would have been blown out like a candle in a broken lantern. There was the sound of a roaring river that mingled with the crashing of leafless branches. A dog at a considerable distance occasionally added fresh horror to the hideous sounds by a melancholy howl. Sir Reinhold, or Rennold, or Ranald; for orthography even in proper names was not a settled science in those days, was sitting — But we had better tell some little about him first, and also where he was.

Twenty years before this time he had become the owner of the Black Scawr Tower by marriage with the heiress. At first he had been the companion — some said the favourite man-at-arms — of her father, Sir Torquil of the Scawr. Immense in size, unequalled in strength, unapproachable in mastery of his weapons, the young Reinhold created terror and admiration almost in an equal degree. Sir Torquil himself became afraid of him, and for many years before he died he seemed to have surrendered his vast estates into the hand of his

retainer, and followed his directions as if he had been a slave. The estate was vast but sterile. The Tower that gave name to the property lay at some twenty or thirty miles from the capital of Scotland; a dreary wilderness extended for miles on every side, with here and there a small patch of arable or grass land on the side of some brawling burn, which in summer perhaps was dry, and in the winter flooded all the country like a lake. In the very middle of the estate, in a district of corn and barley, and amid fields of grass, and miles of park-like land, stocked with sheep and deer, rose the stately towers of the great monastery of Strathwoden — originally, from the name, a Danish establishment, but rescued from heathendom by the early church, and placed under the guardianship of Saint Bridget of Dumfries. It was a perfect land of Goshen compared to the rest of the country; a fat island surrounded by a hungry sea; a money-changer's window, with all its puzzling varieties of coin and paper, within sight of all the convicts from Botany Bay; in short, as a poet might say — but never yet has said — it was like an oasis in the desert. And the church had got it — had put her wide arms round it and embraced it on every side; had fertilised its fields, and added beauty to its scenery by splendid architecture, and scared away lightning and fiends from it by perpetual ringing of bells and singing of psalms;



and had fattened fifty monks to a point that it was painful to witness, for they were all afflicted with asthma, and many had the gout, and sometimes the half of them were laid up with jaundice, and a few of them occasionally died of their religious exercises, and also some of delirium tremens. Strathwoden Abbey was the centre of an ecclesiastical territory of four or five miles square, strong, comfortable, thick-walled, low-placed upon the banks of the pastoral Woden; and half an hour's ride from it — a good horse would go at the rate of ten miles an hour — gaunt, grim, dark, scowling, and perched defyingly on the precipitous banks of a tumbling, splashing, sunless water, called the Naddersfang, rose the walls of Black Scawr Tower. Sir Torquil had looked for forty years at that wonderful domain, sacred to Ceres and St. Bridget, which would have lain like a brooch of inestimable value on the breast of his threadbare plaid, but which he was forced to behold firmly fixed on the golden garment of Mother Church, and guarded from hostile approach by bell, book, and candle, fifty slightly apoplectic monks, and the tutelary name of the patroness of Dumfries. There came over from foreign parts — from the valleys of Savoy, and from Geneva, a sort of subdued whisper that a reformation of heart and life was universally required; that the purity of the original law had been departed from; that Christianity consisted in forgiveness of injuries, love to our fellow men, unselfishness, and doing unto others as we would they should do unto us; and Sir Torquil at once became a reformer, and determined if he could to get possession of the church's lands, and starve out the Abbot of Strathwoden and all his monks. Accordingly, after deep consultation with Sir Reinhold, who had been knighted by the Regent at Linlithgow after slaying a gentleman in single combat, whose horse he had borrowed and declined to return, Sir Torquil determined to lay claim to a snug little farm of a thousand acres or so, that lay next his western march, and looked about for some perjured witnesses to swear they remembered the land in his father's possession, and that they had seen the lease for nineteen years, under which it was held by the monastery. The abbot was a fat man — a jolly man — overflowing with good nature, and a sort of Christian charity which consisted in making himself and everybody else as comfortable as he could. He was very much shocked at the audacious attempt. He declined for a while to take legal notice of the claim, and determined therefore to proceed in a strictly clerical and Christian manner. Thereupon he procured some of the peasantry, and one or two of the chief farmers on his demesne to give formal notice to the bishop of the diocese that Sir



Torquil was possessed; that they had on several occasions seen him accompanied by a large black dog, and that it was very well known in the neighbourhood that he had sold himself to the devil. So, while the retainers of the abbey, well armed, and commanded by the liveliest of the monks, under a banner in which was sewn a portion of the petticoat of their patron saint, ejected the intruders with many a whack and many a bang, a body of more aged and reverend divines started in solemn procession across the moor with a great quantity of holy relics, and several censers swaying about with sweet-smelling perfumes, and on arriving in the courtyard of the Tower proceeded to exorcise the evil spirit out of the unfortunate knight.

It was a very evil spirit that had got possession of that worthy man—a violent spirit—an angry spirit—a most irreverent spirit; and it incited him to do a variety of things unbecoming a Christian gentleman in any business he may have to transact with a mitred abbot and eighteen venerable monks. He rushed forth from his hall, where he had been refreshing himself with a half-ox roasted and a kilderkin of ale, and with his quarter-staff, which fortunately was the weapon he first laid hands on, he performed such feats on the heads and bodies of the reverend cavalcade as never since that time has been achieved by a troop of French tambours upon the regimental

drums. It was a shower of blows; a hailstorm of cracks on the head; an avalanche of thumps on the shoulders; a hurricane of kicks on all parts of the body. A threshing of corn with fifty flails was nothing to it; a beating of carpets by a thousand hands on the outskirts of a great town was nothing to it: it fell—it squashed—it battered—it bruised—it bounded, and fell again—till there was limping, and howling, and holding up of arms, and entreaties to cease, and apologies for the intrusion, and finally retreat—dispersion—disappearance; and nothing was left but an old man out of breath, with a broken quarter-staff in his hand, surrounded by fragments of censers, and relic-chests, and white surplices, and square caps, and chasubles, and copes, and a sweet-smelling savour exhaling frankincense and myrrh.

Sir Reinhold saw the abbot that night. He had a black patch on his nose, and his left eye was bunged up entirely. His arm was in a sling, and his left leg lay swathed in cloths, and reclining on a cushion; the foot and ankle were bare, red, and inflamed, like a baby ill of the measles.

“From Sir Torquil of the Scawr?” said the abbot, in answer to Sir Reinhold’s announcement of the object of his visit. “He is given over to the evil one, body and soul, and must expiate his blasphemy at the stake.”

“In the meantime his followers



will take forcible possession of the fat acres along the banks of the Speith, and the corn and wine and oil of the holy fathers will be much diminished thereby."

"We have an enlightened and contented tenantry, and feed fifty poor folks every day at noon. They will fight in defence of their abbot and St. Bridget."

"We have two hundred men-at-arms ready to trample on abbot and saint, and to hold the lands in spite of devil and pope."

"We!" said the abbot. "Is it possible that our son Sir Reinhold has joined himself to the army of Satan! Has not the abbey for five years past put itself under your powerful protection, paying you for the same with much yellow gold and store of fat cattle? And now you say 'We!' For shame, my son! Your friend Sir Torquil is possessed by an infinite number of demons — I should say five thousand, at least, from the noise they made this morning, and the blows they inflicted from a countless number of sticks and quarter-staffs; and it would be more consonant with your duty as an obedient son of the church to resist his unjust aggression than to come hither as an ambassador to maintain his cause."

"Sir Torquil of the Scawr," replied Sir Reinhold, "is a learned man, though his studies have been few, and his powers of reading are of the slightest, like my own. He hath betaken himself to a science called theology."

"And therefore he rebels against the church! Go on."

"He thinks the Pope of Rome a presumptuous priest."

"And therefore he breaks the heads of the monks of Strathwoden."

"He doth not approve of a celibate clergy."

"And therefore he seizes fifteen hundred acres of our best land. Saints of old! what logic is this!"

"And it is our intention to guard and keep the same, be the acreage more or less, by sword and shield, horse and spear."

"And all the haughs and broad meadows," said the abbot with a sigh, "must go to reward that evil-doer! Perish the land, so he gets no benefit from it — yea, let Satan himself possess the rich holms and swelling meadows so that that man of Belial is left to his poverty and pride."

"You speak well and wisely, holy father," said Sir Reinhold.

"And it was with a proposition of the sort I came to visit your reverence this day. I am not Satan. I wish indeed I were if he is to be put in possession of the valleys of the Speith. But I am Sir Reinhold of the greys — by reason of the colour of my destriers — a devout Christian, and a true friend of the abbey of Strathwoden; and am ready to aid you in your just design of keeping Sir Torquil from fattening on the results of his own violence. Give me the broad lands at a peppercorn rent, with



right of purchase when I can pay you a hundred merks, and Sir Torquil shall swing from the turret of his own tower sooner than lay his sacrilegious hands on a blade of grass or stack of corn that ever belonged to holy church. If you refuse, we take the lands to-morrow, and lay claim to the neighbouring Grange. For Sir Torquil thinks the cardinals of Rome are insolent churls" —

"And therefore may justly confiscate the lands of a Scottish abbey! Oh! Bridget, what logic again!"

Sir Reinhold on riding home late that night was observed to wrap a closely-written parchment carefully next his breast within his steel cuirass. He stepped into the hall of the tower. Sir Torquil was asleep by the side of the fire. His daughter Sibylla was engaged at a tambour-frame embroidering a wimple for the image of St. Bridget.

"I have seen the holy abbot," said Sir Reinhold, "and you stand in great danger, Sir Torquil of the Scawr, of encountering the thunders of the church."

"It's like other thunder," said the old man, rubbing his eyes, "it turns small-beer sour, but passes harmless over the ten-bushel malt. We shall keep the Speith pastures, in spite of crozier and crown."

"The lands round the Grange are richer and wider," said Sir Reinhold, quietly.

"But they never were mine, nor my predecessors'."

"The more reason your successors should become proprietors of the same."

"But I am satisfied with the Speith," said Sir Torquil.

"So am I, and with more reason; for the domain is mine on payment of two pepper-corns at Lady-day and Christmas. No man shall trespass on my lands; and I warn you, Sir Torquil, that the Grange, and all its close fields, and nice fir plantings, and yellow-roofed cottages, are far more easily obtained from the gloved fingers of a trembling priest than my own poor possession, even from so weak a hand as this."

"The Grange be it, then. Tell our witnesses they mistook one river for the other: it was the Woldbeck I meant, and not the Speith. The thrashing the monks received to-day will do for one as well as the other; so my conscience is at rest on that score. Wine here! and ale! — you must be hot and hungry. Sit down, Sir Reinhold of the Speith. To our good father the holy Pope!"

Scotland fell more and more into anarchy and disorder. There was no law, and little security for life or land. The church alone retained some appearance of organisation; but, unsupported by civil authority, its influence declined. It spoke more proudly as its strength decayed. Sir Torquil laid claim to the Grange, seized the farms, carried off the crops, and broke the bones of any clerical-looking gentleman



he encountered in the course of his rides. Some of the monks retired to the capital, and starved in Canongate and High Street, instead of in their ancient cells. Fasting became a much more real thing than it had ever been before; but the abbot and some few bolder spirits were still unsubdued. They hurled an excommunication at the head of the old knight; and as the death-agony gives strength unknown even in youth and health, the blow seemed overwhelming in the midst of his apparent success. Excommunication was still a frightful word, though the power of carrying it out had vanished from all other parts of the land. Sir Reinhold was prostrated with terror, and preached the most rigid obedience. He grew a devoted son of the church the moment the sentence was passed. The weather was cold; but he threatened death to any servitor who should have the unchristian wickedness to kindle a fire for poor old Sir Torquil. Meat was rigorously refused, — water was not allowed. Parched with thirst, weakened with hunger, shivering with cold, pining in solitude and darkness, Sir Torquil would have surrendered house and land, in addition to his usurped territory, to have the curse lifted from his head; but Sir Reinhold persevered in preferring the soul's health of his patron to the mere satisfying of his bodily wants. And at length, shrieking for food, and staggering through hall and corridor, and finding no one to comfort him, he sat down in his arm-chair by the side of the empty grate, and in the morning was found dead, — a striking example of the punishment that invariably pursues the unjust appropriators of the wealth of the church. His will was found and duly proved. It left all he had to Sir Reinhold, now Sir Reinhold of the Speith, who had saved his life on several occasions, and had been his friend and supporter to the last. It left him the guardianship of his daughter Sibylla, and the disposal of her hand in marriage, — a hand which, as it carried with it the possession of the Black Scawr Tower and a whole county of barren land, he instantly bestowed upon himself. No sooner legally clothed in Sir Torquil's rights than he prosecuted that conscientious individual's claims to the Grange with such skill, that a peppercorn compromise was again had recourse to, and the memory of Sir Torquil cleansed by a solemn retraction of all demoniacal possession and a withdrawal of the penalty of excommunication. Sir Reinhold of the Scawr was now the professed patron and defender of the abbey of Strathwoden, and in a few years had established rights of ownership over more than half of the much coveted lands. Fiercer and fiercer in the meantime grew the religious troubles in Scotland. There were Lords of the Articles and Lords



of the Congregation; but all anxious for the spoil of the Romish Church. As long as Sir Reinhold was paid with broad acres for his defence of that failing cause, he was the most zealous votary of the faith. His belief in bones of martyrs and thumb-nails of saints knew no bounds, except the fences of the rich fields still belonging to the monks; but when matters grew worse and worse, and civil government entirely died out, and ecclesiastical factions carried on an internecine war, a sudden light of reformation shone in on the darkened eyes of the papistical Sir Reinhold. He became a Lord of the Congregation, snuffled through the nose as if he laboured under a perpetual cold, and, with many allusions to Amalekites and smitings on hip and thigh, he seized all the remaining territories of his neighbour the Abbot of Strathwoden, and enclosed that jolly ecclesiastic and his now greatly depleted monks within the narrowest limits. There was nothing left to them of all their gorgeous estates but a narrow strip round the Abbey itself, — not enough for their maintenance, but quite enough to excite the cupidity of so zealous a Protestant as Sir Reinhold of the Scawr. Many of the brethren had died; the abbot was old and feeble; the peasantry had been draughted off into the armed companies required to support Sir Reinhold's importance, and at leisure hours had

started as freebooters and robbers on their own account.

It was at this period we introduced Sir Reinhold to our readers. The night was dark, the wind blew, the river roared, as we said at the beginning of this tale; and Sir Reinhold sat in his great old hall absorbed in thought.

"It is so much pleasanter a situation," he said, "than this gruesome tower; — a fruitful orchard at the west, instead of the scrubby planting here, — a soft-flowing, clean-watered stream on the north, instead of this wild, noisy Naddersferry below the Scawr, — and when the lazy, mumbling shavelings are all driven out — by this time they ought to be in the middle of the river —"

A louder blast than usual shook the window-frame, as he spoke, and a sharp shower of sleet sounded on the panes.

"It's lucky," he said, "their reverences are so fat and well-fed, they will stand the weather better than the thin sides of a poor trooper like myself."

The door now gently opened.

"Well," said Sir Reinhold, "what news of the holy monks? Have you turned them out of house and home? What! you, my lady wife? I thought I spoke to John of the Strong Arm. Why so late up? to bed, to bed!"

"Not till you revoke the cruel order and replace the good priests in their own walls."



"Good priests, forsooth! who made you a judge of goodness? Lazy lurdans, sworn servants of the Man of Sin, soldiers of Antichrist, and holders of ground I want."

"The last the greatest of their sins, I know full well. Oh! man of blood and violence, have you no relentings in that iron heart? Have you no hour vouchsafed you by pitying saints, to turn your thoughts to penitence and fear?"

"No! Of what should I repent? of what should I be afraid?"

"Look, Sir Reinhold of the Scawr, on this wasted form; look, Sir Reinhold, on these haggard features. Have I repined? have I complained? have I let the world know that cruelties, and crimes, and basenesses innumerable have marked your life for the twenty years of our union?"

"'T were safer not now to begin," said Sir Reinhold, with compressed lips and knitted brow.

"I bore all — neglect, contumely, indignities, and even violence of your hand. For who am I that I should complain when greater evils than these are heaped on holy church? What I have suffered I have deserved, for who is free from sin? But for others I will speak. You shall not drive out the holy brethren to perish in the cold. You shall not fling insult and wrong on the head of the gracious abbot: if you persist, I have secrets which you would be loth to have re-

vealed. I know of deeds you would fain die rather than to have published in the ears of men. In the ears of men they shall be published. These feeble limbs shall carry me to the Council of the Lords; there, in the great hall of Linlithgow, in the presence of all, I will proclaim you murderer — traitor —"

"You will? Hark! the Naddersferry is louder than usual to-night. So you will betray my secrets, wife Sibylla? You will find the journey long and toilsome — you will never reach the walls of Lithgow town —"

"The secrets will uphold me; but if I fail, there are ears even here into which I can pour the tale — to all, to man-at arms, to serving-man, to hind, and shepherd, I will tell all, unless you rescind that fatal order against the holy men of Strathwoden —"

"Hush! here comes John of the Strong Arm, who drove the drones forth into the night —"

"To him I will tell all! Come, John of the Strong Arm, look well on your lord —"

"How loud the Naddersferry brawls! I scarce can hear your sweet voice. See, from this window we can look sheer down upon the water — black, pitch black. 'T is twenty fathoms down, and yet its noise is troublesome. Look down, madam, — nay, shrink not, my fingers don't hurt your lily shoulders; you struggle; how foolish, when all I wish you to do is to watch the torrent's course. 'T is deep, they say, just



under this window; screams can't be heard; white garments can't be seen."

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The window was closed again, and there was silence in the hall. A tap came in a few minutes to the door. John of the Strong Arm entered. His master sat as before in the arm-chair beside the fire. He was alone.

Now, gentle reader, here is a man more ruthlessly cruel than the late Mr. Rush — more unredeemably wicked than Mr. Manning — more false and dishonest than any ruffian described in the Newgate Calendar. Yet, see what happens to us in our love of the good old times! Oh! we are a generation of snobs, and glory in our shame!

In a good old age the Knight of the Scawr died. He was childless. His great estates were scrambled for by the powerful men of the day, and fell into many hands. A hundred years after his death — in sixteen hundred and seventy-five — the Black Scawr Tower and its original domain had been greatly modernised. A dwelling-house of modest proportions was added to it; and as woods had been planted round it, and roads had been made, connecting it with other parts of the country, and coal had been found on the estate, the proprietor — the third in descent from the person who had bought it of the executors of Sir Reinhold, was richer, as re-

garded mere income, than Sir Reinhold had been when he possessed the whole estate. The man's name was Brown. He had got the lands for little. A hundred years of national progress, and the increase of wealth and population, had done the rest.

Family pride grows by degrees. Brown the first remembered his origin, and attended to the business of his farm. Brown the second looked back on fifty years' possession in his family, and began to imagine that by some intermarriage of ancestors four or five generations back, he was connected with the old line of the Knights of the Scawr Tower; and Brown the third felt no doubt upon the subject, — sealed with a seal impressed with Sir Reinhold's arms, and talked with ill-disguised gratification of the Tragedy of the Scawr, and the death of one of his female ancestors by being flung out of a window of the castle into the river below. In another hundred years — in seventeen hundred and seventy-five — still further improvements had taken place in the land. A town had sprung up on a part of the estate; the houses had been doubled in size, and the old tower was still left at one side of the mansion, as a sort of sentinel to keep off modern times.

The Browns had gone to the dogs by gambling and extravagance. A Smith, from India, had bought the estate. He spoke of rupees and pagodas, and had



narrowly escaped being put into the Black-hole of Calcutta. Smith the second stood for the county, on the Tory side, and said the country was ruined by the increase of the mercantile interest. The son of Smith the second took higher ground still, and was heart-broken to perceive that the old territorial aristocracy were getting mixed up with a set of low fellows, who came from no one knew where, and brow-beat the men who had succeeded to their estates in a direct line from the time of Bruce and Wallace. Jones, an ironmaster, from Wales, who had risen from the anvil and hammer to great wealth, during the American War, married the heiress of the Smiths. The old house was deserted. A splendid Grecian hall was built near the remains of the ancient monastery. The Scawr Towr was kept in repair (as a ruin), and the country for miles and miles drained, planted, fenced, manured, and beautified, — till, ten years ago, the grandson of the original Jones, who had put an h in his name, and claimed to be descended from Slewelgr, was created Sir Arthur Johnes Ranald, Baronet, of Speith and Scawr. The "Ranald" he had assumed by special permission, as lineal descendant — through Smith, through Brown — of Sir Reinhold of the Scawr, Knight, temp. Jac. V, who married the heiress of Sir Torquil of the Scawr, — deceased fifteen hundred and thirty-four. — Will anybody, in two thousand

one hundred and fifty, trace his descent from Thurtell?

### THE TOADY TREE.

It is not a new remark, that any real and true change for the public benefit, must derive its vitality from the practice of consistent people. Whatever may be accepted as the meaning of the adage, Charity begins at home — which for the most part has very little meaning that I could ever discover — it is pretty clear that Reform begins at home. If I had the lungs of Hercules and the eloquence of Cicero, and devoted them at any number of monster-meetings to a cause which I deserted in my daily life whensoever the opportunity of desertion was presented to me (say on an average fifty times a day), I had far better keep my lungs and my eloquence to myself, and at all times and seasons leave that cause alone.

The humble opinion of the present age, is, that no privileged class should have an inheritance in the administration of the public affairs, and that a system which fails to enlist in the service of the country, the greatest fitness and merit that the country produces, must have in it something inherently wrong. It might be supposed, the year One having been for some time in the calendar of the past, that this is on the whole a moderate



and reasonable opinion — not very far in advance of the period, or of any period, and involving no particularly unchristian revenge for a great national breakdown. Yet, to the governing class in the main, the sentiment is altogether so novel and extraordinary, that we may observe it to be received as an incomprehensible and incredible thing. I have been seriously asking myself, whose fault is this? I have come to the conclusion that it is the fault of the over-cultivation of the great Toady Tree; the tree of many branches, which grows to an immense height in England, and which overshadows all the land.

My name is Cobbs. Why do I, Cobbs, love to sit like a Patriarch, in the shade of my Toady Tree? What have I to do with it? What comfort do I derive from it, what fruit of self-respect does it yield to me, what beauty is there in it? To lure me to a Public Dinner, why must I have a Lord in the chair? To gain me to a Subscription-list, why do I need fifty Barons, Marquises, Viscounts, Dukes, and Baronets, at the head of it, in larger type and longer lines than the commonalty? If I don't want to be perpetually decorated with these boughs from the Toady Tree — if it be my friend Dobbs, and not I, Cobbs, in whose ready button-hole such appliances are always stuck — why don't I myself quietly and good-humouredly renounce them? Why not? Because I *will* be always gardening, more or less, at the foot of the Toady Tree.

Take Dobbs. Dobbs is a well-read man, an earnest man, a man of strong and sincere convictions, a man who would be deeply wounded if I told him he was not a true Administrative Reformer in the best sense of the word. When Dobbs talks to me about the House of Commons, (and lets off upon me those little revolvers of special official intelligence which he always carries, ready loaded and capped), why does he adopt the Lobby slang: with which he has as much to do as with any dialect in the heart of Africa? Why must he speak of Mr. Fizmaili as "Fizzy," and of Lord Gambarron as "Gam"? How comes it that he is acquainted with the intentions of the Cabinet six weeks beforehand — often, indeed, so long beforehand that I shall infallibly die before there is the least sign of their having ever existed? Dobbs is perfectly clear in his generation that men are to be deferred to for their capacity for what they undertake, for their talents and worth, and for nothing else. Aye, aye, I know he is. But, I have seen Dobbs dive and double about that Royal Academy Exhibition, in pursuit of a nobleman, in a marvellously small way. I have stood with Dobbs examining a picture, when the Marquis has entered, and I have known of the Marquis's entrance without lift-



ing my eyes or turning my head, solely by the increased gentility in the audible tones of Dobbs's critical observations. And then, the Marquis approaching, Dobbs has talked to me as his lay figure, at and for the Marquis, until the Marquis has said, "Ha, Dobbs?" and Dobbs, with his face folded into creases of deference, has piloted that illustrious nobleman away, to the contemplation of some pictorial subtleties of his own discovery. Now, Dobbs has been troubled and abashed in all this; Dobbs's voice, face, and manner, with a stubbornness far beyond his control, have revealed his uneasiness; Dobbs, leading the noble Marquis away, has shown me in the expression of his very shoulders that he knew I laughed at him, and that he knew he deserved it; and yet Dobbs could not for his life resist the shadow of the Toady Tree, and come out into the natural air!

The other day, walking down Piccadilly from Hyde Park Corner, I overtook Hobbs. Hobbs had two relations starved to death with needless hunger and cold before Sebastopol, and one killed by mistake in the hospital at Scutari. Hobbs himself had the misfortune, about fifteen years ago, to invent a very ingenious piece of mechanism highly important to dockyards, which has detained him unavailingly in the waiting-rooms of public offices ever since, and which was invented last month

by somebody else in France, and immediately adopted there. Hobbs had been one of the public at Mr. Roebuck's committee, the very day I overtook him, and was burning with indignation at what he had heard. "This Gordian knot of red tape," said Hobbs, "must be cut. All things considered, there never was a people so abused as the English at this time, and there never was a country brought to such a pass. It will not bear thinking of — (Lord Joddle)." The parenthesis referred to a passing carriage, which Hobbs turned and looked after with the greatest interest. "The system," he continued, "must be totally changed. We must have the right man in the right place (Duke of Twaddleton on horseback), and only capability and not family connections placed in office (brother-in-law of the Bishop of Gorhambury). We must not put our trust in mere idols (how do you do! — Lady Coldveal — little too highly painted, but fine woman for her years), and we must get rid as a nation of our ruinous gentility and deference to mere rank. (Thank you, Lord Edward, I am quite well. Very glad indeed to have the honour and pleasure of seeing you. I hope Lady Edward is well. Delighted, I am sure)." Pending the last parenthesis, he stopped to shake hands with a dim old gentleman in a flaxen wig, whose eye he had been exceedingly solicitous to catch, and, when we went on again,



seemed so refreshed and braced by the interview that I believe him to have been for the time actually taller. This in Hobbs, whom I knew to be miserably poor, whom I saw with my eyes to be prematurely grey, the best part of whose life had been changed into a wretched dream from which he could never awake now, who was in mourning without and in mourning within, and all through causes that any half-dozen shop-keepers taken at random from the London Directory and shot into Downing Street out of sacks could have turned aside — this, I say, in Hobbs, of all men, gave me so much to think about, that I took little or no heed of his further conversation until I found we had come to Burlington House. “A little sketch” he was saying then, “by a little child, and two hundred and fifty pounds already bid for it! Well, it’s very gratifying, isn’t it? Really, it’s very gratifying! Won’t you come in? Do come in!” I excused myself, and Hobbs went in without me: a drop in a swollen current of the general public. I looked into the courtyard as I went by, and thought I perceived a remarkably fine specimen of the Toady Tree in full growth there.

There is my friend Nobbs. A man of sufficient merit, one would suppose, to be calmly self-reliant, and to preserve that manly equilibrium which as little needs to assert itself overmuch, as to derive a sickly reflected

light from any one else. I declare in the face of day, that I believe Nobbs to be morally and physically unable to sit at a table and hear a man of title mentioned, whom he knows, without putting in his claim to the acquaintance. I have observed Nobbs under these circumstances, a thousand times, and have never found him able to hold his peace. I have seen him fidget, and worry himself, and try to get himself away from the Toady Tree, and say to himself as plainly as he could have said aloud, “Nobbs, Nobbs, is not this base in you, and what can it possibly matter to these people present, whether you know this man, or not?” Yet, there has been a compulsion upon him to say, “Lord Dash Blank? Oh, yes! I know him very well; very well, indeed. I have known Dash Blank — let me see — really I am afraid to say how long I have known Dash Blank. It must be a dozen years. A very good fellow, Dash Blank!” And, like my friend Hobbs, he has been positively taller for some moments afterwards. I assert of Nobbs, as I have already in effect asserted of Dobbs, that if I could be brought blindfold into a room full of company, of whom he made one, I could tell in a moment, by his manner of speaking, not to say by his mere breathing, whether there were a title present. The ancient Egyptians in their palmiest days, had not an enchanter among them



who could have wrought such a magical change in Nobbs, as the incarnation of one line from the book of the Peerage can effect in one minute.

Pobbs is as bad, though in a different way. Pobbs affects to despise these distinctions. He speaks of his titled acquaintances, in a light and easy vein, as "the swells." According as his humour varies, he will tell you that the swells are, after all, the best people a man can have to do with, or that he is weary of the swells and has had enough of them. But, note, that to the best of my knowledge, information, and belief, Pobbs would die of chagrin, if the swells left off asking him to dinner. That he would rather exchange nods in the Park with a semi-idiotic Dowager, than fraternise with another Shakespeare. That he would rather have his sister, Miss Pobbs (he is greatly attached to her, and is a most excellent brother), received on sufferance by the swells, than hold her far happier place in the outer darkness of the untitled, and be loved and married by some good fellow, who could daff the world of swells aside, and bid it pass. Yet, O, Pobbs, Pobbs! if for once — only for once — you could hear the magnificent patronage of some of those Duchesses of yours, casually making mention of Miss Pobbs, as "a rather pretty person!"

I say nothing of Robbs, Sobbs, Tobbs, and so on to Zobbs,

whose servility has no thin coating of disguise or shame upon it, who grovel on their waistcoats with a sacred joy, and who turn and roll titles in their mouths as if they were exquisite sweetmeats. I say nothing of Mayors and such like; — to lay on adulation with a whitewashing brush and have it laid on in return, is the function of such people, and verily they have their reward. I say nothing of County families, and provincial neighbourhoods, and lists of Stewards and Lady Patronesses, and electioneering, and racing, and flower-showing, and demarcations and counter-demarcations in visiting, and all the forms in which the Toady Tree is cultivated in and about cathedral towns and rural districts. What I wish to remark in conclusion is not that, but this:

If, at a momentous crisis in the history and progress of the country we all love, we, the bulk of the people, fairly embodying the general moderation and sense, are so mistaken by a class, undoubtedly of great intelligence and public and private worth, as that, either they cannot by any means comprehend our resolution to live henceforth under a Government, instead of a Hustlement and Shufflement; or, comprehending it, can think to put it away by cocking their hats in our faces (which is the official exposition of policy conceded to us on all occasions by our chief minister of State); the



fault is our own. As the fault is our own, so is the remedy. We do not present ourselves to these personages as we really are, and we have no reason for surprise or complaint, if they take us for what we are at so much pains to appear. Let every man, therefore, apply his own axe to his own branch of the Toady Tree. Let him begin the essential Reform with himself, and he need have no fear of its ending there. We require no ghost to tell us that many inequalities of condition and distinction there must always be. Every step at present to be counted in the great social staircase would be still there, though the shadow of the Toady Tree were cleared away. More than this, the whole of the steps would be safer and stronger; for, the Toady Tree is a tree infected with rottenness, and its droppings wear away what they fall upon.

## MOTHER AND STEP-MOTHER.

IN FOURTEEN CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER IX.

SIR EDWARD, observing that his son's habits had become unsettled, and that his old pursuits now seemed to have lost their interest for him, became anxious that he should employ the time which was to intervene before his marriage in acquiring a more extensive acquaintance with foreign countries, and thus com-

plete his education before sinking down into the even tenor of a country gentleman's life. Lady Irwin eagerly caught at and seconded the proposal; she was weary of the mute appeals of Frank's anxious looks, and of the importunity of her own son. Frank would be employed, interested, and amused, his passion, the fruit of effervescent youth, might cool down, he would see other women of a very different stamp from the modest country girl to whom he was betrothed, women with glorious eyes, every glance of which must make a man's blood leap in his veins, and who would not disdain to flatter and court the handsome and accomplished heir to an English baronetcy, women skilled with specious talk to sap the groundwork of principle, and to beguile their victim into a slough of treacherous delight, after which the simple Kitty would have entirely lost her power to charm him. Failing this, there was ambition, there were a thousand allurements to bring out the evil of his nature and render him unfit or unwilling to fulfil his engagement. At all events, it was delay — at all events, it was separation; it would be strange, she thought, if in a year or eighteen months some occasion of mistrust did not arise, which she could foster into lasting estrangement.

The idea of travel was not without attractions to Frank. The irritation excited by his pas-



sion, and by the obstacles thrown in his way had given him a distaste for his old studies, the vapid life of the fashionable world in London was wearisome to him, bodily activity would, he thought, counteract his nervous restlessness of mind and allay the feverish excitement under which he laboured. True, he must part from Kitty, but he hoped that his mother might soften to her when he was away, and that when he returned she would be his own for ever. Now, the dark shadow of his step-mother seemed to come between them, even when they were alone, so powerfully was each impressed by the consciousness of her unavowed purpose, though even to each other they hardly ventured to breathe the fear, lest, by uttering it, they should give it substance.

For one long happy week before he went abroad, Frank stayed alone at Swallowfield — for one week of glorious sunshine his feet brushed the dew from the grass as he came across the field to the Parsonage — for one week of soft summer weather the leaves of the old elm outside the garden-gate whispered over his nightly farewell, and then he went, with smiles on his lips, though with tears in his eyes, to be away until another spring and summer were past, and until the leaves of that other summer were yellow with decay.

Catherine composed herself to wait, and devoted herself with

increased earnestness to her various occupations. But though she conscientiously employed her time and indulged in no vain repinings, she could not restrain a feeling of joy when a day was past, at the thought that the term of their separation was by so much shortened. Her prayers seemed always to bring her near to him, and she had his letters, long, frequent, and inexpressibly delightful for the evidence they bore of a heart turning ever truly to her. Once in the winter there was an interval of sad anxiety — a long three weeks, and no letter; then, at last, a short note, written from a sick bed, but in good spirits, and in the near hope of approaching restoration to health.

Sir Edward and Lady Irwin remained in town until the end of the summer, and when they did return their attention was occupied by a succession of visitors. Edward was gone to Rugby, so Catherine was left with little interruption to the enjoyment of her own thoughts, and to her ordinary occupations.

“You don’t mean to say, Helen, that that quiet little thing is Frank’s fiancée?” said Mrs. Wilton Brook, Sir Edward’s fashionable sister, now a well-preserved matron, who, with two full-blown daughters, was on a visit to her brother. “What a sacrifice! A man of his expectations, such a handsome fellow, too — why he might have married any one.”

“He is going to marry accord-



ing to his choice," replied Lady Irwin, drily.

"Oh! that 's well enough for an old man with a broken constitution, a country curate, or something of that sort — but in Frank's position, with such opportunities, it 's inexcusable. Really, a man owes something to his family. No one cares less for money than I do, but rank, fashion, beauty, or something, surely he should require."

"Your brother and your nephews consider Catherine Birkby beautiful, I believe?"

"Beautiful! What? A girl who has no idea of setting herself off — no air — no manner! Her eyes are certainly not bad, if she had the least idea how to use them; and, I dare say, something might be made of her hair, it looks soft, and it certainly is a pretty colour, just the brun-doré which was all the rage last year. Clementina has it almost — her's is a trifle too light, but, when properly brushed and oiled, it has very much the shade, I assure you. Really, Helen, you should give the poor child a hint or two — it is high time something should be done to civilise her."

"I confess I cannot avoid feeling some regret that Frank did not look about him a little before he tied himself down," said Lady Irwin. "Catherine Birkby is just the sort of barley-sugar sweetheart that a boy fancies himself in love with. I would have saved him if I could; but he must buy

his experience, like the rest of us."

"His father ought not to have given his consent. I wonder you did not stop it before it came to a declaration, Helen."

"How could I apprehend the danger? She has been backwards and forwards at the house ever since I married. I never dreamt of anything more than brotherly regard. However, it is no affair of mine: when Edward grows up I shall do my best to avoid such a catastrophe."

"Edward will make a handsome fellow, Helen. He will make many a heart ache. He will beat Frank out-and-out — he has so much more of the devil in him. I am heartily glad my girls have a dozen years the start of him."

"Edward's good looks will not avail him much. A younger son has little chance of distinguishing himself in this age of gain and calculation."

Mrs. Brook replied by extolling Edward's talents and acquirements. Lady Irwin, pleased to hear his praises even from one whose judgment she despised, incited her to further commendation by affecting to speak slightly of him. Mrs. Brook was essentially a worldly-wise woman, though of a low order of mind, and debased by perpetual striving after petty ends. She was not without a certain acuteness, which enabled her to discover the assailable points of those characters the dignity and strength of which she could not



appreciate. She was an adroit and unscrupulous flatterer; and Lady Irwin, because she saw through and despised her, thought she could listen uninjured to her well-bred toadyism. She never perceived how lowering to the moral feelings intercourse with persons of Mrs. Wilton Brook's class must always be — how it helped to maintain in her an extraordinary opinion of her own endowments, and kept her in suicidal ignorance of her true moral state.

Catherine, meanwhile, grew daily more and more conscious of the dislike with which Lady Irwin regarded her, and she consequently became more silent and depressed in that lady's presence. It was a great relief when Edward came home from school, full of his new experience, overflowing with anecdotes of masters and companions, lavish of caresses to his mother, and imperiously affectionate to Kitty. The jealousy which had at one time characterised his love to her had now quite passed away; she was no longer the principal object of his thoughts, and he began to have a perception, that charming as she was, she might be more desirable as a sister than as a wife. And now Frank was away Kitty could always listen to his stories; she was never too much engaged to walk or ride with him; she was a better listener than ever, and soon knew the distinctive characters of Brown, Sinclair, and Tomlins,

Edward's particular friends, and could talk about them as if she were familiarly acquainted with them herself; while the arguments she employed to mollify his indignation against "that bully" Houseman, and to qualify his contempt for "Uncle" Bobbins, the pawnbroker's son, only gave additional gusto to the conversation by supplying the spice of a little contradiction.

Catherine's altered looks had struck Edward on his first arrival, and it was not long before he discovered that her spirits had lost much of their elasticity, and that in his mother's company she was always depressed and nervous. With unusual self-command, he kept his thoughts to himself, and carried on his observations in silence for several days, when he had ascertained that a coldness and distance in his mother's manner aggravated, if it did not cause this suffering, he resolved at once to appeal to her better nature, and to plead with her for worthier treatment of his brother's affianced wife. Accordingly, he entered her dressing-room one morning, and flinging himself on the rug at her feet, laid his head in her lap — an old childish habit of his, which she loved — and stroking her hand, caressingly, said,

"What a charming Christmas party we have, mother? I wish Frank were here."

"Frank is much better where he is," replied Lady Irwin.

"Of course, it's very nice to be



at Rome; and if Kitty were with him, I don't suppose he would be in any hurry to get back. But as it is —"

"Don't distress yourself, Edward; Frank's love will never break his slumbers, or spoil his appetite. Catherine did not give him much trouble, you know."

"No, I don't know what you mean by that, mother. If Kitty loved him with all her heart, as it was just and natural she should, would you have had her tell a lie, and say she didn't care for him?"

"I do not blame her. I say nothing. Your brother's honour is engaged. I only say that he does not appear to suffer much from home-sickness."

"I don't think you can tell that, unless you were to see the letters he writes to Kitty. Of course he doesn't let out his feelings to you, or my father; but if he is so happy in Rome, which I don't believe, you can hardly say the same of her. O mother, I do so wish you would take pity on her, and comfort her with a few kind words. She will have quite lost her pretty looks before Frank comes back."

"You are very much mistaken, Edward, if you think that Catherine's happiness depends at all on me; and as to her fretting, I do not believe she has sufficient depth of feeling to fret for more than half a day about anything or any one. Agnese tells me, that on the very day of Frank's departure she went and took tea

with that stupid paralytic old woman who lives at Hopwood."

"Is that the only bit of scandal Agnese has been able to pick up? She'd be much better employed in putting bows into your caps, instead of poking her ugly face into all the poor people's cottages, and prying into the affairs of her betters. What comfort Kitty could have found in going to see that cross old woman, I can't pretend to say. Poor child, what a sorrowful heart she must have had coming all down Hopwood Lane in the gloaming, with no Frank to meet her! I tell you mother, I can see the trouble in her eyes; and take my word for it, three nights out of the seven her pillow is not dry when she goes to sleep."

"What an extraordinary infatuation it is that you labour under about such a matter of fact person as Kitty. If she does look pale sometimes, it can be no wonder, when Mr. Birkby keeps her so many hours reading to him. You should appeal to him, not to me. Catherine's feelings are never likely to injure her health."

"Oh, my dear mother, if you did but know her!" — cried Edward rising on his knees in his eagerness, and looking with earnest entreaty into his mother's face — "if you would but open your heart to her! It would make you so much happier."

"My happiness is beyond her reach, either to diminish or increase," replied Lady Irwin,



haughtily. It cut her to the heart to hear her boy pleading for the tender girl whom she hated.

"Only look at her, mother," pursued Edward, undaunted by her coldness. "Where did you ever see a sweeter smile? And as to her hands and feet, they are fifty times smaller and prettier than Clementina's, that Aunt Fanny is always making such a fuss about. Then, for a companion, — who is always sweet-tempered, always at leisure, like Kitty? I'm sure you have reason to thank her, mother; I don't know what I should have been, if she hadn't taken so much trouble with me. I never heard any one teach a fellow his duty to his neighbour, as Kitty does; and it's all the better because she does not seem to be teaching at all. Oh, mother! you do not know what you do when you shut her from your heart. She would be a dear daughter to you."

"I had a daughter once," returned Lady Irwin, bitterly, "who might have been what it seems my son will never be."

"Do not be angry, mother. I love you — you know I love you dearly; but, as Kitty says, love opens and does not narrow the heart."

"That is just the sort of speech I should have expected her to make — just the idea I should suppose her to entertain. Those who are incapable of profound passion generally seek to hide the shallowness of their feelings

by high-sounding theories of catholic affection."

"I wanted to persuade you, mother, — I wanted to entreat you; but it seems I only make you stronger in your own opinion. I am going down to have my lesson, now; perhaps I may not be home to dinner."

Lady Irwin said nothing. Edward lingered at the door, probably in expectation of a conciliatory word or look; then, with a heavy heart, he turned on his heel, and went his way.

#### CHAPTER X.

IN spite of his resolution to keep his uneasiness to himself, Edward was too much irritated by the ill success of his interference to conceal from Catherine all his disquiet; and he told her enough to add weight to her former conviction, and to increase the burden of her sorrow. Loving her the better from the consciousness of the effort he had made to defend her, and dreading his mother's displeasure, he remained at the Parsonage until late in the evening; and, having spent a few minutes in the drawing-room, where Lady Irwin's manner gave him little encouragement to remain, he went off to his own room. There he wrote the following letter to his brother, which he carried to the post next morning himself.

DEAR BROTHER, — I came home last Tuesday week. I dare say you know that I didn't do so badly at the examination, after all. I brought home a prize which



pleased mother and delighted dear old Birkby. Father did not say much, but he looked as if he liked it, and made me bring it out to show Lord Allason when he called. I found all well at home: going on much as usual; father deep in some stratum or other at the bottom of the Dead Sea — I shouldn't much wonder if he were off to Palestine next week. I wish to Heaven he would, and take mother with him! A pilgrimage would do her a tremendous deal of good just now. I wish with all my heart you and Kitty were married! What is the reason it would puzzle a much wiser head than mine to discover; but of this I'm sure: she — mother, I mean — has taken a positive dislike to Kitty. The worst of it is that Kitty knows it; and you may believe that she looks none the better for it. Of course, it's bad enough for her to have you so long away, and if any one sees her look sad, she puts it upon that; but mother has more to do with it. Aunt Fanny is here with Clem and Ada, all flounces and finery as usual. If it wasn't for father, no one would take any notice of dear Kitty, but he's as true as steel, and mother dares not say a word against her to him. I'm sure he has a notion that there's something wrong, for he pets Kitty like a child — much more than he pets me, which does not please mother. If you had only taken my advice, all the trouble would have been over by this time; you may take my word for it, that if you don't do something yourself, and before long, mother will find some means to break it off yet. You have no idea what a timid, nervous creature Kitty is become in her presence.

I dare say you find it extremely jolly at Rome, it must be nice to have lots of money and nothing to do. I suppose I'm not likely to have much experience of either of these pleasures. Father asked me, the other day, if I should like to be a parson. I suppose he was in joke, I took it so, for I only made a wry face. Fancy mother sitting demurely to hear her son deal out divinity! Don't forget dear Kitty, and when you write don't say a word of what I have told you. Mother always likes to read my letters, and it won't do to make her angry. Do you get any skating? The ice is four inches thick on the pond. Tomlins, a first-rate fellow, who works in my room, is coming down

next week, if the frost only holds on, we shall have glorious fun. Good night, old fellow, I'm 'so sleepy I can hardly see. I wish you'd send me something about some of the temples — the ruins, I mean. Finch dotes on ruins.

Your affectionate brother,

EDWARD IRWIN.

When this letter reached Frank he was recovering from an attack of fever, brought on by the climate, and perhaps by anxiety. He was consequently labouring under severe depression of spirits. His fears had already been excited by a coldness and constraint in the letters he received from his mother, and by the plaintive tenderness which struggled through the assumed cheerfulness of Catherine's. He had promised his father to travel. He was to visit Greece and parts of Asia, perhaps to penetrate even to the land of joy and desolation — the glorious and wasted Palestine. He had been as yet only three quarters of a year absent, and this was his second illness. It was evident that the climate of Italy did not agree with him. The image of her he loved pining for him, and crushed by the dislike of his step-mother, rose vividly before him. He saw her paler and thinner, watching with tearful eyes the embers as they fell, and thinking of him so far away, with a heart growing daily fainter, and wearying for the comfort of his cheering voice. He read those parts of his brother's letter, which related to her, again and again. To be so clear to the eyes of the boy, it



must be bad indeed. He himself, too, was lonely and sorrowful. The sweet communion of thought and feeling to which he had become habituated, was checked, and the deepest emotions of his soul lay, unexpressed, a heavy burden on his spirit. One bold stroke, and she was his own for ever. He knew his father's indulgence, and that his mother's influence, though great, was not unlimited.

The yearning to England once indulged, became irresistible. Arguments readily presented themselves, not only excusing, but justifying, the apparent disobedience; and the next morning saw him already on his return. Once started, his impatience knew no bounds. No railway, no steamboat, was sufficiently expeditious for him; almost before an answer could have been received to his brother's letter, he arrived in person at his father's door.

Amazement was the first emotion produced by his unlooked-for appearance — amazement, quickly succeeded by pleasurable sensations in the breast of his father, by angry consternation in that of Lady Irwin, while Edward could hardly restrain his admiration and satisfaction at a promptitude so much in harmony with his wishes.

The tumult of feeling with which he beheld his son, travel-worn and haggard from recent illness, prevented Sir Edward from remarking the uncontroll-

able emotion of Lady Irwin. But Frank, whose perception was sharpened by anxiety, read her unspoken anger. His quivering lips hardly touched the cheek she mechanically presented to him; and she felt that if not before, now, at least, he knew the purpose lying in her heart. As by mutual consent, they shrunk from each other's gaze; for each felt the need of concealment. But Lady Irwin was stung almost to madness by the unrestrained joy with which his brother's return was welcomed by the child for whose aggrandisement she was prepared to jeopardise soul and body.

"Helen, you look pale, love," said Sir Edward, when the first excitement was over, and he had leisure to think of his wife. "This mad freak of Frank's has startled the blood from your cheeks. No wonder, either, — the silly fellow to come back without a single word of warning. Bringing such haggard looks, too. Your mother was growing anxious about you, Frank, and had just persuaded me that it would be pleasant to go and have a look at the old places again, when you must needs come blundering back. I am heartily glad to see you, nevertheless; and Kate, I've a shrewd guess, will not be sorry. She is not quite so rosy as she was, poor little girl, but your absence has told more on yourself than on her."

"She'll be all right now," exclaimed Edward, unable to keep



silence longer. "I'll be up sometimes in the morning, and run over and give her a hint. She is not a colossus of strength; and there's no telling what might happen if she saw you all at once and unexpectedly. She might take you for a pallida imago, instead of a true flesh and blood lover."

"I have not heard Catherine complain of illness," said Lady Irwin, "you should not frighten your brother without reason, Edward."

"Yes, yes; Kitty will be well enough now," said Sir Edward, "never fear, Frank. Love tortures, but he seldom kills, if the poor victims only continue of one mind."

"I acknowledge that I was drawn home, in great measure, by anxiety for Catherine," said Frank, cheered by his father's cordial kindness. "Not that I doubted your indulgence to one so very dear to me, or that I should have ventured to return without your permission if I had been in health to use my time either profitably or agreeably."

"Well, we should have liked a little notice, if it were only to have the opportunity of welcoming you with proper honour; but who has a greater right to be here than you? I thought a little travelling would be of use to you. Besides, I had a fancy to test the quality of your love, which your mother thought might possibly have no more stuff in it than first attachments often have. But

since it was strong enough to render Italy, with all its charms of climate and association, distasteful, we are quite satisfied, are we not, Helen?"

"I assert no authority over Frank," said Lady Irwin, "however my interest in his welfare may have induced me to offer him unpalatable advice."

"So the young signor is returned," said Agnese, as she combed her lady's hair, "without warning, and unexpected!"

"He knows that he can insult me with impunity," returned Lady Irwin, "and that my influence over his father is gone."

"His love for the Curé's daughter has made him mad," said Agnese.

"Yes; and not him alone. She has won my husband from me. My very child she would not leave to me."

"He knows not what he does. She has won him with her false smiles, and he is entangled in her meshes; but fear not, Madonna; we are not yet overcome."

"The joy of life is gone," returned Lady Irwin, with fierce depression, "it were well for me to die."

"Be not troubled, Madonna, or let your purpose be shaken by the pride of this self-willed boy. Rouse your great heart. Let it never be said that you have been wronged with impunity."

"Do not tempt me, Agnese. Leave the dark thoughts in my soul, and do not make them



more familiar by clothing them in words. I am sick and weary. I am alone — my very child arrays himself with my enemies.”

“O! he knows not the interests at stake; he is still a child. No blood of mine flows in his veins; yet for your sake, Madonna, and for the memory of the long days and nights when he lay cradled in my arms, I would count life little to serve him!”

“Senseless as you are!” cried Lady Irwin, with an impatience not unlike that of an untamed horse excited beyond endurance by the application of the spur, “do you talk of what *you* would do, you who have never borne a child — who have only rocked to rest the child of others? Is he not mine — mine in mind and body? The hair that clusters on his brow he had from me; and in which of the tame Irwins would you see the flash of such an eye as his? He is the one thing on earth that is mine; and do you think there is anything I would not do for his sake? But were he nothing, I have still sufficient motives. They have treated me with scorn — almost with open defiance. They have turned from me the affections of my husband! But if I must be miserable, they at least shall not rejoice.”

“There the signora spoke worthily of herself,” cried Agnese, her dark eyes flashing; “but strong deeds are the language that she must learn to use to her enemies. The blood of the south is hot as its sun; that

of the north cold as its winter streams.”

“Agnese,” replied Lady Irwin, rising and fixing a look upon her that made her quail, so stern — so cruel — it was, “there is blood flowing in my veins hot and impetuous as in those of the fiercest barbarian of the south. There are tales told of the clansmen of my house which would make even your Italian heart stand still. The snows of ten thousand winters will never cool the blood of the fiery Celt. The days of strong deeds are past, and this puny generation drags the chain its fathers burst. Nevertheless fear not. I am no unworthy daughter of the MacDonalds.”

#### CHAPTER XI.

It was a bright morning; the sky was cloudless, and the genial west wind sweeping over the grass, crisped with hoar frost, seemed to antedate the return of spring. In some sheltered nooks, which Catherine well knew, the violets were already in blossom, and she was returning from an early ramble, with a small bunch of these precious flowers, when Edward came bounding along to meet her: now followed, now preceded by his favourite hound, who had caught the joyousness of his master's spirit, and emulated his activity.

“Good news, Kitty!” he cried, as soon as she came within ear-shot. “Good news, little sister;



what will you give me for my news?"

"Have you got your pony?" asked Kate in reply.

"Pony!" retorted Edward, scornfully. "Don't I tell you it's great news — news for you, my darling!" and he flung his arms about her and kissed her.

There was a fluttering motion at Kitty's heart; the colour left her cheeks, and she looked at him trembling.

"Well, why don't you guess? Why don't you laugh, or cry, or do something, Kitty? You couldn't look worse if I had said the news was bad. Come, haven't you a bit of Pandora's curiosity? Must I take my glorious news home again, because you won't give the least touch to the lid?"

"I know you are going to see Frank," said Kitty, tremulously. "Lady Irwin told me about it yesterday morning."

"No, that's not it. Guess again! But there, I won't torture you, dear. Strange, isn't it, Kate, that a man of taste like Frank, shouldn't like Italy?"

"If that's your news, Edward, I had a shrewd guess of it before."

"Why, of course you had, when he began at the top of the sheet with O! how am I to exist another day without you! and ended at the bottom of the fourth side with — I feel convinced I must expire if I don't see you to-morrow — all four sides written close and crossed, and all to the same tune."

"You are a saucy boy, Edward, and want to provoke me to show you Frank's letters. You know well enough he never crosses them, and that there is often room for a great deal more when he finishes."

"With 'Yours till death, eternally and for ever.' Well, I'm sure I don't know what a love-letter is like, and I don't suppose I ever shall. I daresay Frank's letters are just what they should be, or that you think them so — which is quite as good; but I can tell you, you're not likely to have any more of them just at present, so you'd better make the most of what you have. I'll bet you Mad Tom to your father's old cob that he won't write to you for a month to come."

"Have they heard from him at the Hall, then?" said Kate, bewildered.

"Yes, truly, have they. In a most substantial manner has he forced on their astounded minds the fact that he has a good stout will of his own, and that he has no idea of being sent out of the way that people may worry his little bride out of her pretty looks. I'll tell you what, Kitty, Frank has a great deal more spirit than I ever gave him credit for. You ought to be proud of him. He has done the very thing I should have done myself!"

"But what has he done?" cried Catherine, impatiently.

"O you're coming up at last, are you, like a shy bottle of ale when it is held to the fire? Know,



O sweet Kitty, that your future lord has shown himself a fine fellow, and won't be hoodwinked by my revered and incomprehensible mamma, and that I came off this morning to impart to you the intelligence, that he came home last night, to the confusion of his enemies, the delight of his affectionate father, of his devoted brother, and of his blushing bride. But I say, dear, what's the matter? Kitty, I say, dear Kitty, don't be a little fool please, dear!"

The abrupt announcement of the return of her lover — a joy so sudden, so unlooked for, was indeed too much for Catherine's strength, enfeebled as she was by long separation, and by the wearing sickness of hope deferred; she would have fallen had not the boy caught her in his arms. He bore her with difficulty to the bank at the side of the road, and was running to seek assistance, when his brother, whose impatience had become uncontrollable, and who had wandered thus far in search of his betrothed, came up. A little water, brought from a neighbouring rivulet in Edward's cap, and dashed on Catherine's face, aided in reviving her: the sight of her lover bending over her with a look of earnest solicitude did more. He folded her in his arms, and all the troubled past seemed to vanish like a dream, or only to be remembered to intensify the happiness of the reunion.

There was a long silence. Tears falling like genial rain, and a joy so solemn, that they held their breath as they stood locked hand in hand beneath the arch of the spring heavens.

When the first rapture of their meeting was over, Catherine's anxious eyes detected marks of uncontrollable suffering in her lover's countenance. His eyes, which looked larger and brighter than they were wont to look, were circled with black rings, his hands were parched, and the bronzed hue of his complexion told of fatigue and exposure rather than of health.

The imprudence with which he had acted was too evident. The marsh fever was still hanging about him when he set out on his hasty journey. The excitement produced by Edward's letter, which confirmed his worst fears, had rendered him for the time superior and insensible to his bodily infirmity. A troubled night, hardly visited by rare snatches of sleep, at last brought the morning, when he was once again to see her, made so much dearer by absence and by sorrow, borne for his sake. The cold water with which he bathed his burning temples stilled their throbbing for awhile; the fresh air, and the near hope of seeing his beloved, deadened the aching of his limbs and the fever in his throat; but now that the first joy of meeting was over, that he had held her in his arms, and felt her still all his own, he was obliged



to succumb to the lassitude that oppressed him, and to acknowledge the too evident fact that he was not well.

He returned home in the hope that a few hours' rest might restore him; but Nature is a stern avenger, and exacts a heavy fine for over-taxed or abused powers. The excitement and disquietude in which he had lived for the last eighteen months had gradually undermined his vigorous constitution. The unexpressed displeasure of his step-mother weighed upon his heart with a foreboding which defied all his efforts to shake it off, and filled him with vague and paralyzing alarm. During the first few months of his residence abroad the variety of interests which crowded upon him had distracted his attention; Catherine's letters full of hopeful tenderness quieted his anxiety on her account; while Lady Irwin herself, relieved by his absence, wrote with cordiality, almost with affection. But when the novelty of foreign life began to wear off, when Lady Irwin had returned to Swallowfield, and, irritated by Catherine's frequent presence, and by the affection with which Sir Edward treated her, either ceased to write to the traveller, or wrote only letters so hard and dry, that the effort they had cost was too palpable to be mistaken; when Catherine's depression became evident in spite of her attempted cheerfulness; Frank's buoyancy of spirit gave way, and

he began to succumb to the effects of the climate, which trying as it is to many English constitutions, did not suit him, and neglected such precautions as might, perhaps, have preserved him in health and inured him to it.

So, now the fever, which had been checked, flew to the head; the overtaxed brain ceased to discharge its healthy office; his ravings were wild and incessant; his heart troubles mixing themselves up incongruously with scenes of foreign adventure; he called often and piteously on the name of his beloved, who seemed to his distempered fancy to be in fearful danger; with wild supplication or stormy menace he sought to protect her from a powerful but unnamed enemy. The whole household was filled with consternation. Sir Edward stood gazing on his fiery vacant eyes with an anguish too big for tears. Poor Edward ran vainly to and fro, overwhelming himself with reproaches for the heedless rashness with which he had communicated his suspicions to his brother. Catherine, pale and tremulous, crept from the Parsonage to the Hall, seeking for tidings she dared not ask for; her still woe-begone countenance, and eager tearless eyes, were not the least grievous sight in all those grievous days. Sir Edward meeting her, lost the recollection of his own sorrow, and wept for the poor child who had no tears for herself.



Strange and strong was the conflict of Lady Irwin's feelings. The moment when the dear wish of her heart would be gratified seemed to have arrived; the life which stood between her son and the inheritance was fluttering on the verge of eternity. Agnese did not fail to offer congratulations, and with dark pupils distending to suggest that a slight mistake in the giving of a potion might make that certain which was already probable. Lady Irwin rejected the suggestion with indignation, and devoted herself with energy to the care of the sufferer; she shrunk from the presence of her confidante, and if by chance they met, she hurried by her as if she had been some venomous creature: above all, she sedulously guarded the approach to the sick man's chamber, gave him his medicines herself, and administering nothing without previously subjecting it to a careful examination.

She seemed insensible to fatigue. Hour after hour, day after day, she went to and fro in the sick room, with pale set features, like one acting under strong excitement, or afraid to break a spell. She hardly spoke, either in answer to the grateful thanks of her husband, or to the passionate caresses of her son; but one day, when Catherine crept to her, and kissed her hand in token of the gratitude she could not speak, Lady Irwin stopped as she was traversing the corridor, and bending her head, pressed her

lips on the brow of the trembling girl.

"Poor child," she said, "go and pray, and see if that will comfort thee."

It was at the time when the fever was at its height; the Doctors, of whom two had been fetched from London, had almost given up hope. The patient's strength seemed exhausted; he lay motionless, almost lifeless, his nervous hands were wan and passive, or convulsed by feeble twitterings; the wavy hair, which used to fall in such comely masses about his face was all gone; his manly beauty withered like the leaves in autumn.

Who can tell what were Lady Irwin's thoughts as she sat through those long nights and days by the wreck of him whom she had taught herself by slow degrees to regard as the enemy of her son? Who can tell how much of her old tenderness to the fair motherless boy returned; how the helplessness of the suffering man recalled the weakness and dependence of the child; how the fever-parched lips awakened memories of the sweet firm lips that had so often pressed hers, and the joyous love of the child's close embrace. Prostrate — helpless — there was nothing antagonistic there. Helen Irwin was of a temper too lofty to war with the powerless.

After a long time there came a dawn of hope. The youthful constitution, the careful tending, the earnest prayers, prevailed,



and Death released his prey. Deep thankfulness and silent joy succeeded to despair in Catherine's heart. Sir Edward came out of his study and walked again among his trees; Edward scampered over hill and dale, to tame the spirit of his horse, wanton with too long idleness. The crisis was past; Frank would recover — slowly, tediously — but he would recover.

With the danger, Lady Irwin's care ceased. No sooner did he open his eyes upon her, animated by intelligence; no sooner did health-bringing sleep return to him than she withdrew from his chamber, leaving him to the attendance of the hired nurses, and only paying occasional visits to his room, which became shorter and rarer as he progressed in his recovery. His convalescence was tedious and wearisome, with many lets and hindrances, much lassitude and frequent suffering; but whatever aid art or science could afford to alleviate the one or remove the other was used unsparingly, and the light of love gladdened him. Catherine seemed to have lost all recollection of her own worn health and spirits in the necessity for encouraging and strengthening him. Full of gratitude for the great mercy vouchsafed to her in his preservation, her joy manifested itself in a sweet and innocent gaiety — a cheerful lovingness of spirit, that shed sunshine over the life of her betrothed, and helped him more than anything else to the

recovery of his strength. Her gratitude to Lady Irwin was so warm that it overcame the dread she had been accustomed to feel in her presence; and though Lady Irwin was still cold and stately in her manner towards her, Catherine had won something upon her regard. She could no longer look upon her as a being without passion; the feeling she had shown was unmistakable, and just of the kind which Lady Irwin could appreciate. Loud lamentations or stormy grief she would have despised; but she sympathised with the stony agony of her countenance and her voiceless despair. She could no longer think her impassive or commonplace. She might hate, but she could not now despise her.

Her mind at that period was in a struggling, combating, fluctuating condition. Agnese revenged her late slight by almost unbroken silence, which Lady Irwin, too proud to make concessions, repaid with haughty contempt. Sir Edward, charmed out of all suspicion by the extraordinary devotion of her attendance on his son, had returned to something like a lover's tenderness. It seemed almost as if the evil thought which had long nestled in the depths of her heart might be crushed — perhaps, but for the Italian woman, it might have been. But Satan little loves to quit a tenement in which he has been welcomed and cherished; and evil acts are the legitimate offspring of evil thoughts.



## CHAPTER XII.

It was some two months since the favourable turn had taken place, and Frank had begun to amend, when, coming home from his usual evening stroll to the Parsonage, he met his father, smoking his cigar, under the lime-trees, by the river-side.

"Well, my boy," said Sir Edward, "you don't look very brilliant yet. A month or so in Devonshire would set you up nicely."

"Indeed, sir, I am perfectly well," returned his son in alarm. "The evening is unusually warm, and we walked a little too far. I hope you are not thinking of sending me away again so soon?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, I've been hatching a little plan that I don't think you'll object to. You know there is a small estate in Devonshire, which belonged to your mother. The house is not much more than a cottage, but it is very pretty and compact. Captain Martyn, who has rented it for these fifteen years, has been for some time in failing health; and I have this evening received intimation of his death. As I supposed probable, his widow does not wish to continue my tenant; and it has occurred to me that if the house were brightened up a little — it's very pretty, and the scenery about it splendid — it might not be so bad for you and Kitty, just for a year or two, till my shoes are ready for you. This would make everything smooth.

Not that I want to send you away, my dear fellow. God knows, the house will be dull enough without you both!"

"We cannot expect you to make such a sacrifice for us, sir," said Frank, his cheek glowing with surprise and pleasure.

"O, as to that, the less we say of that, the better. The property was your mother's; so it is a matter of mere justice. My idea is, that if I allow you three hundred a-year, you may manage to live quietly down there. The estate itself is not unproductive, and might be improved if any one were resident upon it who would undertake to study agriculture as a science. So much is doing in that way now, that extraordinary obstinacy and stupidity may soon cease to be regarded as necessary qualifications for a farmer."

This scheme had been maturing for some time in Sir Edward's mind. The anxiety he had endured during his son's illness, and during his rather slow recovery, had determined him to expedite a marriage which he saw to be indispensable to his happiness. It had been his purpose to communicate his project to his wife, and to obtain her concurrence before mentioning it to his son; but coming unexpectedly on Frank just when he had received intelligence of the removal of the only obstacle that stood in his way, he had yielded to the impulse of the moment, and had spoken to him of a plan



which he knew would give him extreme pleasure, and which, he hoped, would accelerate his recovery.

When they had discussed the subject for a little while, Sir Edward went in search of his wife, while Frank retired to his chamber. Lady Irwin sat by the fire, drawing. She drew finely, and she loved the art. Sir Edward stood over her for a while, and admired the design, pointing out at the same time some defects in the execution; then, turning to the fire, he stood some time in silence, and, taking up a book, seemed lost in the perusal of it, till at last he suddenly said, not without a slight tremor in his voice,

"By the way, Helen, did I tell you Martyn was dead?"

Lady Irwin answered in the negative; but she did not feel sufficient interest in the intelligence to interrupt her occupation.

"Yes, poor fellow! he is gone at last," continued Sir Edward. "It is surprising that he lasted so long, considering the rough usage the French gave him in the last war. He must have been nearly eighty. He was a bit of true British oak, tough to the last chip. Of course, Mrs. Martyn does not stay at Elington. Her nephew writes me word that she wishes to give it up at once, which is fortunate, for I could not well have turned her out."

"Do you think you are likely

to get a higher rent for the place, then?"

"O, no! the rent Martyn paid was well enough. I have been thinking it would do for Frank and Kitty. To be sure, the house is small, and I dare say will want something done to it; but it is a snug little place, and Devonshire will probably suit Frank, now that terrible fever has made him delicate. You know it is, in a manner, his native air. His mother was born and brought up there."

Lady Irwin bent lower over her drawing. Sir Edward continued speaking, fast, but with a sense of growing uneasiness.

"I know that you are as anxious as I am to promote his happiness; and it is very fortunate that we are able to gratify him without trenching materially on our income. For my own part, I acknowledge that at first I did not feel the necessity of a second establishment. But I dare say you were right, and I am sure you will share my satisfaction in an arrangement which meets all the requirements of the case."

"They cannot live there without an income," said Lady Irwin, after a long pause.

"As to that, I should wish to consult you; for you know so much better than I do what would be necessary. I do not think they will require more than two hundred and fifty, or three hundred at first; for Frank must take care of himself; and Kitty has no extravagant notions. I



suppose they can stay with us when they come to town."

Lady Irwin made no reply. Her husband, oppressed by the ominous silence, drew his chair closer to the hearth, and stirred the fire with an attempt to seem unconcerned. There was something irresistibly overwhelming in Lady Irwin's silence, and in the continued but irregular movement of her pencil. After some minutes, she gathered her drawing-materials together, and was leaving the room, when Sir Edward, taking her by the hand, looked up into her face with an attempt at a smile, saying,

"Come, sit down, Helen, and let us talk it over."

"There can be no need to talk over what you have already arranged," she returned, coldly disengaging her hand; and without another word, or a backward look, she left the room.

"Here's a pretty storm," muttered Sir Edward. "If Helen did but know how like Tisiphone she looks in that angry mood of her's, she would not be angry so often. Who could have anticipated such a reception of a plan which sets everything to rights? O, woman, woman, incomprehensible, irrational, contradictory!"

So saying, or rather so thinking, he turned for consolation to his book, and contrived to lose, for a while, the sense of domestic disquiet in the brilliant and witty pleading of one of his favourite essayists.

Not so, Lady Irwin. The burning indignation which she had violently repressed, burst out in fiery words as soon as she reached her chamber, and stood face to face with Agnese, busied there with duties of her office.

"Urge what you will now, Agnese, you shall not find me flagging. I was a fool to spurn your advice before; but his weakness made me childish. Now, all that is past, and you need not fear me; I am despised, and counted as nothing by my husband and by the boy I saved from the jaws of death. They hold their consultations; they determine what they will do; and, when it is done, they bid me receive with joy the intelligence that my child is counted as nothing in his father's sight, and that we are to be robbed of a third of our income. O! had I but hearkened to the voice that bade me listen to you, when he lay senseless and powerless — when disease had done the work ready to my hand, and only to leave undone was needful. Now, he is strong again in mind and body, and the strength he has regained, through my help, he uses to insult and injure me! He must needs enter on the estate at once. He must sow enmity between me and my husband. When was it before, since the day when he first called me wife, that Sir Edward decided on even the smallest of his affairs without me? Now he consults, he decides, he portions out his in-



come; and, when it is done, he tells me thus and thus it is to be. Devise what you will — fear no finching in me, now.”

“Noble Madonna,” cried Agnese, with a look of triumph, “now you are yourself again, all will be well; the daughter of the Curé shall never queen it here; and Edward shall inherit the lands of his father.”

“We must be careful what we do, Agnese: we must be subtle and secret. Sir Edward has given to his son, to this Frank, who, but for me, might be lying in the vault beside his mother, the house in Devonshire, because it was his mother’s, and he is quite sure that I must approve of so equitable an arrangement. The poor simpleton, Ann Irwin, left the house to her husband, thinking, I suppose, that no second love would banish her pale image from his heart, and that he could soar to no higher passion. This house is to be rendered back to her son, that he may live there with his wife; and that they may enjoy their Paradise, three hundred pounds a-year is to be taken from our income. Listen, Agnese, I will urge my husband to send his son to Elington; he shall alter and furnish to his taste. I will have liberal means placed at his disposal; the garden and the pleasure-grounds shall be re-arranged to his fancy; and he shall dream of the happiness he is never to know, as he wanders through the newly-adorned rooms, and lingers

under the trees. He shall return to fetch his bride — she shall twine the orange-flowers in her hair — the wedding guests shall assemble — but the ringers who were to ring out the wedding peal shall toll for a death.”

“Will you not destroy the girl with her lover?” inquired Agnese, eagerly.

“No, I hate her too much; she has won from me the hearts of all I love; but for her smiles and soft voice I might have lived happy and innocent. She loves him, Agnese; he is as dear to her as the light of heaven. She shall live to pine for him in hopeless sorrow.”

“We must be wise and secret,” said Agnese. “The crime shall be mine, the vengeance yours.”

“Never fear, Agnese. The vengeance I will take, shall be sudden and certain as the swoop of the eagle. But enough, we have time to spare; to deceive them into security must be our present labour.”

#### CHAPTER XIII.

“KITTY,” cried Edward, bursting into the drawing-room, at the Parsonage, where Catherine sat with an open book before her, but thoughts wandering far away, “Kitty, my dear sister, what am I to do? Here I have been puzzling my brain for the last ten days to compose an Epithalamium for you and Frank! I tried Greek first, but you know I’ve only read the



Prometheus, and Iambics don't come easy. I tried Latin next, but I couldn't determine whether it should be in Sapphics or Alcaics, and owing to the confusion of my mind, half the stanza was in one and half in the other; so down I fell to English, plain, wholesome English, as father calls it — which is, after all, the most Christian language of the three. I shall have a couple of hours' hard fighting with the Muse, by and by, and I'll bring her coy ladyship to terms, depend upon it. If you could but help me to a rhyme, now and then — but, of course, that is not to be expected. Mother is tremendously grand to-day. I can't get a word out of her, or I'd have pressed her into the service. She is glorious at finding rhymes. She has got a splendid gown for to-morrow, and a bonnet my aunt would give her ears for."

"I wish I could show her how grateful I am for all her goodness to us," said Catherine.

"I don't think you need feel oppressed by the weight of the obligation," replied Edward, gaily; "though I must say mother has behaved splendidly about Elington; and one must not mind her being a little cross sometimes. But come, Kitty! If I go and fetch the horses, you'll have one more ride with me, won't you, before you join the formidable corps of matrons. Just one last ride?"

Catherine not unwillingly con-

sented, for she loved the boy dearly; and, in the near approach of an event so important, she felt herself unable to exercise her habitual control over her thoughts. It was a day in early autumn. The foliage had lost nothing of its summer fullness, though it was coloured here and there with the beautiful shades that herald its decay. Roses clustered round the cottage doors, and the air was fragrant with clematis, while the stately autumn flowers nodded queenly greetings to each other, and the ripe fruits basked in the sunshine. The fresh wind, the blue sky, the rich landscape, combined to raise the spirits of the riders. Never had Edward looked so handsome; never had the play of his mind been so graceful. Catherine could not help gazing with admiration on his dark animated countenance, and on the supple grace of his movements.

"I will be with you before breakfast to-morrow, Kitty," he gaily cried, as he rode away, leading the pony she had been riding "as soon as ever Frank is off my hands! And never fear but I'll finish the Epithalamium, if I invoke all the Nine, at once, to my aid."

She lingered to look after him as he rode down the lane, on his glossy chestnut hunter, singing joyously, and with many a bright backward look and glad farewell.



## CHAPTER XIV.

THE autumn day had long since closed. Lurid clouds shut in the horizon; and the full harvest moon waded through majestic clouds — now walled in dense masses — now in fragments of grotesque shape. Lady Irwin stood on the balcony on which her dressing-room opened. The heavy shade of the trees; the stillness, broken fitfully by the moanings of the rising wind, and the jagged clouds; were in grand harmony with her spirit. The weight at her heart seemed a little lightened as she contemplated, in the deepening night, this tempest hatching in apparent calm, and ready to burst.

The door of the chamber opened, but so softly, that it was only by the current of air produced that Lady Irwin was aware of it. Agnese entered the room, her olive cheek pale, and her thin lips compressed.

Lady Irwin stepped slowly from the balcony, her eyes fixed in eager inquiry on her attendant.

"It is done," said the Italian, speaking with difficulty from her parched throat. Then, after a pause, she added, more quickly, "it was quite easy. The glass was on the table where Elton had placed it, with the Seltzer water. It was all as usual. The night is hot; he will certainly drink."

"If he should discover it," said Lady Irwin.

"I placed the powder in the glass as you bade me. It is

impalpable, — if there is only enough."

"What I gave you would destroy half-a-dozen lives. But what, if he should not drink?"

"I do not fear that. He will be weary. And lest that cold drink should be insufficient to tempt him, I got some claret, and placed it hard by. The Curé has no great choice of wines. He will not fail to drink."

"Is he not yet come home? He lingers to-night. I wish it were over. This suspense is unendurable. Did you hear nothing then?"

"Only the sighing of the wind through the trees. There will be wild work among them to-night. Wild work within, and wild work without: stout young branches rent and snapped, like a tulip by the hand of a child."

"Be silent, Agnese," cried Lady Irwin, fiercely; "the sound of your voice makes me mad! Be silent, and let me listen."

In obedience to her command Agnese was silent. The agony of expectation became every moment more intense. Yet there was no touch of remorse — no timely repentance. Every nerve was stimulated to the highest pitch of sensibility. Sounds, in general scarcely audible, seemed so loud and importunate, as to be almost unendurable. Every pulsation of the great clock on the staircase, the fluttering of a moth against the window, the whizzing of a bat's wing in its



tortuous flight, were all so many sources of agony.

"The glass must be changed, and the wine taken away," said Lady Irwin, at last, unable longer to endure the silence. "Have you thought of that, Agnese? They will betray us."

"I shall not dare to go in," cried Agnese, shrinking with terror.

"Not dare to go in!" repeated Lady Irwin, with surprise. "Why not? What should you fear?"

"When he is dead!" said Agnese, in a low voice.

"What harm can the poor clay do you, simpleton?" cried Lady Irwin, scornfully. "What! the daughter of Beatrice Pistorella!"

Agnese hung her head, and was silent.

"He will only look like one in a deep sleep — like one in a deep leaden sleep. We have only lulled him to sleep — to the sweet dreamless sleep that knows no waking. His individual essence — that in him which groaned and suffered — will be resumed into the great all-pervading soul. He is but rocked to sleep a little before his time, to be reproduced in some other form of being. It is she who will suffer; the pain and the woe will be all hers. But hark! I hear Sir Edward's door open. He will be amazed to find me still dressed. Quick, Agnese. Give me my dressing-gown, and let down my hair."

As she hastened the operations of her waiting-woman, whose hands, cold and clammy with

excitement, were little apt to render her service, the clock struck eleven.

"He cannot be long now," said Lady Irwin, assisting her maid to unfasten the long coils of her hair. "If you are afraid to go alone, wait for me, and, when Sir Edward is asleep, I will come to your room, and we will go together. How awkward you are to-night, Agnese. Comb my hair carefully instead of tearing it. Do you forget we are to have a wedding to-morrow?"

At this moment Sir Edward came through the dressing-room. He paused to say a few words to his wife, and to make some inquiries as to the arrangements for the morrow. Lady Irwin's face reflected in the mirror, shaded though it was by the profuse masses of her hair, struck him by its extreme pallor, made the more remarkable by the feverish brilliancy of her eyes. He lingered to observe her, and, tenderly chiding her negligence of her health, closed the window.

It seemed to Lady Irwin and to Agnese that he would never go. In vain she returned short answers. He was evidently disturbed about her. He would not go, but began to talk of other things. Aware of the extreme danger of awakening his suspicions, she did her best to simulate an interest she did not feel. But when she became aware that some one was moving in the room above, which was Frank's, her excitement became uncontrollable. At length,



shaking her hair over her face, so as almost to conceal her features, she said, with a desperate attempt at playfulness,

"Come Edward, I shall quarrel with you, if you do not go quickly. Here I have kept poor Agnese for half-an-hour over my hair. Remember we must be up betimes in the morning."

As she spoke there was a slight tumult over head, and a sound as of something falling.

"Frank is noisy," said Sir Edward, with a smile. "I suppose he doesn't feel particularly sleepy. I didn't know he was come home." And so saying, he took up his candle and went into the bedroom.

When he was gone, Lady Irwin closed the door, and turned her face towards Agnese. The two guilty creatures looked at each other in speechless but eager inquiry. They listened breathlessly, but there was nothing more to break the stillness above. The great clock ticked, the wind wailed among the trees, and the rain came in heavy drops, splashing on the terrace and ploughing up the earth. With these sounds, mingled the peaceful movements of Sir Edward as he prepared for repose. The lightning flashed across the windows in fierce succession, disclosing the ruffled landscape and the pale eager faces of the wicked women.

All at once there was a noise of opening and shutting doors; a quick step mounted the stairs;

it passed Lady Irwin's door, and ascended to the room above. The women looked at each other in an agony of expectation; who can imagine the inexpressible terror of that moment!

Who was it that came so swiftly? — who had fallen a few minutes before? The steps in the chamber above went rapidly to and fro. Then there were a momentary pause — a great cry of surprise or terror — hasty movements — the flinging open of a window — the violent ringing of a bell — the heavy step of one carrying a burden; then a hasty running down stairs, and a pause at Sir Edward's door.

"For God's sake, get up, sir!" cried Frank's voice, in a whisper, a whisper terribly audible to Lady Irwin. "Don't alarm my mother: Edward is ill."

"Where? What is the matter?" cried Sir Edward, starting up in alarm.

"I don't know — he seems to have fainted. He is in my room. I'll go —"

But here he was interrupted by a shriek so loud, so terrible, that it seemed like the rending asunder of soul and body, and Lady Irwin rushed in with fierce desperate eyes, demanding the truth.

Wildly raving, and followed by Sir Edward and his son, who strove in vain to restrain her, and wondered at her strange and terrible words, she rushed to the chamber where the awful punishment of her crime awaited her. Little wonder that the sight which



there blasted her vision overthrew her reason; for there he lay, the gallant boy just on the verge of manhood, not half an hour ago so full of joy and promise, dead on a couch beside the opened window, the stormy wind blowing his long hair wildly to and fro.

On the table stood the glass, and by it lay the copy of verses which had been the occasion of his visit to his brother's room. He had gone to rest early, as his mother thought, but he had set his heart on finishing his poem, and having succeeded beyond his expectation, had taken it to read to his brother: entering his room by a study common to the two. The wine which was to ensure the destruction of his brother had tempted the boy, weary with excitement, and he had drunk.

Consternation and dismay spread through the house and village. The facts of the case were too notorious to be concealed. Lady Irwin's reason was destroyed by the frightful catastrophe; and she now bemoaned her child — now demanded vengeance on his murderess. Agnese, overwhelmed by her reproaches, attempted neither escape nor defence. With a curious self-devotion, she found some solace in her misery by arrogating to herself the guilt which she shared with her mistress; and in her shameful death felt a glow of triumph in the thought that she

suffered for the only being she loved.

Sir Edward, overwhelmed by the loss of his child and by the crime of his wife, humbled himself at the foot of the cross, and in the depth of his misery learnt to prize the light which, if he had not despised, he had disregarded. The marriage between Frank and Catherine was solemnised by his desire, when a year had passed; and they retired to Devonshire, where, in works of active benevolence, and in a fervent but humble spirit, they endeavoured to live by the precepts of the great Master, whose kingdom is yet to come.

## CHIP.

### BRIMSTONE.

IN stating, in the article on Electric Light,\* that there are no deposits of sulphur in this country, and that it derives its supplies wholly from Sicily, a correspondent is good enough to inform us that we overlooked the produce of the Irish mines.

It appears, from his statement, that the Wicklow mines have, for the last fifteen years, produced a large quantity of iron pyrites containing about forty-five per cent. of sulphur: the produce has amounted, in part of that period, to one hundred thousand tons per annum, and is capable of increase. This ore has been extensively used by the various

\* At page 277 of Volume XXXI.



alkali manufacturers instead of Sicilian brimstone, and has greatly reduced the cost of the latter. It is now considered an important product, and has been the means of giving employment to great numbers of otherwise destitute persons. If this substitute for Sicilian brimstone had not been found, that article would now be at an enormous price, instead of from five to six pounds sterling per ton.

### POULTRY ABROAD.

WHEN a fear was expressed to a very high personage that the late revolutionary proceeding in Spain might have the effect of unsettling things in France, he sagaciously replied that there was no real cause for anxiety. "France," he said, "often gives the plague, but never catches it." Still, there are several remarkable exceptions to the general truth of this imperial dictum. The notorious and historical Anglomania which naturalised such things and words jockey, the boxe, redingote, sport, boulingrin, biftik, plompudding, stúpide, and comfortable, is one of them. English seeds for French gardeners, English pigs and oxen for French farmers, English needles, pins, and thread for French seamstresses, English muslins and print dresses for French budding demoiselles, are all matters of desire in their ab-

session. Two items of live stock — sheep and poultry — have as yet remained in the primitive state in which chance and nature left them two or three hundred years ago.

It may be as well to state that on the continent poultry-fancying is a thing unknown. Whatever national advancement may be made in the education of young men and women by means of polytechnic and other schools and colleges, the bringing up of cocks and hens is sadly and grievously neglected. They are allowed to run about and do just as they like, without control or discipline. Breeds, strains, and distinctive markings thus become confusion worse confounded. The seaports often contain two or three households of respectable game fowls, brought over by steampacket captains, messengers, and other English birds of passage; but they are soon lost and merged in the multitude of mongrels, when their importers and owners take their flight elsewhere. There are districts in France which are (locally) celebrated for their poultry; but, as has appeared to our judgment, generally without sufficient cause. On eating them, an ordinary amateur would say they were hardly so good as the average of farmer's fowls at home; and as to looking at them, they will not bear the looking at. Le Mans in Maine, the Pays de Caux, and the neighbourhood of Le Havre in Normandy, and



other parts of France, are loudly vaunted for the poultry they produce. The kinds reared are either ill-bred Polands, an offshoot of the Spanish breed called *Creve-cœur* fowls, or barndoor fowls of unaccountable extraction. The immense multitude of eggs laid, the surplus only of which sent to England is astounding in its numbers, is to be accounted for without attributing any unusual merit to the hens, first, by the warmer and drier climate of France; and, secondly (what is too often forgotten when the respective produce of France and England is compared), by the immensely greater area which affords the supply. Englishmen, until they begin to travel, do not suspect how much greater in extent than their own snug little island are the interminable plains of the continent.

The best species of poultry in France, with reference both to the eye and the palate, are, first, the turkeys, which are excellent, being pure types of the genuine old black Norfolk breed. Mainly in consequence, it may be presumed, of the dry, warm, and long summer, they attain very considerable average weights, and appear very early on the table in the shape of poults. They might easily be kept and fattened up to great weights; but, it is not the fashion of French, and especially of Parisian dinners, to take pride or pleasure in mountains of meat. A moderate-sized hen turkey,

stuffed with truffles, if possible, is there the acme of excellence. Prime Ministers are reputed to have been bribed by the timely present of a *dinde truffée*. Turkeys, too, are almost the only birds which can be advantageously imported into England as stock; and they run so equal and so high in merit, that the merest tyro can hardly go wrong in making his selection. We therefore strongly advise all persons whose turkeys have not done well for the last few years, most likely on account of some hereditary weakness, entirely to get rid of their ailing patients, to make a careful inspection, reparation, and cleansing of their poultry-houses, and then to repeople them with healthy birds obtained direct from the north of France. Perhaps, as will be seen from what we have further to say, facilities will be hereafter afforded in the way of exchange.

The next best volatile thing which our Gallic neighbours have to boast of, but which they do not sufficiently appreciate themselves, are the wild-coloured call-ducks, or *canards de rappel*, which are to be found in several of the northern departments. They are not seen further in the interior, simply because, as a general rule, central France is comparatively deficient in water. These French call-ducks (the introduction of which would prove a valuable acquisition at home) are both admirable mothers and excellent eating; their plumage,



in its kind, is perfect; their flirtations and gambols on, under, and over the water, are most amusing; and their value as decoy-birds, on account of their sonorous and unwearied quack, is second to no other flat-foot in the world. Colonel Hawker truly says that three French ducks, like three Frenchmen, will make about as much noise as a dozen English. French geese are in little esteem; they are not a fashionable dish. They are looked upon as food for the common people, rather than for the rich bourgeois, or for the gentleman with a *de* before his name. The Parisian workman, when he has a mind for a treat, buys at a *rotisseur's*, or roaster's, a ready-roasted joint of goose. From the baker's shop next door he fetches sundry sous'-worth of bread. He then enters a *Commerce de Vins*, or wine-shop, protected, like the baker's, by an outside front of strong iron bars, which convert them into so many little fortresses, and render each man's shop his citadel, in case any popular outbreak should make the multitude too desirous of a gratuitous supply of the two principal articles of a Frenchman's diet, bread and wine. The only stylish morsel contained in a goose is the liver, which may make its appearance in a *paté*, especially when enlarged by disease to unnatural dimensions, on any table, and which the proudest nobleman of the legitimate party may con-

descend to taste without losing caste. To add to the French goose's humiliations, its feathers are in but minor request. Everybody sleeps either on wool mattresses, straw beds, or, in the south, on sacks stuffed with the husks of Indian corn. Feather beds to lay over you in winter are very general articles of chamber furniture, and very comfortable when you are not restless, and do not kick them off in the dead of the night. But these are filled, not with goose-feathers, but with eider-down.

Thirdly, the French domestic pigeons are large, plump, and succulent in their season. Amongst them, birds of the colour, form, and size of runts, are not unfrequent in tolerable purity. Good carriers are to be found in many of the large towns, especially the seaports. But the electric telegraph has in great part superseded them, and has ruined their prospects as professional birds. Other fancy pigeons are almost nonexistent. Traces of turbits and trumpeters are to be seen rarely, here and there. The only poultry curiosity which the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris at present contains, are some pure white silk-fowls, with good silky top-knots, also pure white. We may call them silky-Polish, if we please, and very pretty indeed they are. They would attract attention in any exhibition where the mania of the day did not blind amateurs to the merits of all but one special breed.



This premised, it will be believed that we were agreeably struck by the announcement of a poster that on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, the twenty-sixth, twenty-seventh, twenty-eighth, and twenty-ninth of October last, the Agricultural Society of Boulogne-sur-Mer would give an exposition of cereal grains, implements, plants for forage, roots, vegetables, fruits, and "foreign poultry." It is thus, in what may be called frontier towns, that the first specimens of transmarine taste are displayed, to find their way gradually further inland. As peculiarities of this exposition, it may be recorded that the middle of one day, Saturday, from twelve until three, was devoted to a public six-monthly sitting, in which several useful reports were read; that the admission during all the four days was gratuitous; you had nothing to do but to walk in, and behave yourself respectably; and that the place of exhibition was the library in the building which contains the Boulogne Museum, — two institutions to whose value, richness, and convenience many a passing literary stranger will cheerfully bear testimony.

Amongst other articles which made their appearance in the great room of the library, were the seed and fibre of the white-blossomed flax: enormous red and yellow beet-root, important hitherto for the sugar crop in France, and big enough to serve

as clubs for the protection of the town from foreign invasion; amongst these, were beet-root for cows, the third crop this summer after rye cut green, and flax; great variety of red and yellow carrots, like enormous sticks of vegetable barley-sugar; enormous drum-head and red cabbages, solid enough to serve as cannon-balls; specimens of oats, wheat, rye, and escourgeon, or four-rowed barley, in the straw, including some double-kernelled bearded wheat, all tending to calm the public mind touching any possible scarcity of grain; and five tables full of apples and pears, calculated to make streams of water rush into incalculable mouths.

The collection of stranger fowl, which represented Birmingham and all England, was small; let it not, therefore, be thought unimportant. Twelve wicker-baskets contained the whole. The favourite, perhaps, were the drake and two Aylesbury ducks, so delicate and sleepy that they looked as if they longed to be boiled and served up with white sauce to match their plumage. N.B. — If you don't know the merits of boiled ducks, we pity (without offence) your ignorance. A pair of white turkeys gave general satisfaction; and it was announced that their owner had several couples to sell; at the not extravagant price of thirty francs the couple. A pair of yellow bantams required tight lacing before they



could have shown their faces in the Midland Counties; but all the poultry was far too novel a sight for native connoisseurs to be over particular. Then there were a pair of silver-spangled Polish — white fowls caught in a shower of ink-drops; and a cock and two Brahma Pootra hens. The rest were ordinary Cochin Chinas.

"Look, my husband, at the cock with the gross voice, and without any tail. Look, too, at the wonderful red eggs which his hens have laid," said a farmeress of my acquaintance.

"Yes, my wife, I have been looking at him. Isn't he droll? Isn't he ugly?"

"Ugly!" said I. "He's the model of beauty. If you only knew the sums that have been paid for cocks and hens the like of those!"

"How much?" asked madame, carelessly. "I suppose they would sell for fifty sous each."

"Fifty sous! You would make amateurs faint to hear such words proceed from your lips. I dare not tell you how much they have sold for. You would treat me as one of your labourers did the other day, when I told him that the world was round like an apple, and not flat like a plate. You would not believe me."

"Tell me, tell me!" insisted the lady, whose curiosity rose with my reluctance to speak.

I whispered a sentence or two in her ear, for fear of being overheard by the bystanders and

being turned out of the room as an impudent impostor.

"Really? On your word of honour?" she asked, incredulously.

"Really. Upon my word of honour," I seriously replied.

"Tiens! my husband!" she said, seizing firm hold of his arm, to make the announcement the more impressive. "Monsieur tells me, on his word of honour, that a fowl like this has been sold in England for one hundred sterling English pounds, and that many other fowls have been acquired for prices not much inferior."

The farmer looked hard at me, and said, "Monsieur is not a liar, I know; although monsieur is often a farcer; but if monsieur gives his word of honour —" The shoulders finished the sentence which the mouth had begun.

"Only think, Louis," she continued, "for one such fowl as this, we could have two or three thousand plump young fowls. Wouldn't your brother, the captain, be glad of them, to put into his pot-à-feu before Sebastopol. And our poor son André is almost sure to fall to the conscription next year. If we had a Cochin China cock, we could sell him, and purchase a substitute with the money. The life of a man is worth the price of a fowl! I wish I had a Cochin China fowl!"

"Will you buy one cheap — for five hundred francs? I dare say I can procure you one from



England, now that the market is a little lowered."

"Do you think me ripe for the asylum, monsieur?"

"My dear friend," said Louis to his wife in an explanatory tone; "these English, you know, are always eccentric."

"And so were the Dutch, when they went mad after tulips;" I retorted. "And so were the French when they prostrated themselves before the Scotchman who blew the South Sea bubble."

"True, true;" concluded Louis. "Those follies have passed; and so will this."

Such was the poultry-show at Boulogne-sur-Mer — which we travelled several leagues out of our way to see — a small beginning which may have pleasant results, with all the greater probability now that the red heat of enthusiasm is cooling down to a more temperate degree. We should be sorry to be the historians to record the utter decline and fall of the fowl empire; and, perhaps, the continent may sustain the fortunes which are already beginning to fail in Great Britain. An early attempt, like this, at Boulogne, often gives no measure of ultimate success. When six bunches of rhubarb were taken to Covent Garden Market, as a venture, and three of them were brought back unsold, who would have dared to prognosticate the acres devoted to cultivate, and the waggons and horses employed to fetch, the stalks of this plant to make

tarts for the Londoners? Who, seeing the disfavour with which seakale was first received, would have ventured to predict the place it now holds on the list of vegetable delicacies?

Who would have thought that the poultry-shows of the north of England, excited by the breath of a popular book, would have grown to their dimensions and importance of to-day? — perhaps we ought to write — of yesterday? And who will say what may not be the consequence of these dozen cages of foreign fowl? It is known that the French government pays great attention to, and does all in its power to encourage country pursuits; and that if Europe were but once blessed with peace, the energies of that great country would be more devoted to agriculture than they can be now. We know the sums that foreigners, comparatively less wealthy than ourselves as they are, will give to possess first-rate British bulls, cows, horses, and swine, for breeding purposes; and it is probable that if once their eyes are opened and their taste awakened, they will be equally anxious to acquire whatever we have of good (and we have much that is superior), in the shape of poultry. There is no doubt that a market may be opened on the continent for the sale of many specimens which we can well spare now; because, with us, choice sorts have increased and multiplied. If only as a pocket



question and a matter of interest, the subject deserves a little attention. We might take higher ground, and urge the value of the international acquaintance and intimacy which would result from the two nations pursuing one and the same hobby. The Great Exhibition at Paris, this year, will afford innumerable opportunities to any who choose to take up our hint, and follow it. It would be a graceful way of making friends, as well as of introducing a novel article, were wealthy amateurs to send over a few lots for the next poultry-show in France: presenting them to the Institution, or the town, to be raffled for, for the benefit of the poor, — a favourite form of the French of charity.

### THE STORY OF A KING.

IN all countries the stories on which legend dwells most fondly are those which relate the sufferings of lovers. The incidents which compose them are generally few and bear a marked similarity in all cases. This is partly because the same passion naturally produces the same fruit, partly because the world rarely obtains new revelations of this kind. The sufferings of lovers commonly take place on a scene far removed from the public gaze, in the innermost recesses of the mind; and true affection is shy and reserved, keeping both its pangs and its joys to itself. It

is only by some extraordinary accident — now and then, at intervals perhaps of a century or so, that we are admitted into this kind of secret; but then the people — preceding literature — instantly seize upon all the moral details and make them their own, and relate them, sometimes in connection with one series of material incidents, sometimes with another, and so many stories gradually spring from one, are all incorporated in the repertory of legend, become part of the world's belief, and raise and purify its conception of human nature. The influence of these narratives indeed has much to do with the progress of true civilisation. They humanise and soften us; they quicken the pulse and open the heart. I am sure that the Arabs who listened with me attentively, under the sycamore, at Tel-el-Amarna, to the story of King Zakariah and the Maiden Salameh, must to some extent have been made better if sadder men by meditating on its simple incidents.

In former days, said the narrator, pointing with his meagre finger — for he was an old and withered man — to the broad and desolate valley at the entrance of which the ruins of a great city were visible, this was the capital of a mighty king, named Zakariah. It contained mosques, and baths, and palaces, and market-places, and lofty gateways.

(It was evident at once that, according to the peculiar habit



of Egyptian story-tellers, the real circumstances and probabilities of the scene around had vanished from his mind, and that he was thinking of Cairo, the only type of a living seat of empire with which he was acquainted. In all the subsequent part of his narrative, therefore, the listeners were compelled to localise the incidents in the city of Victory; and sometimes even, as he warmed, he mentioned the names of well-known streets, and otherwise allowed it to be understood that he had no authority for choosing that ruined place of the Gentiles as the scene of his story, but that he did so merely to increase the impression of veracity.)

King Zakariah was wise though young, good though powerful. He was beloved by his subjects, and dreaded by none but the wicked. The land resounded with his praises. Widows confidently committed their orphan children to his care; and the poor scarcely considered themselves poor as long as his treasury was unexhausted. Popular affection therefore became busy about his happiness; and many hearts mourned when it began to be whispered that the King, who lavished joy so plentifully on others, was himself sad in mind, troubled with visions and unsatisfied longings, and deprived by some mysterious cause of the power to taste those family delights which the humblest of his subjects under the wing of his protection could indulge in.

When he issued from his palace to go in procession to the mosque, or to the bath, or to some of his gardens in the country, women holding their babies in their arms crowded before his steps, and looking anxiously in his careworn countenance, blest him, and prayed aloud that his sorrows might be taken away, and that he might preserve his life for his own sake and for that of his people. It had indeed been whispered abroad that a mighty malady beyond the reach of the physician's skill was gnawing the heart of this good King — that he was without hope, and without care for anything in this world; and as good kings were not common in those ancient days, there was perhaps something of selfishness in the anxiety of his people. Yet this thought could scarcely have occurred to him when he smiled benevolently on the crowds that lined his path and hastened on to be out of reach of their sympathy.

The only person who knew the secret of the King's melancholy was his mother, then far stricken in years. Many of the courtiers, moved, some by sympathy, and some by curiosity, had frequently questioned her women, who, not to lose the opportunity of garrulity, gave them surmises instead of facts. But, in truth, what they said only increased the general ignorance. The mystery remained hidden, because those who knew it spoke of it only between themselves — not



that they cared much for secrecy, but that they knew that the sufferings of King Zakariah were such as the world with difficulty appreciates.

Zakariah had found the source of his unhappiness within himself. His was not a manly but a maidenly frame of mind. His soul thirsted for love, but he would not accept love which might even seem to be directed towards his station and not solely towards himself. By long dwelling on the delights of pure passion, entirely separated in origin and in expression from all worldly considerations, he had learned perhaps somewhat to overestimate them. He came to believe that man was created only for that enjoyment, and that everything else was waste of time, a kind of malady of existence. The arts of government and the duties of power he exercised only in obedience to the will of God; and perhaps he was a good King because nothing that his station could give him he considered to be worth having. "They say, my friends," quoth the philosophical narrator, "that Ibrahim the Cruel, when he came to decide on the differences between poor peasants, was the best judge that ever existed, because he had no interest to serve on one side or the other." However this may be, it seemed certain that King Zakariah was naturally endowed with all good qualities save one — the wisdom of the bee which settles on the

flowers it finds on its flight, and is content with the honey it finds.

The King used often to sit at his mother's feet and talk to her of his sad case. She was a wise woman and understood what he meant. Her advice was, that after the hour of sunset, when the King was supposed to have retired to rest, he should disguise himself and go forth, like the famous Haroun-el-Rashed, and seek adventures in the city. For fear, however, that danger should befall him, she required that he should conceal the true purpose of his wanderings, and pretend simply to be anxious to see that justice was duly administered, and that he should take as companions Mansour, the chief eunuch of the palace, and Kaad, a faithful servant. It is true that in conniving at these nocturnal strolls, the Queen Zibeydeh did not expect that her son would find what he desired; for, being old, whilst she understood the longings of youth, she disbelieved in their accomplishment.

It became, accordingly, a common thing for Mansour, who pretended to be a merchant from Abyssinia, with two attendants, to visit the various quarters of the city, and encounter all manner of adventures. One night, the King, walking a little in advance of his companions down a dark narrow street, in the northern part of the city, where the Christians inhabited, was ar-



rested in his progress by hearing the voice of lamentation. He paused to listen, and made out the following words:—"Oh! my master, Naomi, when wilt thou return? What have I done that I should be left alone with my own heart full of wild fancies and desires? My life is incomplete. I am like a lake which has no heaven to reflect, like a bird singing after its nest has been spoiled, like a mother rocking an empty cradle, like a saint praying in a world where there is no God! I rise in the morning, and day-light seems horrid to me; the night approaches, and darkness becomes full of terrors. There is nothing delightful to my mind in thy absence—silence is no longer sweet, and the murmuring of nature wearies me. Come back, Naomi, from the far country whither thou hast gone, or thou wilt come back only to weep over my tomb."

When King Zakariah heard this song, he said to himself, "Evidently the case of this maiden is as mine own. Her Naomi is an unreal personage, for it is impossible that the love she describes can really exist in the world." He listened some time longer, but the house from which the sound had come had returned to silence; so he proceeded, and having wandered some hours through the city, went back to his palace more sad in heart than he had ever been in his life.

Mansour had noticed the attention which the King had paid

to the song of the unknown maiden, and thinking that he might wish to exercise his power in order to behold her, had marked the wall of the house with a piece of chalk. When day came, therefore, he sent Kaad to ascertain who the maiden might be, what were her parents, and what was her story. The faithful servant diligently performed his task, and brought a full report to the eunuch. The maiden's name, he said, was Salameh, and she was the daughter of a Copt, one of the principal accountants of the King's treasury. Of Naomi, however, no news could be learned from the neighbours, who said that Salameh had reached the marriageable age, but that her father had not yet thought of choosing a husband for her from among the people of his race. "Verily," thought Mansour, "this is a piece of great good fortune. Our master will love this maiden, and will seize her and indemnify her father, and make her his companion, and dismiss his melancholy, and gladden the hearts of his people." The worthy man rubbed his hands, believing that he had found a great combination.

Next night, the King went out again with his usual companions, and proceeded straight towards the quarter where he had heard the song of Salameh. He did not know that the interest the maiden had aroused in him had been noticed by any one; so that



he amused Mansour with various shallow reasons which he gave why on two succeeding nights he wandered in the same direction. The house this time was silent, and a certain feeling of jealousy visited the King, because he thought that Naomi might have returned. In his excitement he exclaimed aloud, "Woe be to him who treadeth on the path I have chosen!" This was the first time that he understood what had taken place within him. He had believed until then that the sentiment which this invisible maiden had aroused was simply one of compassion or curiosity. He now found that she had taken possession of his soul, that without having seen he had invested her with all manner of beauty, of loveliness, and grace, that he had set her apart for himself, and that the first enemy that had ever crossed his life was that mysterious Naomi. Mansour, noticing his trouble, thought this was a good opportunity to speak, and said, "The maiden of the song is called Salameh, and she is the daughter of thy accountant, Gerges, who happens now to be at Damiat. Shall we knock at the door, and pretend to be strangers, and ask for hospitality? Perhaps we may see the maiden by accident, and if not, we can exert authority." The good King forbade Mansour to use any means but cunning; but, without reflecting that part of his secret was now discovered, consented to the proposed stratagem.

Mansour smote the door of the house, and it was presently opened by a black slave girl, who screamed slightly at seeing them, and would have closed it again. But Mansour, standing on the threshold, prevented her, and told the story he had prepared, begging to be allowed to enter the courtyard, and spend the night with his servants in the takhtabosh. They had just arrived, he said, and could find no lodging. The slave-girl would not have allowed herself to be persuaded, although the blackness of the speaker was a recommendation to her, but another woman came down the passage, and said that her mistress had overheard the altercation, and would by no means refuse hospitality to strangers from Habesh. They accordingly entered, and sat some time in the takhtabosh, which is a great room, or rather alcove, opening into the courtyard. The slave-girl brought them a lamp, and presently afterwards asked them if they would sup. Mansour and Kaad who were hungry, instantly accepted the offer, and although the young King, fearing to give trouble, pulled them by the sleeve to check them, they paid no attention to him. Soon, therefore, the dishes were set before them, and they ate. The King, it is true, would have refrained, but in order to conceal their own greediness, they persuaded him that his abstinence would seem to be an insult to the house.



Whilst the supper was going on, Salameh, who was sole mistress in that house during the absence of her father, came out into the gallery opposite the takhtabosh, and being in darkness herself, could see everything that passed in the well-lighted chamber below. The reason of the interest she felt in the strangers was this: Naomi, whom she loved, and to whom she was betrothed, had departed with his father, a merchant, more than a year before, to trade in Abyssinia, and since that time no news of him had come. She rejoiced, therefore, in this opportunity of conversing with people from that country, and felt more confidence than she would have done on beholding the dignified mien of King Zakariah. When the strangers, therefore, had washed their hands, she ordered coffee to be made, and descending, offered it first to Mansour, and then to the King, and then to Kaad. She took back the cups in the same order, and kissed the hand first of the eunuch, and afterwards of the King; but Kaad, warned by a terrible glance of jealousy, affected awkwardly to drop his cup. Then Salameh sat down before the strangers, and questioned them, addressing herself principally to Zakariah. But the young King knew little of foreign countries, whilst Mansour, who was old, had travelled much, and could support his character without chance of discovery. It was the

eunuch, therefore, who replied, giving information on the history and manners, and customs, and productions of Abyssinia. At length Salameh asked if in their travels they had met a young merchant named Naomi. To this the King, silencing his companions by a gesture, replied, obeying the suggestions of an evil spirit who whispered at his elbow: "Yea, lady, we met that merchant two months ago, in the desert of Dankah. He was proceeding towards a port on the ocean, where he intended to embark, and to sail with his wife, the daughter of a king, for the isles of the Indian ocean." He had scarcely uttered these words, when Salameh rose to her feet with a great cry, and then fell senseless on the ground. The King, repentant of what he had done, stepped forward to assist in raising her; but her women came and took her away, cursing him as the bearer of ill news. Her veil, however, had fallen aside, and Zakariah had seen that she was marvellously beautiful. His heart burned with love and jealousy; and without saying another word he hastened forth into the street, followed by his two companions.

A great change now came over the character of Zakariah. He began to think that moderation would be folly on his part, or at any rate that the gentleness with which he had exercised power until then, would justify or excuse an act of violence now.



There could be no happiness for him if Salameh were given to another. He had but to speak the word and she would be brought to his palace. The people, far from blaming, would doubtless applaud. Did they not every day besiege him with wishes for his happiness? What would they care for the grief of a bereaved father, or the despair of an absent lover? His exclusive devotion for Salameh would render all fathers and lovers safe. Such were the thoughts that passed through his mind; but he could not summon courage to act. When, however, he told his troubles to his mother, she, in her absolute fondness for him, laughed at his scruples, and issued orders, so that one day the house of Gerges was surrounded, he was sent into banishment, and Salameh was brought a prisoner to a chamber of the palace. Strict injunctions were given to the watchers of the roads also to look out for Naomi, and prevent his return even by death.

When Salameh knew that among the sham strangers who had visited her house, was the King himself, and that it was he who had spoken of the faithlessness of Naomi, she understood that she had been deceived, and was more than half consoled for the misfortune that had befallen her. When Zakariah came to visit her — incited by his mother, who declared that no maiden would avert her face from him —

she received him in sullen silence, and turning her face to the wall, deprived him of the sight of her beauty. He dared not approach, and scarcely dared to speak, but sat on a carpet near the doorway, sighing and beating his breast. These visits were repeated every day; at length Salameh, understanding that her danger was less than she had feared, began to feel more compassion towards the young King. She spoke to him once of Naomi; but then his eyes flashed with anger, so that she perceived that her only protection was her own beauty, and the King's natural goodness. Becoming wise, therefore, in her own defence, she spoke merely of the cruelty of imposing love by force, and found that she could always drive Zakariah to despair and humility, by saying that hearts must be given, not stolen, and that princes could command everything but smiles.

Meanwhile the sentiments of the people were undergoing a great change. At first they had allowed the oppression of Gerges and his daughter to pass unnoticed; and many even approved. But punishment soon overtook them. The King, whose thoughts were occupied day and night with Salameh, ceased to administer justice in his own person, and abandoned that care to others, who took the opportunity to serve their own interests. Wrong began to be practised, and increased every day in inten-



sity. Just claims were disregarded, violence was allowed to go unpunished, corruption spread, the judges took bribes, and traffickers in bribes became rich. In the midst of all this a man dressed as a beggar, began to go about the streets complaining and prophesying. It was Gerges, the father of Salameh, who had become mad in banishment, and had returned to demand vengeance on the unjust Zakariah. The officers of the court one day offered to beat him; but the people took his part, and carried him away in triumph. Insurrection was threatened; and the watchword became Naomi and Salameh.

For, the young man, evading the watchers, (being warned by messengers), had returned likewise; and hearing that the maiden he loved had been violently seized, and taken to the king's palace, resolved to be revenged. He told his story in the market-places; pointed to the miserable Gerges, who followed him, weeping; and was soon chosen as the chieftain of the people. The captains of the soldiers were dismayed, and began to talk of flight, and already it was whispered that Naomi should be made king.

But, the mother of Zakariah understood the danger in time. Without consulting her son she caused all unjust judges and oppressors of the people to be seized, and either put to death or cast into prison; she sent criers about, promising that all

grievances should be redressed; she opened the treasury and scattered gold; she remitted the taxes for a year; and then collecting an armed force, ordered Mansour to march against Naomi. A single battle in the streets decided the fortune of the day. Naomi was taken prisoner, his followers were put to the sword; and he himself was condemned to die by public execution.

King Zakariah, shut up in the innermost recesses of his palace, knew nothing of these things; but continued to visit Salameh, no longer in the hope of winning, but because in her presence he felt less unhappy than elsewhere. One day, as he was about to lift up the curtain that closed the door of her apartment, he heard her lamenting aloud, and saying: "And hast thou returned, Naomi, only to taste the bitter waters of death? Better for thee to have remained in a far country, and for us to have communed at a distance with our hearts. I think I could be happy, knowing that another had thy love, if only thy life could be saved."

"And what danger," said the King, entering, "hath crossed the path of this Naomi?"

"Thou knowest best, O King!" replied the maiden. "By thy orders is he to die this day."

Then she related what she had heard of the revolt of Naomi from one of her attendants; and wept aloud, and beat her breast and implored for mercy.

"Grant this boy his life," said



she, trying to make it seem of small importance, "grant me his life, O mighty King; and I will forget him and become thy slave."

She had seized the knees of Zakariah, who stood struggling with strong emotions before her.

"My child," said he at length, with trembling lips, "this is a thing that cannot be. I cannot take thy love at that price; but I will save the life of Naomi."

The King felt a pang when he had uttered these words, because Salameh withdrew a little from him, and retired as it were once more within her love; but, he had at length understood that affection cannot be forced, and that so far from finding what he had sought in Salameh, he had only found a new proof of the truth that had made him miserable. All that he had done, now seemed odious to him; and he determined to spend the rest of his life in repairing the mischief he had occasioned. He could not, however, consent to allow the happiness of Salameh and Naomi to take place under the windows of his citadel. The young man was released, but banished with Geroges and the maiden, to an island in the sea, where they lived to the end of their days in joy and tranquillity. Zakariah became again popular with all classes of men; and learned to appear content.

But his love for Salameh never slept. Every year, in the summer season, did he repair to one of the ports of his kingdom, and

causing a ship to be fitted out, sailed towards the island where she dwelt. He would approach the shore at the hour of sunset, when land and sea appeared to be all of purple spotted with gold; and, standing at the prow of the vessel, would gaze on the valleys, and the hills, and the plains until all form disappeared. Then he would give orders to draw nearer. A kiosk built on a point of rock at the entrance of the bay used always to be lighted up: and Zakariah sometimes heard a voice, the tones of which he well knew, singing, unconscious of his presence. By and by, the prattle of children came to his ears; and, until time had chastened his regret, he would, when he heard it, instantly order the pilot to put about, and sail towards the open sea, in quest of storms and dangers. At length, however, these voyages gave him more pleasure than pain; so that he continued them until he became a very old man. One night the kiosk was not lighted up; a strange thought came into Zakariah's mind; instead of sailing away, he landed—for the first time. He found some young people sitting sadly beneath a great tree, and asked them what was the news.

"Stranger," they replied, "the mother of our mother is dead, and we are watching near her grave."

"What was she called?" inquired the King, in a cheerful voice.



"Salameh."

"And she lies here?"

"Ay, stranger."

He stooped down to kiss the earth, and as he remained very long in that position, his companions shook him, and found that he was dead.

### A LEVIATHAN INDEED.

WE are in the habit of making occasional marine excursions to Woolwich, by Waterman Number One to Six inclusive. Sometimes, on a bright sunny day we extend our aquatic trips as far as Erith or Gravesend, where, doubtless, many of our readers accompany us. Like us, they will not fail to have noticed an indifferent-looking, half-occupied spot of land jutting into the river opposite Greenwich, known as the Isle of Dogs, but having no sort of connection with Barking Creek.

Scattered over this island, at irregular distances, are factories, shipyards, store-houses, and timber-sheds, all unmistakeable enough in character. There is one object, however, which has perplexed us not a little—a huge metallic erection, on which may be seen employed any day in the working week, hundreds of busy craftsmen, clustering, and humming, and buzzing about it like flies around a sugar hogshead.

It has puzzled a good many aquatic travellers besides the writer. We have heard scores of

guesses made by wondering passengers on board Waterman Number Two, perfectly at variance with the opinions of those on board Waterman Number Four. Some have not the slightest doubt as to its being a new sort of gasometer for supplying London with pure gas. Others believe it to be a pile of fireproof warehouses, on the Milner Safe principle, for the better custody of the national state papers and crown jewels. By some, it is said to be an enormous oven for baking bread and roasting coffee for our troops in the Crimea. One or two have heard on good authority that it is intended for Wombwell's menagerie, to be moved on a hundred wheels. Others, again, have the firmest belief in its being an iron incarnation of Lord Dundonald's mysterious plan for destroying Cronstadt and Sebastopol.

Now, it happens that none of these opinions are correct. Not one of the many guessers have ever dreamed of this object being the mid portion of a ship, which we have since learnt is really the case. A ship! Talk of the Great Harry or the Great Britain, or any other great craft of the middle age or modern period! They shrink into utter insignificance by the side of our metal monster of the Isle of Dogs.

The wooden walls of old England are fast becoming myths of a by-gone age, embalmed in the ballad-poetry of Dibdin. They have given place to their iron-sides



of young Britain. Canvas has yielded the palm to steam; and paddle-wheels in their turn are shaking their bearings in auxiliary fear of screws.

It is not so many years ago, but we remember it, that when a steamer of three thousand tons was first placed on the North American line, one of our then greatest scientific authorities predicted certain failure: it was hinted in a friendly way to passengers proceeding by her to the United States, that they had better insure their lives and make their wills before leaving the country. The ship was said to be too long for a heavy sea: she would break her back from the excessive weight of machinery in her centre, and would inevitably encounter a variety of other unpleasant contingencies. But, people remembered that similar failure was predicted thirty years before that time, when the first steamers plied between London and Calais. The General Steam Navigation Company nevertheless prospered, and so likewise have the American lines prospered; for one of which there are at the present moment iron steamers building on the Clyde larger than any yet afloat.

The huge fabric erecting at the Isle of Dogs, as yet bears no resemblance to any known kind of craft. At a distance the eye is unable to detect any particular proportions about it, and if we were to be pressed on the point, we should say that it had no

shape at all. A closer inspection, however, shows a line of uprights at each end, which mark the shelving proportions of stem and stern, and then one can perceive that the object before us is really intended for a ship.

Standing on the banks of the river Thames, with a vast open space on one side and Greenwich Hospital on the other, it is not easy to form a just conception of this marine monster, which, for want of a better name, we call the Leviathan. It is being built by Scott Russell and Company, from designs by Mr. Brunel, the engineer, whose conception the entire fabric is. When we remind our readers that the Royal Albert line-of-battle ship, of one hundred and twenty guns, is something under four thousand tons, and about two hundred and twenty feet in length; and that the Simla and Himalaya, at present the largest steamers afloat, are only three hundred and twenty feet in length, or thereabouts; they may form some idea of the proportions of this Eastern Steam Navigation Company's ship, when they are told that it will be six hundred and eighty feet in length and of twenty-five thousand tons burthen; in other words, of more than six times the capacity of our largest men-of-war, and above double the length of the largest steamship afloat.

Our readers will have frequently heard discussions as to the relative merits of paddles and



screws. In the Leviathan, the screw will be combined with the paddle, worked by engines nominally of two thousand six hundred horse power, but in reality capable of being worked up to ten thousand horse power. To guard against accidents at sea to machinery, and to prevent any detention from such a cause, the paddle-wheels will not only be perfectly distinct from each other in their working, but each will be set in motion by several sets of machinery of superabundant power, so that at all times derangements or cleaning of one or two cylinders or boilers will not interfere with the progress of the ship.

Steam will be the sole propelling power, no canvas being contemplated in this vessel. In fixing the great size of the Leviathan, its projector believes that he has obtained the elements of a speed hitherto unknown in ocean-going steamers. It is confidently predicted that by the great length of the Leviathan she will be enabled to pass through the water at an average speed in all weathers of fifteen knots an hour, with a smaller power in proportion to tonnage than ordinary vessels now require to make ten knots. The contract speed of most ocean mail-carrying steamers is eight knots.

We believe that the Eastern Steam Navigation Company intend making their first voyage to Australia. The actual distance from Milford Haven, the com-

pany's starting-point, to Port Philip, is less than twelve thousand miles, if no ports be touched at. A speed of fifteen knots or miles an hour averaged from land to land would take the Leviathan to the golden colony in about thirty-two days. This can only be accomplished, even at that high speed, by avoiding all stoppages for coals, which, besides detaining a ship many days in the different ports, carries her a great distance out of the direct steaming course. Here we find another novelty brought to bear by Mr. Brunel. A ship of this huge capacity can carry twelve thousand tons of coals: quite sufficient, it is stated, for her consumption on the outward and homeward voyages. Space will still be left for five thousand tons of cargo, the massive machinery, and four thousand passengers with their luggage and all necessary stores for use.

The advantage of this arrangement is two-fold. Besides the avoidance of stoppages for coalings on the voyage, the ship earns all the freight which must otherwise have been paid to sailing vessels for the conveyance of the fuel to the coaling depots, which, on three-fourths of the quantity consumed on one voyage would amount to a sum sufficient to build and equip a steamer of two or three hundred tons. In order to compensate for the great loss of weight caused by all this enormous consumption of fuel, and to maintain an equal immer-



sion of the paddles, the coal will, to a certain extent, be replaced by water pumped into the watertight compartments forming the skin of the ship, and of which we shall presently have occasion to speak. In addition to this arrangement the paddles have been so adjusted on the wheels as to be as efficient at one draught of water as at another.

It is impossible to judge of the future finish or accommodation of such a gigantic ship as the Leviathan from the present state of the iron hull. Immense divisions of metal plates, reaching to an incredible height, with sub-compartments at right angles, appear to divide the monster fabric into a number of square and oblong spaces, each of which would contain an eight-roomed house of Camden Town build, or a semi-detached villa from Stockwell, at forty-pounds per annum.

We inspected a model of the ship in wood, and could scarcely believe that the unsightly mass of iron plates, rivets, and joints, just beheld, could by any possible ingenuity be wrought into anything so beautifully symmetrical as the long, arrow-like little craft before us, tapering off forward as sharply as a woodman's hatchet or a Thames wherry. From that model we were enabled to understand where the engines, coals, stores, and cargo would be placed, and moreover, where the two thousand first-class passengers would be berthed, in their five hun-

dred state cabins, and where the two thousand second-class and steerage passengers would be placed, without nearly as much crowding as in an ordinary passenger or emigrant ship.

Large indeed must that steamer be which can provide a main-deck saloon sixty feet in length, and forty in width, and fifteen in height: with a second-class saloon only twenty feet shorter, and a foot or two less in height. The Leviathan has these, and they appear but as small compartments of the huge interior.

It would prove a fortunate circumstance for our military authorities, who are so much in want of steam transports to the seat of war, if this monster ship were ready for sea at the present moment. There are just now two divisions of the French army, of ten thousand men each, ready to be conveyed to the scenes of their future operations. The Leviathan, with just sufficient fuel for so short a voyage, could take on board one of those divisions entire, with horses, fodder, artillery, and ammunition; it could land those ten thousand men, with proper arrangements, in the Crimea; could return and carry the second of those small armies; and could arrive back at Marseilles for the second time within one month from her first starting.

It has been deemed an achievement worthy of mention, to convey an entire regiment of light cavalry from Bombay to the Crimea, by way of the Red Sea



and Egypt, in about two months. If the calculations as to speed of the Leviathan be correct—which more learned heads than ours declare them to be—then the iron ship could have conveyed at least half a dozen regiments of cavalry from Bombay to Balaklava, by way of the Cape of Good Hope and the Straits of Gibraltar, in two-thirds of the time, and at not much greater cost than was required for the one regiment conveyed through Egypt.

Had the old system of ship-building still prevailed with regard to sea-going steamers,—had our shipwrights worked on the wooden-wall principle instead of the plate-and-rivet method, we should never have possessed such noble steam-ships as are owned by our large commercial companies. Certain it is that the Leviathan could not have been built, on the wooden system. The mightiest giants of Indian forests, of fabulous age, in countless numbers, would not have sufficed to produce a ship of half her size. Strength enough could not have been obtained with the most ponderous masses of timber-work, braced as they might have been with iron and copper, to have floated so mighty a load of cargo, machinery, and living beings. Yet the monster of which we are now writing, so new in its various appliances of power, so wonderful in its unheard-of capacity, is composed of plates of iron, less than one inch in thickness.

The secret of the great strength attained by this comparatively small amount of metal is in the peculiar structure of the hull. It is built throughout, in distinct compartments, on the principle of the Britannia Tubular Bridge, and when finished will be in fact a huge tubular ship. The principles of that structure need not here be dwelt upon. It will suffice to explain that the whole of this vessel will be divided into ten huge, water-tight compartments, by means of iron-plate bulkheads carried up to the upper deck, thereby extending far above the water-line. In addition to this great safeguard against accident, the whole length of the ship, except where she tapers off at either end, is protected by a double skin of metal plating, the outer one being distant three feet from the interior. These double tubular sides are carried to far above the deepest water-mark, and inasmuch as the transverse bulkheads extend to the outer of these skins, they are divided into many water-tight subdivisions, any one or two of which, though torn or fractured, and filled with water, would not affect the buoyancy or safety of the ship.

Besides the great transverse divisions before alluded to, there are two enormously strong longitudinal bulkheads of iron running from stem to stern, each forty feet from the inner skin, and carried to the upper deck: adding greatly to the solidity

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and safety of the vessel. The main compartments thus formed by the bulkheads, have a means of communication by iron sliding doors near the top, easily and effectually closed in time of need. In this way, not only are all the most exposed portions of the ship double-skinned, but the body is cut up into a great number of very large but perfectly distinct fire-and-water-proof compartments, forming, indeed, so many colossal iron safes. If we can imagine a rock to penetrate the double skin, and make its sharp way into any one of these compartments, it might fill with water without any detriment to the rest of the ship.

One of the most terrible calamities that can befall a vessel at sea is undoubtedly a fire. The iron water-tight bulkheads would seem to defy that destructive element sufficiently; but, in order to make assurance doubly sure, the builders are experimenting with a view to employing only prepared unflammable wood for the interior fittings.

Such is the *Leviathan*. She is to be launched, unlike any other ship, broadside on to the water by means of hydraulic power, and early in next spring, is expected to make a trial trip to the United States and back, in less than a fortnight. In contemplating this *Brobdignag* vessel, our small acquaintance with things nautical, dwarfs down to Lilliputian insignificance. Before reaching the Isle of Dogs,

we had imagined that we possessed some acquaintance with ship-building and marine engineering. One of the *Leviathan* cylinders was sufficient to extinguish our pretensions.

With a Brunel for designer; with a Stephenson for approver; a Scott Russell for builder; with Professor Airy in charge of the compasses, and Sir W. S. Harris looking after the lightning conductors; the *Leviathan* may well be expected to turn out the floating marvel of the age. Fancy the astonishment of the South Sea islanders when they behold her, rushing past their coral homes!

## MECHANICS IN UNIFORM.

THERE is, associated with the British army, a body of trained men, who combine the discipline and daring of the soldier and the sailor with the dexterity of the artisan. This body, which is now known as the corps of Royal Sappers and Miners, began with a very small beginning less than eighty years ago, and had at first as limited a sphere of action as could well be chosen, the Rock of Gibraltar. But since its first institution, recent as that is, it has sent men out to labour in all corners of the earth, at works of peace as well as of war; it has sent men up above the clouds to do their work, as Sergeant Steele can testify, who on Ben Lomond, making observations with Professor Airy's zenith sector, saw



the clouds in a wide plain of glittering silver five hundred feet beneath him. Some tourists went up through the clouds for the express purpose of saying that they had done so; but, above the clouds they found an encampment of Sappers and Miners going quietly about their usual work. As they go up into the air, so they go down into the sea. They were Sappers and Miners who were busy in removing the submerged wreck of the Royal George, about whose timbers and guns at the bottom of the sea they worked, under a pressure that cracked the strongest cask sent down empty as if it were an egg-shell. There, Corporal Jones of the Sappers and Miners, while at the bottom of the sea in his Siebe's dress, happened to come close upon his friend, Private Skelton, and could hear him singing at his work, —

Bright, bright are the beams of the  
morning sky,  
And sweet are the dews the red blossoms sip;

which was the first intimation of the fact that the voice of a diver could be heard under the wave. As for the burrowing of these brave men under the earth, notoriously that is their most ordinary duty. But it is not only in sapping and mining for the destruction of the hostile towers of offence, that the Sappers and Miners work under the surface of the earth. The works of peace are as familiar to them as the

works of war. When there was a sewer at Woolwich poisoning the troops, and ordinary workmen dared not venture upon its repairs, volunteers from the Sappers und Miners made it sound and whole, and did not suffer in health by their act of courage.

Sappers and Miners have approved themselves bold men upon the water. Once, when the storm-flag was hoisted at Gosport, and no boats would venture out, the Success frigate with a part of a detachment of this corps on board, was in danger of parting from her anchors and drifting to sea. Her lieutenant was on shore, anxious to get on board and save her; but the civil divers, used to perilous boat service, said that no boat could live in such a sea, and the Port Admiral would not permit the lieutenant to go out, except on his own responsibility. He braved the perils of the deep with four Sappers to help him; they managed the sail; they lay down in the boat to convert themselves into ballast; they baled out the water with their boots. They reached the frigate; and, by intrepid exertion, got on board, while their boat was being dashed like a log against the vessel's hull. So the good ship was saved. When, during the Peninsular war, small vessels were sent facing a wintry sea, to form a pontoon bridge near the mouth of the Adour, a high surf was found foaming on the bar, the



tide was furious, the native crews were terrified and ran below to prayers, refusing to navigate the boats. But the Engineers and Sappers on board, by their firmness, got the small fleet through. The sea swallowed up one vessel, and another was dashed to pieces by a mighty wave, but the hazardous duty was performed. The bridge was punctually built, by labour night and day; and though, from the violent heaving of the vessels, it was unsafe to fix the planks in the intervals between them, yet there were not wanting Sappers and Miners who thought less of the danger than of the prompt execution of the service.

How bold they have shown themselves to be in the deadly and perilous breach, how courteous and active in such service as that of our great Hyde Park Exhibition; how faithful and enduring when in the train of travellers who, under government patronage or direction, have explored the deadly Niger, traversed the deserts of Africa, or dry Australian wilds, this country partly knows, and ought wholly to know. From one of their own number the whole story of the corps may now be learned; for its approved intelligence has lately led to the production of a history of the corps by one of its own number, a non-commissioned officer, QUARTER-MASTER-SERGEANT T. W. J. CONOLLY. And this historian who steps forth from the ranks has

gathered his materials with diligence for twenty years; has consulted documents and sought information with the zeal of a Macaulay or a Milman; has, in fine, made himself master of his subject; having done which, he has set down his knowledge with a thoroughness and a straightforward soldierly precision that maintains the credit of his corps. Whether he dives into the sea to fetch up a ship piece-meal, or dives into old papers to fetch up bit by bit a history, your Sapper and Miner, it would seem, does what he undertakes to do. A few years ago there was a wooden house balanced on the topmost pinnacle of Saint Paul's, and we were told that the Sappers and Miners were up there, carrying on a survey of London. We knew then that not an alley would escape attention. Quarter-master Conolly has been instituting a survey of his own corps, and we dare answer for its completeness. We are pleased to see that his officers and commanders answer for it too, and that Sir John Burgoyne has given due encouragement to a right honourable enterprise by recommending Mr. Conolly's History of the Royal Sappers and Miners to the study of officers of the Royal Engineers, as heartily as we here recommend it to the warm appreciation of the public, for its value as a manly, useful, and most interesting publication.

The first idea of a body of



military artisans — perfected since into the corps of Sappers and Miners — arose, as we have said, at Gibraltar; where, before the year seventeen hundred and seventy-two, the works were being executed by civil mechanics from the continent and England, who were hired in the ordinary way, and were at liberty to leave the Rock whenever they pleased. These workmen had their occupation to themselves; taking their own way, they became disorderly, and a great plague to the authorities; and, to replace those who were dismissed became inconvenient and expensive. Thus it happened that Lieutenant-Colonel William Green was led to suggest the formation of a company of military artificers who should supersede the civil workmen. Mechanics attached to regiments in garrison had always been found good workers. What, then, if a little regiment were formed, consisting wholly of trained workmen. The Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of Gibraltar assented to the suggestion, and submitted it to the Home Government. The result was, that on the sixth of March, seventeen hundred and seventy-two, a warrant was issued for raising a company of sixty-eight men — namely, sixty privates, who were to be stonecutters, masons, miners, limeburners, carpenters, smiths, gardeners or wheelers, one sergeant-major, three sergeants, three corporals, and a

drummer, to be called the Soldier Artificer Company. This was the corps of Royal Sappers and Miners in the first year of its life.

Very good fellows, at first, these soldier artificers were — at first; for, they became at last, while still excellent workmen, rather sottish men. But before that time came, the idea represented by their constitution had begotten new Sappers and Miners, which are the more direct progenitors of those now in existence. It was a fine company at the very first, nevertheless. By it was built the King's Bastion on the Gibraltar Rock. By it, in the memorable siege of Gibraltar by the allied forces of France and Spain, the defence of the fortress was maintained with wonderful effect. "A thousand dollars," cried the Governor, one day, "to the man who will say how I can get a flanking fire on the works of the enemy." After a modest pause, forth stepped from the ranks Sergeant-Major Ince, of the company of Soldier Artificers, and suggested the formation of those subterranean galleries and batteries, like that of St. George's Hall, within the bowels of the mountain, which constitute now the most noted marvels of the place.

These men and their families often had no little experience of the outer world. One of them had a High-Admiral for nephew. This nephew, Peter Lisle, entered into the service of the Bashaw



of Tripoli, and was appointed gunner of the castle, under the name of Mourad Reis. He throve as an African, was nominated captain of a Xebeck of eighteen guns, and in the course of time, through his ability as a seafaring man, became High-Admiral of the Tripoline Fleet and Minister of Marine. He married one of the Bashaw's daughters, had a fine family, wore a fine dress, lived in a palace in the midst of date-groves, and spoke with a broad Scotch accent. This dignitary used to pay visits to Gibraltar; and whenever he did so, he fired a salute in honour of his uncle, Sergeant Blyth, of the Soldier Artificers. He was not by any means ashamed of his relation; but was obliged to change his method of saluting after having once, in a burst of affection, fired by mistake, shot along with his powder.

If anybody wants to know all that was done by the Soldier Artificers at the great siege of Gibraltar, let him read Drinkwater. To Sergeant Conolly, however, we will be indebted for the rest of the story of the two boys mentioned by Drinkwater in the succeeding passage. In the course of a certain day, we are told, a shot came through a capped embrasure on Princess Amelia's Battery; and, by that one shot, four men had seven legs taken off and wounded. "The boy who was usually stationed on the works where a large party was employed, to in-

form the men when the enemy's fire was directed towards that place, had been reproving them for their carelessness in not attending to him, and had just turned his head towards the enemy, when he observed this shot, and instantly called for them to take care; his caution was, however, too late; the shot entered the embrasure, and had the above-recited fatal effect. It is somewhat singular that this boy should be possessed of such uncommon quickness of sight as to see the enemy's shot almost immediately after they quitted the guns. He was not, however, the only one in the garrison possessing this qualification; another boy, of about the same age, was as celebrated, if not his superior. Both of them belonged to the Artificer company, and were constantly placed on some part of the works to observe the enemy's fire; their names were Richmond (not Richardson, as Drinkwater has it,) and Brand; the former was reported to have the best eye." Thomas Richmond and John Brand went, for this virtue of theirs, by the nicknames of Shot and Shell. Richmond was called Shell, his being the better eye at a look-out. The fathers of these two boys were sergeants in the company. Richmond's was killed at the siege. After the siege, the boys, noted for their good service at the batteries, were sent to the best school at Gibraltar; where, by their quickness and ingenuity,



they earned the patronage of certain officers of Engineers. They became in their own corps corporal and lance-corporal, were discharged, and appointed by the commander-in-chief assistant-draughtsmen, for they had already distinguished themselves by their skill as modellers. After several trial-models of various subjects, these young men completed, on a large scale, a model of Gibraltar, which obtained so much repute that they were ordered to make two other models, one in polished stone of the King's Bastion, and one of the north front of the rock. When these were completed they obtained the warm approbation of the highest authorities of the fortress; and Richmond and Brand, still going through the world together, were recommended to the Duke of Richmond for commissions. They were sent then to Woolwich for preparatory training, where they were so apt at learning that few months sufficed to qualify them for appointments as second-lieutenants in the Royal Engineers. Their commissions were both dated on the one day — the seventeenth of January, seventeen 'ninety-three. Before the year was out, both young men died, in the West Indies, of the same disease. These are the only instances of commissions having been given from the ranks of Sappers and Miners into the corps of Engineers. The great model of Gibraltar (on a scale of an inch to

twenty-five feet), executed by these youths, was brought from the rock in the year of their death, and deposited in the museum of the Royal Arsenal, at Woolwich. Nine years afterwards the museum, and the model in it, was destroyed by fire. The other two models mentioned in this story are now to be seen in the Rotunda, at the Royal Military Repository, Woolwich, and are the most beautiful things in the place.

Through changes which it is not requisite for us to specify, we come to a period in the history of the Sappers and Miners, when the Duke of Richmond, being Master-General of the Ordnance, and having extensive plans of fortification for the defence of the country, did not see how they could be effected economically with the ordinary labour of the country, and suggested to Mr. Pitt the necessity of raising a corps of Military Artificers on the model of the companies employed at Gibraltar. Experience was in favour of the proposition, and without reference to the House of Commons, the warrant for the first embodying of such a corps was signed on the tenth of October, seventeen 'eighty-seven, not, of course, wholly unquestioned, but sheltered under cover of more stirring topics, the innovation slipped through the fingers of the Commons easily enough. Country gentlemen did not fail to declare that "if the house should agree to put six hundred English-



men under martial law, merely for the paltry consideration of saving two thousand a-year, they would betray their constituents, and would be devoid of those feelings for the constitution, which, &c. &c. &c." Lord Carlisle, in the upper house, pointed out that "if the rights and liberties of six hundred artificers were worth just two thousand pounds, they would see that the Noble Duke valued the rights of every individual exactly at three pounds ten shillings a-piece." The suggestion, nevertheless was adopted, and the corps of Royal Military Artificers — consisting of six companies of a hundred men each, commanded by officers of Royal Engineers — was duly constituted.

Civil artisans in the government service showed, at first, grave discontent at the authorised employment of Military Artificers; and the Dock workmen at Plymouth interfering in a trifling dispute between a member of the new service and a sailor, brought about a quarrel between the Military Artificers on the one side, and the dock labourers and sailors on the other, which ended in serious battles, the killing of three or four men, and the wounding of many. The courage, good conduct and efficiency of the new corps, as well as the tender nursing of the Duke of Richmond, made it easy to surmount such difficulties. Military Artificers, living only at stations in England, were in fact treated more like

citizens than soldiers, until the war broke out with France in seventeen hundred and ninety-three; then men were, for the first time, demanded from the English companies for active service in Flanders and the West Indies. The demand was made in pursuance of an agreement that had almost fallen into oblivion among the men. Many resisted it by desertion; others bought discharges by providing substitutes at a great cost. The first foreign detachment of the corps was sent to the West Indies, and every man but one died there of fever before the year came to a close. The one man survived his comrades only for about two years and a half; and eventually the whole band was destroyed. The companies that were sent to Flanders did excellent service in the aid of siege works, as true Sappers and Miners. Therefore the Duke of Richmond represented to the king the benefit that would result to the service if a corps of artificers and labourers were formed expressly for service abroad. In September, seventeen hundred and ninety-three, a warrant was signed for the raising of four such companies, each of a hundred men, two to serve in Flanders, one in the West Indies, one in Upper Canada, and they were to be stationary in those countries. The whole legal establishment of Military Artificers at home and abroad was thus raised to the number of a thousand men.



In June, seventeen hundred and ninety-seven, the soldier artificer corps, at Gibraltar—which had, up to that date, maintained a separate position, and had lost much of its good character—was incorporated with the main body in England and elsewhere. At that time, detachments for miscellaneous foreign duty were generally formed by selections from the stationary companies; and, as the commanding engineers at the several fixed stations were glad in this way to get rid of their most ignorant and untrust-worthy men, these detachments did not always reflect much honour on the corps.

A detachment of Military Artificers was sent to Turkey, where a private was attacked by a Turk, who attempted to stab him with his yataghan. The capitan pacha ordered the Turk, who belonged to his retinue, to be beheaded; but, by the mediation of Lord Elgin, a mitigation of this punishment was obtained, and the offender, after receiving fifty strokes of the bastinado on the soles of his feet, was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment in the College of Pera—to learn the Arabic language.

While, in the year eighteen hundred and four, the companies in the West Indies were losing one man out of every two by yellow fever, deeds of daring were done, which Sergeant Conolly thinks most worthy of record. "Private John Inglis," he says,

"performed the important duty of orderly to the sick in the hospital at Windmill-hill, and, to assiduous attention, united marked kindness and tenderness, shrinking from no difficulty, and dreading no danger. Private James Lawford undertook the melancholy service of receiving the dead, both for the Artificers and the Artillery, and conveying them to the burying-ground, near the Grand Parade. Horrible and hazardous as was this duty, he persevered in its performance with a coolness and intrepidity that was perfectly amazing. Private James Weir was the principal grave-digger, and attended to his appointment with unflinching ardour and self-possession. Surrounded by the pest in its worst forms, and inhaling the worst effluvia, he never for a moment forsook the frightful service, but laboured on, inspiring those who occasionally assisted him, until the necessity for his employment no longer existed." And all these men the plague spared. A thousand fell at their side, and ten thousand at their right hand, but it did not come nigh them.

We think it a most admirable feature in Quartermaster Conolly's history, that while it is full of stirring narratives of war and curious adventure, it never fails to record deeds such as these; and, throughout, chronicles the names even of the humblest labourers attached to the corps, who have done deeds



worthy to be borne in remembrance by their comrades.

At Torres Vedras, Corporal Wilson had charge of a work, and a party of the Portuguese Ordenenza Militia was placed under his orders to execute it. He assigned to two of the men a task, to be completed in a certain time. They refused to do it, and complained to their officer that it was too much. The officer agreed with them, and was inclined to censure the corporal. Straightway the corporal offered to bet the officer a dollar that he could do the assigned work himself within the given time. The bet was accepted; the corporal stripped, and, going to work like a Briton, won his dollar easily enough. There were no more complaints during the progress of the lines.

Major Pasley, of the Royal Engineers, having been appointed to the command of Military Artificers, at the Plymouth station, took unusual pains with his men, and was the first officer who represented the advantage of training the corps in the construction of military field works. After the failure of Badajoz, in eighteen hundred and eleven, the adoption of such a measure was strongly advocated by the war officers. It was recommended then to form a corps under the name of Royal Sappers and Miners, to be formed of six companies chosen from the Royal Military Artificers; which, after receiving some instruction in the

art, was to be sent to the Peninsula. Early in the succeeding year, the idea was further supported by the authority of Sir Richard Fletcher and Lord Wellington; and Lord Mulgrave, Master-General of the Ordnance, founded, accordingly, a school at Chatham, of which Major Pasley was appointed the director. A few months afterwards the name of the corps was changed, in accordance with these new views, and became the corps of Royal Military Artificers or Sappers and Miners. On the sixth of March, in the succeeding year eighteen hundred and thirteen, the style was again changed to Royal Sappers and Miners. Some mistrust was occasioned by the alteration; confidence was, however, soon restored.

Four more years elapsed before this military class of workingmen, long subjected to drill, was armed. "On one occasion," says the Quartermaster, "near St. Denis, all the Sappers of the army, nearly a thousand strong, were assembled to witness an execution, and strange to add, in that imposing force, there was not a single firearm. At another time there was an inspection of the pontoon-train of eighty pontoons and other carriages, with horses, drivers, and pontooners, occupying a line of road nearly two miles in length. The Sappers were present in their whole strength, but without a musket in their ranks to show the quality of protection they could afford to



the immense charge entrusted to them. Fifty men with fire-arms could easily have destroyed the whole force in ten minutes. These instances, and others equally striking, occurring in an enemy's country, were strongly brought under the notice of the higher powers; but, where representations and remonstrances founded on the necessities of the service failed, accidental circumstances at last gained the desired object." What it was impossible to get done for the help of a war, was done promptly enough for the help of a show. "At the great reviews in France, the bridges required for the passage of the army were thrown the evening previously, and the Sappers consequently were free for any other duty. Usually they were employed to represent the enemy; and, to show the line of the enemy's pontoon to advantage it was considered best to effect it by musketry fire. Orders were therefore given to supply the companies with firearms: and, from this trivial incident may be dated the period, from which the corps was properly and uniformly armed."

Of the admirable service since done by the Royal Sappers and Miners in all climates and many lands — in wars and in expeditions — Quartermaster John Connolly tells, bringing his tale down to the siege of Sebastopol, whereof he has much information to convey. The quality of their labour we have already indicated.

A fine fellow was Lance-corporal Greenhill, who in eighteen 'thirty-six was with the exploring party upon the Euphrates, when the natives marvelled greatly at his hair, which was white like silver, while his beard was black as soot. He was seized by Arab banditti, who tore the gilt buttons from his coat. One button remained upon a cuff; and, tearing off his coat, he threw it at them to be quarrelled over, while he himself scampered away up the hills. Greenhill collected ancient coins, which, like a good Perthshire man, he presented to the Perth Museum. He became at last a volunteer to the Niger expedition; for which he set to work so vigorously about the inuring of his body, that by exposure and self-denial he brought on himself erysipelas, and died.

A fine fellow was Corporal Coles, who endured with Captain Grey, in the deserts of Western Australia, terrible suffering. When he had been picked up by a boat, and found his captain, "Have you a little water?" asked the captain as he entered. "Plenty, sir," answered Coles, handing a very little, that was swallowed eagerly. That drop of water was all that was in the boat when Coles was found; and although he suffered severely from thirst, he would not taste a drop, as long as he retained any hope that his chief might be found, and he in want of it. Brave Corporal Coles, at the end of all the suffering and labour, by



which Captain Grey and his party were almost destroyed, was in a dreadful plight. "Corporal Coles," the captain wrote, "my faithful and tried companion in all my wanderings, could scarcely crawl along. The flesh was completely torn away from one of his heels; and the irritation caused by this, had produced a large swelling in the groin. Nothing but his own strong fortitude, aided by the encouragement given him by myself and his comrades, could have made him move under his great agony." He was then walking for his life, twenty-one miles in the day, under a fierce sun, without food, or water, to sleep at night in the darkness, under drenching rain, and rise next morning to resume his toil. Then we may read in the Quartermaster's book, of Sappers attached to an Arctic expedition, making soup of their boots boiled with a bit of buffalo grease. Running on to the year eighteen hundred and fifty-one, we find the Sappers constituting an important and most interesting feature of the human machinery connected with the Great Exhibition, and passing over the sapping and mining work done at the Chobham Camp we come to the great siege of Sebastopol, where at what work was done by the Royal Sappers and Miners, the Quartermaster industriously laboured to make out from many private sources.

We have said nothing of General Colby's classes for the

training of men up to the highest state of efficiency in execution of the national surveys. Of the twenty-two companies into which the present number of two thousand six hundred and fifty-five Sappers and Miners of all ranks is divided, four are set apart for the duties of the national surveys. The number of officers upon the survey has been reduced from forty-five to nine. Nevertheless, the men are so efficient, that they can be safely intrusted with the charge of difficult and important works; concerning which they cannot always receive directions from officers.

We have not yet accepted the whole lesson taught us by the admirable result of the introduction of mechanics, as constituent members of the British army. It has been shown for many years past by the working of the corps of Sappers and Miners, and the idea upon which it was founded has been further acted upon during the last months by the despatch of railway labourers to the Crimea. It is not simply of fighting men that a perfectly organised army ought in these days to consist. The formation of the corps of Royal Sappers and Miners was the first official recognition of the fact; other recognitions of it, doubtless, are to follow.



## POETRY ON THE RAILWAY.

IF I succeed in the object I have proposed to myself in this paper, I shall consider that I am entitled to the gratitude of all poets, present and to come. For I shall have found them a new subject for verse: a discovery, I submit, as important as that of a new metal, or of a new motive power, a new pleasure, a new pattern for shawls, a new colour, or a new strong drink. No member of the tuneful craft; no gentleman whose eyes are in the habit of rolling in a fine frenzy; no sentimental young lady with an album will deny that the whole present domain of poetry is used up: — that it has been surveyed, travelled over, explored, ticketed, catalogued, classified, and analysed to the last inch of ground, to the last petal of the last flower, to the last blade of grass. Every poetical subject has been worn as threadbare as Sir John Cutler's stockings. The sea, its blueness, depth, vastness, raininess, freedom, noisiness, calmness, darkness, and brightness; its weeds, and waves, and finny denizens; its laughter, wailings, sighings, and deep bellowings; the ships that sail, and the boats that dance, and the tempests that howl over it; the white winged birds that skim over its billows; the great whales, and sharks, and monsters, to us yet unknown, that disport themselves in its lowest depths, and swinge the

scaly horrors of their folded tails in its salt hiding places; the mermaids that wag their tails and comb their tresses in its coral caves; the sirens that sing fathoms farther than plummet ever sounded; the jewels and gold that lie hidden in its caverns, measureless to man; the dead that it is to give up: — the sea, and all appertaining to it, have been sung dry these thousand years. We heard the roar of its billows in the first line of the Iliad, and Mr. Sharp, the comic singer, will sing about it this very night at the Tivoli Gardens, in connection with the Gravesend steamer, the steward, certain basins, and a boiled leg of mutton.

As for the Sun, he has had as many verses written about him as he is miles distant from the earth. His heat, brightness, roundness, and smiling face; his incorrigible propensities for getting up in the east and going to bed in the west; his obliging disposition in tipping the hills with gold, and bathing the evening sky with crimson, have all been sung. Every star in the firmament has had a stanza; Saturn's rings have all had their posies, and Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, and Virorum, have all been chanted. As for the poor ill-used Moon, she has been ground on every barrel-organ in Parnassus since poetry existed. Her pallid complexion, chastity or lightness of conduct, treacherous, contemplative, or secretive disposition, her silver or sickly



smile, have all been over-celebrated in verse. And everything else belonging to the sky — the clouds, murky, purple, or silver lined, the hail, the rain, the snow, the rainbow, the wind in its circuits, the fowls that fly, and the insects that hover — they have all had their poets, and too many of them.

Is there anything new in poetry, I ask, to be said about Love? Surely that viand has been done to rags. We have it with every variety of dressing. Love and madness; love and smiles, tears, folly, crime, innocence, and charity. We have had love in a village, a palace, a cottage, a camp, a prison, and a tub. We have had the loves of pirates, highwaymen, lords and ladies, shepherds and shepherdesses; the Loves of the Angels and the Loves of the New Police. Canning was even good enough to impress the abstruse science of mathematics into the service of Poetry and Love; and to sing about the loves of ardent axioms, postulates, tangents, oscillation, cissoids, conchoids, the square of the hypotenuse, asymptotes, parabolas, and conic sections — in short, all the Loves of the Triangles. Doctor Darwin gave us the Loves of the Plants, and in the economy of vegetation we had the loves of granite rocks, argillaceous strata, noduled flints, blue clay, silica, chert, and the limestone formation. We have had in connection with love in poetry hearts, darts, spells,

wrath, despair, withering smiles, burning tears, sighs, roses, posies, pearls and other precious stones; blighted hopes, beaming eyes, misery, wretchedness, and unutterable woe. It is too much. Everything is worn out. The whole of the flower-garden, from the brazen sunflower to the timid violet, has been exhausted long ago. All the birds in the world could never sing so loud or so long as the poets have sung about them. The bards have sung right through Lemprière's Classical Dictionary, Buffon's Natural History, Malte Brun's Geography (for what country, city, mountain, or stream, remains unsung), and the Biographie Universelle. Every hero, and almost every scoundrel, has had his epic. We have had the poetical Pleasures of Hope, Memory, Imagination, and Friendship; likewise the Vanity of Human Wishes, the Fallacies of Hope, and the Triumphs of Temper. The heavenly muse has sung of man's first disobedience, and the mortal fruit of the forbidden tree, that brought Death into the world and all our woes. The honest muse has arisen and sung the Man of Ross. All the battles that ever were fought — all the arms and all the men — have been celebrated in numbers. Arts, commerce, laws, learning, and our old nobility, have had their poet. Suicide has found a member of the Court of Apollo musical and morbid enough to sing self-murder; and the Corn



Laws have been rescued from Blue Books, and enshrined in Ballads. Mr. Pope has called upon my lord Bolingbroke to awake, and "expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;" and the pair have, together, passed the whole catalogue of human virtues and vices in review. Drunkenness has been sung; so has painting, so has music. Poems have been written on the Art of Poetry. The Grave has been sung. The earth, and the waters under it, and the fearsome region under that; its "adamantine chains and penal fire," its "ever burning sulphur unconsumed," its "darkness visible," its burning marl and sights of terror. We have heard the last lays of all the Last Minstrels, and the Last Man has had his say, or rather his song, under the auspices of Campbell. The harp that once hung in Tara's halls has not a string left, and nobody ought to play upon it any more.

Take instead, oh ye poets, the wires of the Electric Telegraph, and run your tuneful fingers over those chords. Sing the poetry of Railways. But what can there be of the poetical, or even of the picturesque, element in a Railway? Trunk lines, branch-lines, loop-lines, and sidings; cuttings, embankments, gradients, curves, and inclines; points, switches, sleepers, fog-signals, and turntables; locomotives, break-vans, buffers, tenders, and whistles; platforms, tunnels, tubes, goods-sheds, return-tickets, axle-grease,

cattle-trains, pilot-engines, timetables, and coal-trucks: all these are eminently prosaic matter-of-fact things, determined, measured and maintained by line and rule, by the chapter and verse of printed regulations and bye-laws signed by Directors and Secretaries, and allowed by Commissioners of Railways. Can there be any poetry in the Secretary's office; in dividends, debentures, scrip, preference-shares, and deferred bonds? Is there any poetry in Railway time—the atrociously matter-of-fact system of calculation that has corrupted the half-past two o'clock of the old watchman into two-thirty? Is Bradshaw poetical? Are Messrs. Pickford and Chaplin and Horne poetical? How the deuce (I put words into my opponent's mouths) are you to get any poetry out of that dreariest combination of straight lines, a railroad:—straight rails, straight posts, straight wires, straight stations, and straight termini.

As if there could be anything poetical about a Railroad! I hear Gusto the great fine art Critic and judge of Literature say this with a sneer, turning up his fine Roman nose meanwhile. Poetry on a Railway! cries Proseycard, the man of business—nonsense! There may be some nonsensical verses or so in the books that Messrs. W. H. Smith and Sons sell at their stalls at the different stations; but Poetry on or in the Railway itself—ridiculous! Poetry on the Rail! echoes



Heavypace, the commercial traveller — fudge! I travel fifteen thousand miles by railway every year. I know every line, branch, and station in Great Britain. I never saw any poetry on the Rail. And a crowd of passengers, directors, shareholders, engine-drivers, guards, stokers, station-masters, signal-men, and porters, with, I am ashamed to fear, a considerable proportion of the readers of Household Words, seem, to the ears of my mind, to take up the cry, to laugh scornfully at the preposterous idea of there being possibly any such a thing as poetry connected with so matter-of-fact an institution as a Railway, and to look upon me in the light of a fantastic visionary.

But I have tied myself to the stake; nailed my colours to the mast; drawn the sword and thrown away the scabbard: in fact, I have written the title of this article, and must abide the issue.

Take a Tunnel — in all its length, its utter darkness, its dank coldness and tempestuous windiness. To me a Tunnel is all poetry. To be suddenly snatched away from the light of day, from the pleasant companionship of the fleecy clouds, the green fields spangled with flowers, the golden wheat, the fantastically changing embankments, — now geological, now floral, now rocky, now chalky; the hills, the valleys, and the winding streams; the high moun-

tains in the distance that know they are emperors of the landscape, and so wear purple robes right imperially; the silly sheep in the meadows, that graze so contentedly, unweeting that John Hinds the butcher is coming down by the next train to purchase them for the slaughter-house; the little lambs that are not quite up to railway-trains, their noise and bustle and smoke, yet, and that scamper nervously away, carrying their simple tails behind them; the sententious cattle that munch, and lazily watch the steam from the funnel as it breaks into fleecy rags of vapour, and then fall to munching again; — to be hurried from all these into pitchy obscurity, seem to me poetical and picturesque in the extreme. It is like death in the midst of life, a sudden suspension of vitality — the gloom and terror of the grave pouncing like a hawk upon the warmth and cheerfulness of life. Many an ode, many a ballad could be written on that dark and gloomy tunnel — the whirring roar and scream and jarr of echoes, the clanging of wheels, the strange voices that seem to make themselves heard as the train rushes through the tunnel, — now in passionate supplication, now in fierce anger and loud invective, now in an infernal chorus of fiendish mirth and demoniac exultation, now in a loud and long-continued though inarticulate screech — a meaningless howl like the ravings of a madman. To understand and



appreciate a tunnel in its full aspect of poetic and picturesque horror, you should travel in a third-class carriage. To first and second class passengers the luxury of lamplight is by the gracious favour of the Directors of the company condescendingly extended; and in passing through a tunnel they are enabled dimly to descry their fellow-travellers; but for the third class voyager darkness both outer and inner are provided — darkness so complete and so intense, that as we are borne invisibly on our howling way, dreadful thoughts spring up in our minds of blindness; that we have lost our sight for ever! Vainly we endeavour to peer through the darkness, to strain our eyes to descry one ray of light, one outline — be it ever so dim — of a human figure; one thin bead of day upon a panel, a ledge, a window-sill, or a door. Is there not matter for bards in all this? — in the length of the tunnel, its darkness and clamour; in the rage and fury of the engine eating its strong heart, burnt up by inward fire like a man consumed by his own passions; in the seemingly everlasting duration of the deprivation from light and day and life; but a deprivation which ends at last. Ah, how glad and welcome that restoration to sunshine is! We seem to have had a sore and dangerous sickness, and to be suddenly and graciously permitted to rise from a bed of pain and suffering, and enter at once into the enjoyment

of the rudest health, with all its comforts and enjoyments, with all its cheerful pleasures and happy forgetfulness of the ills that are gone, and unconscious nescience of the ills that are to come, and that must come, and surely.

Whenever I pass through a tunnel I meditate upon these things, and wish heartily that I were a poet, that I might tune my heart to sing the poetry of railway tunnels. I don't know whether the same thoughts strike other people. I suppose they do, — I hope they do. It may be that I muse more on tunnels, and shape their length and blackness, and coldness and noise, to subjects fit to be wedded to immortal verse; because I happen to reside on a railway, and that almost every morning and evening throughout the week I have to pass through a tunnel of prodigious length, — to say the truth, nearly as long as the Box Tunnel, on the Great Western Railway. Morning and night we dash from the fair fields of Kent, — from the orchards and the hop-gardens, — from the sight of the noble river in the distance, with its boats and barges and huge ships, into this Erebus, pitch dark, nearly three miles long, and full of horrid noises. Sometimes I travel in the lamp-lit carriages, and then I find it poetical to watch the flickering gleams of the sickly light upon shrouded figures, muffled closely in railway rugs and mantles and shawls, — the



ladies, who cower timidly in corners; the children, who, half-pleased, half-frightened, don't seem to know whether to laugh or cry, and compromise the matter by sitting with their mouths wide open, and incessantly asking why it is so dark, and why there is such a noise. Sometimes, and I am not ashamed to confess, much more frequently, I make my journey in the poor man's carriage — the "parly," or third class. In that humble "parly" train, believe me, there is much more railway poetry attainable than in the more aristocratic compartments. Total darkness, more noise (for the windows are generally open, and the reverberation consequently much greater), more mocking voices, more mystery, and more romance. I have even gone through tunnels in those vile open standing-up cars, called by an irreverent public "pig-boxes," and seemingly provided by railway directors as a cutting reproach on, and stern punishment for, poverty. Yet I have drunk deeply of railway poetry in a "pig-box." There is something grand, there is something epic; there is something really sublime in the gradual melting away of the darkness into light; in the decadence of total eclipse and the glorious restoration of the sun to his golden rights again. Standing up in the coverless car you see strange, dim, fantastic, changing shapes above you. The daylight becomes irriguous, like dew, upon the steam from the funnel, the roofs of the carriages, the brickwork sides of the tunnel itself. But nothing is defined, nothing fixed: all the shapes are irresolute, fleeting, confused, like the events in the memory of an old man. The tunnel becomes a phantom tube — a dry Styx — the train seems changed into Charon's boat, and the engine-driver turns into the infernal ferryman. And the end of that awful navigation must surely be Tartarus. You think so, you fancy yourself in the boat, as Dante and Virgil were in the Divine Comedy; ghosts cling to the sides, vainly repenting, uselessly lamenting; Francesca of Rimini floats despairing by; far off, mingled with the rattle of wheels, are heard the famine-wrung moans of Ugolino's children. Hark to that awful shrilly, hideous, prolonged yell — a scream like that they say that Catherine of Russia gave on her deathbed, and which, years afterwards, was wont to haunt the memories of those that had heard it. Lord be good to us! there is the scream again: it is the first scream of a lost spirit's last agony; the cry of the child of earth waking up into the Ever and Ever of pain; it is Facinata screaming in her sepulchre of flames — no, it is simply the railway whistle as the train emerges from the tunnel into sunlight again. The ghosts vanish, there are no more horrible sights and noises, no flying sparks, no red lamps at intervals like demon



eyes. I turn back in the "pig-box," and look at the arched entrance to the tunnel we have just quitted. I seemed to fancy there should be an inscription over it bidding all who enter to leave Hope behind; but instead of that there is simply, hard by, a placard on a post relative to cattle straying on the railway.

A railway accident! Ah, poets! how much of poetry could you find in that, were you so minded. Odes and ballads, sapphics, alcaics and dactyls, strophes, chorusses and semi-chorusses might be sung — rugged poems, rough as the rocky numbers of Ossian, soothing poems, "soft pity to infuse," running "softly sweet in Lydian measure" upon the woes of railway accidents, the widowhoods and orphanages that have been made by the carelessness of a driver, a faulty engine, an unturned "point," a mistaken signal. Think of the bride of yesterday, the first child of our manhood, the last child of our age, think of the dear friend who has been absent for years, who has been estranged from us by those whispering tongues that poison truth, and is coming swiftly along the iron road to be reconciled to us at last. Think of these all torn from us by a sudden, cruel, unprepared-for death; think of these, falling upon that miserable battlefield, without glory, without foes to fight with, yet with fearfuller, ghastlier hurts, with more carnage and horror in destruction

than you could meet with even on those gory Chersonesean battlefields after storms of shot and shell, after the fierce assaults of the bayonet's steel, and the trampling of the horses, and the stroke of the sharp sword. There are bards to wail over the warrior who falls in the fray, for the horse and his rider blasted by the scarlet whirl-wind. There are tears and songs for the dead that the sea engulfs, to cradle them in its blue depths till Time and Death shall be no more. There are elegies and epitaphs and mourning verses for those that sleep in the churchyard, that have laid their heads upon a turf, that eat their salad from the roots, that dwell with worms and entertain creeping things in the cells and little chambers of their eyes. There is poetry even for the murderer on his gibbet; but who cares to sing the railway victims? who bids the line restore its dead? who adjurates the engine to bring back the true and brave? They are killed, and are buried; the inquest meet; the jurymen give their verdict, and forget all about it two days afterwards. Somebody is tried for manslaughter and acquitted, for, of course, there is nobody to blame! It is all over, and the excursion train, crammed with jovial excursionists, sweethearts, married couples, clubs of gay fellows, laughing children, baskets of prog, bottles of beer, and surreptitious, yet officially connived at, pipes; the engine dress-



ed in ribbons, the stoker — Oh, wonder! — in a clean shirt; the excursion train, I say, rattles gaily over the very place where, a month since, the accident took place; over the very spot where the earth drank up blood, and the rails were violently wrenched and twisted, and the sleepers were ensanguined, and death and havoc and desolation were strewn all around, and the wild flowers in the embankment were scalded with the steam from the shattered boiler.

Can you form an idea, poets, of a haunted line? Suppose the same excursion train I was speaking of to be on its way home, late at night, say from Cripplegate-super-mare or Buffington Wells. Everybody has enjoyed himself very much — the children are tired, but happy. The bonnets of the married ladies have made their proper impression upon the population of Cripplegate-super-mare, and they are satisfied with them, their husbands, and themselves. The married gentlemen have found out of what the contents of the black bottles consisted — they smoke pipes openly now, quite defiant, if not oblivious, of bye-laws and forty-shilling fines. Nobody objects to smoking — not even the asthmatical old gentleman in the respirator and the red comforter — not even the tall lady, with the severe countenance and the green umbrella, who took the mild fair man in spectacles so sharply to task this morning about the mild

cigar which he was timidly smoking up the sleeve of his poncho. Even the guards and officials at the stations do not object to smoking. One whiskered individual of the former class, ordinarily the terror of the humble third-class passenger, whom he, with fierce contempt, designates as “you, sir,” and hauls out of the carriage on the slightest provocation, condescends to be satirical on the smoke subject; he puts his head in at the window, and asks the passengers “how they like it — mild or full flavoured?” This is a joke, and everybody, of course, laughs immensely, and goes on smoking unmolested. Bless me! how heartily we can laugh at the jokes of people we are afraid of, or want to cringe to for a purpose.

Surely a merrier excursion train as this was never due at the Babylon Bridge station at eleven-thirty. Funny stories are told. A little round man, in a grey coat and a hat like a sailor's, sings a comic song seven miles long, for he begins it at one station and ends it at another seven miles distant. A pretty, timorous widow is heard softly joining in the chorus of “tol de rol lol.” A bilious man of melancholy mien, hitherto speechless, volunteers a humorous recitation, and promises feats of conjuring after they have passed the next station. Strangers are invited to drink out of strange bottles, and drink. Everybody is willing to



take everybody's children on his knee. People pencil down addresses by the lamplight, and exchange them with people opposite, hoping that they shall become better acquainted. The select clubs of jolly fellows are very happy — they even say "vrappy." There is laughing, talking, jesting, courting, and tittering. None are silent but those who are asleep. Hurrah for this jovial excursion train, for the Nor-Nor-West by Eastern Railway Company, its cheap fares, and amirable management!

Suppose that just at the spot where this allegro train now is, there occurred the great accident of last July. You remember, the excursion train, through some error, the cause of which was unfortunately never discovered, ran into the luggage train; the driver and stoker of the former were dashed to pieces — thirty-three persons were killed or wounded. Suppose some man of poetical temperament, of fantastic imagination, of moody fancies were in the carriage of this merry train to-night, looking from the window, communing with the yellow moonlight, the light clouds placidly floating along the sea of heaven as if sure of a safe anchorage at last. He knows the line, he knows the place where that grim accident was — he muses on it — yes; this was the spot, there laid the bodies.

Heavens and earth! suppose

the line were haunted! See, from a siding comes slowly, noiselessly along the rails the PHANTOM TRAIN! There is no rattle of wheels, no puffing and blowing of the engine, only, from time to time, the engine whistle is heard in a fitful, murmuring, wailing gust of sound; the lamps in front burn blue, sickly lambent flames leap from the funnel and the furnace door. The carriages are lamplit too, but with corpse candles. The carriages themselves are mere skeletons — they are all shattered, dislocated, ruined, yet, by some deadly principle of cohesion, they keep together, and through the interstices of their cracking ribs and framework you may see the passengers. Horrible sight to see! Some have limbs bound up in splinters, some lie on stretchers, but they have all faces and eyes; and the eyes and the faces; together with the phantom guard with his lantern, from which long rays of ghastly light proceed; together with the phantom driver, with his jaw bound up; the phantom stoker, who stokes with a mattock and spade, and feeds the fire as though he were making a grave; the phantom commercial travellers wrapped in shrouds for railway rugs; the pair of lovers in the first-class coupé, locked in the same embrace of death in which they were found after the accident, the stout old gentleman with his head in his lap, the legs of the man the rest of whose body was never found, but who



still has a face and eyes, the skeletons of horses in the horse-boxes, the stacks of coffins in the luggage-vans (for all is transparent, and you can see the fatal verge of the embankment beyond, through the train). All these sights of horror flit continually past, up and down, backwards and forwards, haunting the line where the accident was.

But, ah me! these are, perhaps, but silly fancies after all. Respectability may be right, and there may be no more poetry in a railway than in my boots. Yet I should like to find poetry in everything, even in boots. I am afraid railways *are* ugly, dull, prosaic, straight; yet the line of beauty, honest Hogarth tells us, is a curve, and curves you may occasionally find on the straightest of railways — and where beauty is, poetry, you may be sure of it, is not far off. I am not quite sure but you may find it in ugliness too, if there be anything beautiful in your own mind.

### WHAT MY LANDLORD BELIEVED.

My Bohemian landlord in Vienna told me a story of an English nobleman. It may be worth relating, as showing what my landlord, quite in good faith and earnest believed.

You know, Lieber Herr, said Vater Böhm, there is nothing in the whole Kaiserstadt so asto-

nishing to strangers as our sign-boards. Those beautiful paintings that you see — Am Graben and Hohe Markt, real works of art, with which the sign-boards of other countries are no more to be compared, than your humdrum English music is to the delicious waltzes of Lanner, or the magic polkas of Strauss. Imagine an Englishman, who knows nothing of painting, finding himself all at once in front of one of those charming compositions; pictures that they would make a gallery of in London, but which we can afford to put out of doors; he is fixed, he is dumb with astonishment and delight — he goes mad. Well, Lieber Herr, this is exactly what happened to one of your English nobility. Milor arrived in Vienna; and as he had made a wager that he would see every notability in the city and its environs in the course of three days, which was all the time he could spare, he hired a fiaker at the Tabor-Linie, and drove as fast as the police would let him from church to theatre; from museum to wine-cellar; till chance and the fiaker brought him into the Graben. Milor got out to stretch himself, and to see the wonderful shops, and after a few turns came suddenly upon the house at the sign of the Joan of Arc.

“Goddam!” exclaimed Milor, as his eye met the sign-board.

There he stood, this English nobleman, in his drab coat with pearl buttons, his red neckcloth,



blue pantaloons and white hat, transfixed for at least five minutes. Then swearing some hard oaths, a thing the English always do when they are particularly pleased, Milor exclaimed, "It is exquisite! Holy Lord Mayor, it is unbelievable!"

Mein Lieber, you have seen that painting of course, I mean Joan of Arc, life-size, clad in steel, sword in hand, and with a wonderful serenity expressed in her countenance, as she leads her flagging troops once more to the attack upon the walls. It has all the softness of a Coreggio, and the vigour of a Rubens. Milor gave three bounds, and was in the middle of the shop in a moment.

"That picture!" he exclaimed.

"What picture, — Euer Gnaden?" enquired the shopkeeper, bowing in the most elegant manner.

"It hangs at your door — Joan of Arc, I wish to buy it."

"It is not for sale, Euer Gnaden."

"Bah!" ejaculated Milor, "I must have it. I will cover it with guineas."

"It is impossible."

"How impossible?" cried Milor, diving into the capacious pocket of the drab coat with the pearl buttons, and drawing forth a heavy roll of English bank-notes, "I'll bet you anything you like that it is possible."

You know, mein Lieber, that the English settle everything by a wager; indeed, betting and

swearing is about all their language is fit for. For a fact, there were once two English noblemen, from Manchester or some such ancient place, who journeyed down the Rhine on the steamboat. They looked neither to the right nor to the left; neither at the vine-fields nor the old castles; but sat at a table, silent and occupied, with nothing before them but two lumps of sugar, and two heaps of guineas. A little crowd gathered round them wondering what it might mean. Suddenly one of them cried out, "Goddam, it's mine!" "What is yours?" inquired one who stood by, gazing with curiosity. "Don't you see," replied the other, "I bet twenty guineas level, that the first fly would alight upon my lump of sugar, and by God, I've won it!"

To return to Milor. "I'll bet you anything you like that it is possible," said he.

"Your grace," replied the shopkeeper, "my Joan of Arc is beyond price to me. It draws all the town to my shop; not forgetting the foreigners."

"I will buy your shop," said the Englishman.

"Milor! Graf Schweinekopf von Pimplestein called only yesterday to see it, and Le Comte de Barbebiche."

"A Frenchman!" shouted Milor.

"From Paris, your grace."

"Will you sell me your Joan of Arc?" was the furious de-



mand. "I will cover it with pounds sterling twice over."

"Le Comte de Barbebiche" —

"You have promised it to him?"

"Yes!" gasped Herr Wechsel, catching at the idea.

"Enough!" cried the English nobleman; and he strode into the street. With one impassioned glance at the figure of La Pucelle, he threw himself into his fiaker, and drove rapidly out of sight.

On reaching his hotel, he chose two pairs of boxing gloves, a set of rapiers, and a case of duelling pistols; and, thus loaded, descended to his fiaker, tossed them in, and started off in the direction of the nearest hotel. "Le Comte de Barbebiche" — that was the pass-word; but everywhere it failed to elicit the desired reply. He passed from street to street — from gasthaus to gasthaus — everywhere the same dreary negative; and the day waned, and his search was still unsuccessful. But he never relaxed; the morning found him still pursuing his enquiries; and mid-day saw him at the porte cochère of the Hotel of the Holy Ghost, in the Rothenthurm-Strasse, with his case of duelling pistols in his hand, his set of rapiers under his arm, and his two pairs of boxing-gloves slung round his neck.

"Deliver my card immediately to the Comte," said he to the attendant; "and tell him I am waiting." He had found him out.

Luckily, the Comte de Barbebiche happened to be in the best possible humour when this message was conveyed to him, having just succeeded in dyeing his mustache to his entire satisfaction. He glanced at the card — smiled at himself complacently in the mirror before him, and answered in a gracious voice, "Let Milor Mountpleasant come up."

Milor was soon heard upon the stairs; and, as he strode into the room, he flung his set of rapiers with a clatter on the floor, dashed his case of duelling pistols on the table, and with a dexterous twist sent one pair of boxing-gloves rolling at the feet of the Comte, while, pulling on the other, he stood in an attitude of defence before the astonished Frenchman.

"What is this?" enquired the Comte de Barbebiche.

"This is the alternative," cried the Englishman. "Here are weapons; take your choice — pistols, rapiers, or the gloves. Fight with one of them you must, and shall, or abandon your claim to Joan of Arc."

"Mon Dieu! What Joan of Arc? I do not have the felicity of knowing the lady."

"You may see her, Am Graben," gravely replied Milor, "outside a shop door, done in oil."

"Heh!" exclaimed the astonished Comte, "in oil — an Esquimaux, or a Tartar, pray?"

"Monsieur le Comte, I want no trifling. Do you persist in the



purchase of this picture? I have set my heart upon it; I love it; I have sworn to possess it. Make it a matter of money, and I will give you a thousand pounds for your bargain; make it a matter of dispute, and I will fight you for it to the death; make it a matter of friendship, and yield up your right, and I will embrace you as a brother, and be your debtor for the rest of my life."

The Comte de Barbebiche — seeing that he had to do with an Englishman a degree, at least, more crazed than the rest of his countrymen — entered into the spirit of the matter at once, and chose the easiest means of extricating himself from a difficulty.

"Milor," he exclaimed, advancing towards him, "I am charmed with your sentiments, your courage, and your integrity. Take her, Milor — take your Joan of Arc; I would not attempt to deprive you of her if she were a real flesh and blood Pucelle, and my own sister."

The Englishman, with a grand oath, seized the Comte's hand in both his own, and shook it heartily; then scrambling up his paraphernalia of war, spoke a hurried farewell, and disappeared down the stairs.

The grey of the morning saw Milor in full evening costume, pacing the Graben with hurried steps, watching with anxious eyes the shop front where his beloved was wont to hang. He saw her carried out like a shutter from the house, and duly sus-

pended on the appointed hook. She had lost none of her charms, and he stood with arms folded upon his breast, entranced for awhile before the figure of the valiant maiden.

"Herr Wechsel," said he abruptly, as he entered the shop; "Le Comte de Barbebiche has ceded his claim to me. I repeat my offer for your Joan of Arc — decide at once, for I am in a hurry."

It certainly does appear surprising that Herr Wechsel did not close in with the offer at once; perhaps he really had an affection for his picture; perhaps he thought to improve the bargain; or, more probably, looking upon his strange customer as so undoubtedly mad, as to entertain serious fears as to his ever receiving the money. Certain it is, that he respectfully declined to sell.

"You refuse!" shouted Milor, striking his clenched fist upon the counter; "then, by Jove! I'll — but never mind!" and he strode into the street.

The dusk of the evening saw Milor in the dress of a porter, pacing the Graben with a steady step. He halted in front of his cherished Joan; with the utmost coolness and deliberation unhooked the painting from its nail, and placing it carefully, and with the air of a workman, upon his shoulder, stalked away with his precious burden.

Imagine the consternation of Herr Wechsel upon the discovery



of his loss. His pride, his delight, the chief ornament of his shop was gone; and, moreover, he had lost his money. But his sorrow was changed into surprise, and his half-tearful eyes twinkled with satisfaction as he read the following epistle, delivered into his hands within an hour after the occurrence: —

"SIR, — You will find placed to your credit in the Imperial Bank of Vienna the sum of five thousand pounds, the amount proffered for your Joan of Arc. Your obstinacy has driven me into the commission of a misdemeanor. God forgive you. But I have kept my word.

"I am already beyond your reach, and you will search in vain for my trace. In consideration for your feelings, and to cause you as little annoyance as possible, I have placed *my* Joan of Arc into the hands of a skilful artist; and I trust to forward you as accurate a copy as can be made.

"Yours,  
MOUNTPLEASANT."

And Milor kept his word, mein Lieber, and the copy hangs, Am Graben, to this day in the place of the original. The original shines among the paintings in the splendid collection of Milor at Mountpleasant Castle.

I will not pretend to say, concluded Vater Böhm, reloading his pipe, that the English have any taste, but they certainly have a strange passion for pictures; and, let them once get an idea into their heads, they are the most obstinate people in the world in the pursuit of it.

## THE WIND.

THE wind went forth o'er land and sea,  
Loud and free;  
Foaming waves leapt up to meet it,  
Stately pines bow'd down to greet it,  
While the wailing sea,  
And the forest's murmured sigh  
Joined the cry,  
Of the wind that swept o'er land and sea.

The wind that blew upon the sea  
Fierce and free,  
Cast the bark upon the shore,  
Whence it sail'd the night before  
Full of hope and glee;  
And the cry of pain and death  
Was but a breath,  
Through the wind that roar'd upon the sea.

The wind was whispering on the lea  
Tenderly;  
But the white rose felt it pass,  
And the fragile stalks of grass  
Shook with fear to see  
All her trembling petals shed,  
As it fled,  
So gently by, — the wind upon the lea.

Blow, thou wind, upon the sea  
Fierce and free,  
And a gentler message send,  
Where frail flowers and grasses bend,  
On the sunny lea;  
For thy bidding still is one,  
Be it done  
In tenderness or wrath, on land or sea!

## AUSTRALIAN CARRIERS.

I AM one of a strong body of many hundred carriers over Keilor plains, towards the diggings of Victoria, whose two-horse drays and wagons do the work that may, some day, be done by the Melbourne and Mount Alexander Railway. On us depend some eighty thousand diggers, whom we serve by carrying their houses of canvas, wood, or iron, their clothes, made of all



sorts of materials, their food, their tools, their simple machinery, sometimes themselves. We form an endless chain between the city and the diggings — one side continually going up full, and the other coming down empty. Our work never stops. One of us rarely stays two nights in the same place, and only when in town sleeps under a roof, or on a bed. Wandering thus incessantly, we encounter, of course, many adventures. Each trip has a story of its own; but what I wish now to do is to give only a general idea of our mode of life. It has a summer and a winter aspect. Many a summer carrier vanishes like a fair weather friend during the winter, to re-appear only when he can travel without being compelled to wade knee-deep during the day, and sleep at night in six inches of water. Victoria, let all geographers be careful to record, is famous for producing mud and dust. When one of these products is not to be met with, there is certainty of finding plenty of the other. I write this in December, our mid-summer, bedazed with sun, and dust, and flies. Melbourne, as we leave it, is totally hidden from us by the gritty cloud that her increasing traffic raises; that hangs above her as the smoke hangs over London.

The road, for a few miles out of the city (barring dust) is very good. It is bordered by cultivated lands and is tolerably pleasant travelling. We pass

through the thriving townships of Flemmington, Moonee Ponds, and Essendon; and, descending a steep hill, nine miles from town, we cross a small stream by a massive timber bridge. The bridge is something more than massive: not content with forming a stout road-way, its heavy beams rise, high above our cart, in three huge wooden walls, and roof us over; making of the bridge too lofty tunnels, that might be a portion of a bomb-proof citadel. There is good reason for this. The thread of water that now trickles below, will swell, and rush, and roar; and, during the heavy winter rains, become a giant against which a giant only could contend. Beyond the bridge, a little encampment of tents, a few houses of wood and two or three of stone, form the township of Keilor. We fill our water-kegs at the stream; and, after climbing a long steep hill, road and fences end abruptly, and we are turned out upon the open plain. Away it stretches back towards Melbourne, its boundary there being the masts of the shipping in the bay, of which we have not yet lost sight. On either hand it touches the horizon, and it rolls before us to break at the foot of a low range of wooded hills, beyond which Macedon heaves his dark head.

Now we feel the worst of summer. The thick grass of the plains is parched and withered, and the heat lies visibly tremulous over



the brown surface as it does over a burning kiln. Along the hundreds of tracks which intersect the plain, vehicles are moving, all accompanied by clouds of dust. During the early part of the day the air is still, and the dust falls where it rises; but, as the sun climbs higher, the land-breeze comes down, hot and unrefreshing; and, as it gathers strength, it catches up the heavy clouds of grit, and, dashing them together, sweeps across the open ground, half-smothering both men and horses, and producing a thick darkness, very like that of a London fog. The wind usually starts up in sudden gusts, and, sometimes twisted in a creek or hollow, it becomes a whirlwind, erecting in a moment a tall monument of dust, which dances down the road until it breaks upon a line of drays, startling the horses from their steady pace, and, throwing everything into confusion.

Along the line of government road a few refreshment tents and one or two public houses stand. A notice is posted outside one of the tents to the effect that water may be had within, at sixpence a bucket. Beer, I should say, rises to two shillings a pint at the distance of only two hours' journey from Melbourne. We halt for an hour, to refresh our horses and ourselves, and then plod on, over the plain. By sunset, we have reached the Gap Inn, where there is a small settlement, and where the road is about to cross,

by a low saddle, the hills that we have had in sight all day. Here we turn off into the bush, to camp down for the night.

The three great requisites for a camping-ground are, grass, water, and fire-wood; yet, in summer, grass and water are not always to be found, and the horses suffer. On the chosen spot, we draw the dray over a smooth place, unharness the horses, and, first having fastened their fore-legs together by a short chain and two straps, turn them adrift, to graze. Then the fire is to be lighted, and, in order to prevent it from running through the dry grass, we prepare the fire-place by first burning a circle, and then beating it out. Over the lighted fire we sling the billy, or, in home phrase, put the kettle on; the kettle being usually a tin pan with a loose wire handle, which attaches it to the dray during the journey. Whilst the water is boiling, we retire to our apartments. The sheet of canvas, which is doubled over the load during the day, is opened out to its full extent, and, falling over both wheels and the back of the dray, converts the space between the wheels and beneath the body into a room. The shafts of the dray are raised, resting upon the crossed prop-sticks, and — as we approve of ventilation — this part of the enclosure is not covered. The door of our impromptu bedroom is thus left open, and occupies one entire



side of the enclosure. But as we take care to keep the wind at the back, and the fire at the front, the open door is no source of discomfort. The worst of our room is, that the axletree crosses the centre of the ceiling at a rather low elevation, and thus a sleeper, suddenly awakened, is not unlikely to knock his head against it. In rainy weather, too, we get water beds, and do not like them; while, in dry weather, the ants moisten their clay too frequently at the expense of ours. They appear by hundreds, and are industrious insects, each about half-an-inch long, being usually of the species distinguished as the bull-dog ant, from the tenacity with which they retain their hold of anything on which they fasten. The pain of their bite may be compared to the pricking of a red-hot pin. The whole country swarms with them. In summer, it is almost impossible to find a square yard of ground in the bush wholly free from them. Allowance made for these exceptions, and the occasional visit of a tarantula or a centipede, we find ourselves quite comfortable in our room under the dray. An opossum-skin rug laid upon the ground, and a couple of blankets spread over it, make a famous bed; such preparations completed, billy boils, the frying-pan is spluttering and screeching on the fire, and our supper of bread, meat, and tea is ready. Frying-pan and billy are then brought under the dray,

where we dip our tin pannikins into the tea, and carve, with our clasp-knives, chops placed upon huge lumps of bread.

By the time supper is over, the horses have come back, and are standing round the dray, expectant of their oats. The nose-bags are put on, and, whilst they feed, we light our candle, fix it cleverly between the spokes of the wheel which constitutes a side wall of our chamber, fill our pipes, and are at ease. In the box appropriated to the wants of the road, I generally carry a favourite book or two, or a late English newspaper, if — through some oversight of the post-office clerk, who usually makes himself a present of each of my papers — I receive one of a tolerably recent date. By and by the grinding of oats ceases, and the chains of the hobbles rattle as the nags begin to move away. The nose-bags are removed, and a bell is strapped round the neck of one of the horses; then, after a few minutes occupied in noting the direction they take, we creep into our bed-room again. Each putting his heavy boots into a bag; this is used for a pillow, and, in two minutes, all of us are fast asleep. Sometimes, if feed is scarce, and the horses are likely to stray far, we turn out once during the night, and look them up, as otherwise they are not easily recovered in the morning. Indeed, it is a common accident for a carrier to lose his horses for some days, often alto-



gether; though in places where this accident is likely to occur, or where horse-thieves are suspected, it is customary to tether them to a tree, sometimes even to watch them through the night.

At sunrise we are up, the horses fed, billy and frying-pan again in requisition. The tarpaulin is doubled and lashed over the load, and, hastily swallowing breakfast, we yoke up, and are away again. The birds occupy our vacated nest, to pick up any crumbs we may have scattered; the grass, bent down by our weight, springs up again; and, in a day, the only mark of our encampment is the handful of white ashes which the next shower will wash away.

We pass on over a few miles of rough road, crossing three awkward creeks, which in winter are bogs, dreaded by carriers; and then we come again upon a bit of government road, made and macadamised; another public house; more refreshment-tents or sly grog-shops; and then we descend, by a steep hill, into the pretty township of Gisborne, better known by the name of its chief hotel, as the Bush Inn. Here, is a tolerable collection of shops and stores, with several good inns; and here, as at Keilor and other places on the road, we are assailed by a string of youngsters, who torment us to buy milk (and water) from them, at a shilling a pint. In the neighbourhood the land is being rapidly brought into cultivation;

and there is every indication that Gisborne will soon become a populous town, especially as it possesses that rare natural curiosity in Victoria — a constant supply of pure water.

We water our horses at the stream, fill our kegs, add a fresh loaf and a few pounds of steaks to our store, and then climb slowly the steep ascent leading from the township. In a few minutes we enter the Black Forest.

This place is much dreaded by carriers, for, winter or summer, it is the worst part of the road, and, in the earlier days of the diggings, was dreaded by all travellers as a place infested by bushrangers — terrible as the banditti in the Black Forest of Germany. Many a poor fellow, returning to town with his hard-earned gold, was compelled to stand and deliver here, and not a few were coolly shot down when they ventured to resist the plunderers. Sometimes, however, these thieves caught a Tartar. I was acquainted with one of four diggers who, having obtained a considerable quantity of gold at Bendigo, unwisely determined to convey it to town themselves, and thus save the escort-fees demanded by the government. They engaged a returning dray to take them down, and reached the Black Forest without interruption. Aware of the dangerous nature of the passage through it, they prepared themselves for an attack, one man being seated on each side of the dray, one on the



front of it, and one behind." The gold was placed in the middle of the cart, covered with blankets and bundles. In the heart of the forest, five horsemen suddenly burst upon the diggers, and, galloping up to the dray pistol in hand, called upon them to stand. The sudden reply was repeated volleys of revolvers. Three of the robbers rolled from their saddles. Two of them were shot dead, the other was seriously wounded, and one of the horses killed. Their companions did not wait for the remaining barrels of the four revolvers, but rode off, leaving the diggers masters of the field. The whole engagement did not occupy two minutes. The attack, the repulse, and the retreat were over before the smoke of the pistol-shots had cleared away.

But, such stories are fast becoming legends of the past. The exploits of some three years ago, when a gang of armed men posted themselves on the high-road to Brighton, at a distance of only three miles from the city of Melbourne, and held possession of it for a whole afternoon, stopping all travellers, plundering them, and binding them to trees along the road-side, are now rendered impracticable by the unceasing stream of traffic which is ever rolling along all the main roads, and the number of mounted troopers to be met with in all parts of the country. But even now the whole colony is occasionally startled and dismayed

by some daring outrage, the very bravery of which robs us of the disgust we ought to feel at villainy — as the attack, last year, upon the escort, when the whole of the gold in its charge was captured by a gang of armed men — and the still more recent robbery of the bank at Ballarat, when four men, in the middle of the day, entered a bank situated in a populous diggings, and, locking themselves in, bound and gagged the manager and all his clerks, cleared out its stores, and walked quietly away with a booty of some fourteen thousand pounds. The coolness of these men is still further expressed by the fact that one of them actually lodged his share of the money in the very bank at Melbourne of which he had robbed the branch at Ballarat, thus getting an exchange of notes. But, with all their daring, such men commonly want the tact and prudence necessary to ensure an ultimate escape; for, in the first of these instances, the robbers were all taken and hung, and in the last they are now in Melbourne gaol awaiting trial. In each instance, one of the gang turned queen's evidence, so that, as might be supposed, they are not more wanting in tact than in the instincts of generosity and honour.

But to return to our dray. The main road through the forest has become so impassable that we prefer the tracks of our own making which lie near to the foot of Mount Macedon, and upon



which, from the division of the traffic, the ruts are not particularly deep; where, also, we may venture to cross the creeks without any fear of being swallowed up in the holes, which are left wherever a bullock-dray may have been dug out during the preceding winter. Under the shade of the trees the grass retains some of its verdure, and we camp in a green spot for dinner. During the whole time that we are resting, vehicles and foot passengers are continually passing. Long American wagons on springs, with three or four horses in light harness, well matched and well managed by a driver, who sits on the top of his high load, holding the reins, smoking a cigar, and talking to his cattle in a language Greek to English draymen. English wagons, heavier and more unmanageable, fitted in the old-fashioned style, with double shafts and heavy chain traces, the driver compelled to walk by the side of his horses, and, consequently, unable to manage them half so well as the Yankee, who twists his team through narrow openings in the timber, just shaves the numerous stumps and logs, runs his wheels within an inch of the deep holes, trots down the steep hills with his foot upon the patent break, and climbs up them with a steady pull, a touch on his leader's flanks, and a "Hi! hi! git on thar!" calculating that "no human on airth can take a team

through thir openings, 'cept he's been raised in the States. No, sir!" After him come colonial drays of all shapes and sizes, drawn by one, two, three, or four horses—occasional spring-carts, containing passengers, ripe fruit, or even fresh fish—and sometimes vehicles of unknown name, combining all the others in themselves. Then there come also ponderous drays piled up with heavy goods, drawn by four, six, or eight bullocks, crawling along at snail's pace, urged by continual shouts and heavy lashes, machines that produce more noise than work. Presently, perhaps, a shout of "Clear the way!" passes along the line, and two of the conveyances that run daily between Melbourne and Castlemaine dash by us at full gallop—American again; low, light vehicles that seem utterly unfitted for such roads, but which, nevertheless, can run all others off them. Behind, comes the Argus, a vehicle of the same kind with its daily load of newspapers for the diggings. All at full speed. This is the country for a man who would learn how to drive four in hand. Another cloud of dust in the opposite direction clears off, and four troopers, with their swords drawn, come into view. Two light-carts, each drawn by four horses, follow; more troopers riding at the side of them, whilst others gallop through the bush for fifty yards about, and four more follow in the rear. This is



the Bendigo and Castlemaine escort, with its precious cargo. Numerous foot passengers fill up the intervals. Old diggers returning from town with a light compact pack, or swag, fitting closely and well up upon the shoulders. New chums, with heavy loads lashed badly and carried awkwardly — carpet-bags stuffed full of all manner of unnecessaries, rolls of blankets, tents, guns, tools, and all sorts of things which they will live to learn are almost as cheap on the diggings as in town. Sometimes, a very new man passes, in black coat and Wellington boots, and, worst of all, wearing a tall black hat, an abomination quite as rare upon the roads as an umbrella. Then a party of Germans with their wives, each woman having a small pack tied on her shoulders, and the children carrying as their share of the common burden the kettle and frying-pan or the provision bag. I once passed a German family, in the middle of winter, when the mud was yards deep. One man was dragging a small hand-cart, in which were stowed four very young children and a regular assortment of picks, shovels, and other tools; another — an old man — pushed behind: he wore a curious coat, much too short for him, and, as he stooped to push, there peeped from the shallow pockets the brass-mounted butts of two huge horse-pistols, with flint and pan. Two women and several children of

all sizes walked beside them. Poor, bold hearts! Though they were only bound to Forest Creek (about eighty miles from Melbourne), yet, in the then condition of the roads, it was almost impossible that they could ever reach their destination, and the miseries of such a journey cannot be imagined. Following the Germans come, perhaps, specimens of a race occupying another corner of the world — a train of Chinamen, in single file, extending for some miles along the road; others appear, long after we had thought the whole procession past. They jog along at a slow trot, bending under immense loads, which they carry hanging from each end of a long bamboo, the middle resting on the shoulder. Their slight figures, smooth brown faces, hair carefully twisted up into a huge tail, the coils of which are hidden beneath their immense hats; their short frocks and voluminous petticoat-trowsers, form a strange contrast to the stout forms, long beards, and close-fitting dresses of the European diggers, who are sometimes mingled with them. Each party has its own leader, and they usually travel in such numbers, that their small tents form, when they camp for the night, quite a little township on the roadside. Such are a few only of the passengers and vehicles who usually pass us whilst we eat our bread and mutton in the forest.

Dinner over, we ourselves go



with the train, and are soon deep in the labyrinth of trees, our whole attention fully engaged by the difficulties of the road. Occasionally we pass some unlucky fellow who has had the misfortune to start from town with a jibbing horse — a very common animal here — which does not kick, or rear, or perform any of the evolutions common with English horses in such case, but stands stock still, his feet advanced, his head down, ears drawn back, lips slightly apart, eyes dull, half closed, and turned back towards the dray, and his whole body hanging heavily in the breechings. Stroking and swearing, kind words and hard blows, might as well be expended on a gum-tree as upon this statue of a horse. At length, some carrier unyokes his leaders and hooks on to the stuck dray; the stubborn animal is fairly drawn out of his strong position, and, once on the move, goes on until another soft place brings him up, or another fit of the sturdies comes upon him.

The Black Forest is one succession of hills, short and steep, with swampy creeks between them. Sometimes, in order to avoid these creeks, we run along the sides of the hills, and thus subject ourselves to another common accident of the roads. As we are paid for carrying by the ton, our loads — when they consist of light goods — are piled high above the dray, which thus becomes rather top-heavy.

When siding a hill, this tendency to capsize necessitates great care, but, in spite of all that can be exercised the lower wheel will occasionally drop into a hole, or the upper one rise over a stone or a log large enough to destroy the wavering equilibrium. Then, away goes the dray, turning completely over, the wheels spin in the air, and the shaft-horse, thrown on the broad of his back, twists and untwists his huge legs, with a force that threatens to demolish harness, dray, and driver. Then there is cutting of straps and unhooking of chains, with all the usual accompaniments of such accidents, including plenty of advice gratis. The dray is turned over, and the load, left on the ground, is, by the willing help of many hands, afterwards restored to its original position. Then we go on again.

We meet many returning drays, but all make way for us, for it is a tacitly understood rule of the road here, that no loaded dray shall, on any account, make way for, or be impeded by, an empty one. But this rule scarcely extends to the bullock-drays — of which there are vast numbers, so long as the grass lasts, — for their long, unmanageable teams take up so much room, and occupy so much time in leaving and returning to the track, that we are generally glad enough to leave it clear for them. How, it may well be asked, do their drivers steer lumbering



vehicles and awkward cattle through the narrow openings betwixt the trees without very frequent accidents? They draw immense loads, and the worse the roads are, the greater is their advantage over horses, for they are continually on the move, crawling slowly through the mud, or creeping up the steep hills, getting the ground by inches, it is true, but still getting it. Sometimes they stick fast, and then, if teams are together, Babel breaks loose. The other drivers range themselves, with their long heavy whips on each side of the team, and then commences such shouting and yelling, such long rolls of strangely-worded oaths and whip-cracks that go off like pistol-shots, that even the opossums own themselves startled, and come out into the daylight. At first the bullocks only turn mild eyes on their tormentors, and bend down their heads to avoid the heavy shower of blows. By degrees, however, they get into line, and one after another throws his weight into the iron yoke, the long chain tightens, strains, the wheels move, and with a deafening crash the dray rises slowly out of the mud, and is safely landed on the comparatively dry patch beyond. Then the word is "Spell, oh!" The little keg is turned out from its resting-place in the back of the dray, and a pint pot filled with rum passes round the party, each one of whom accompanies his nobbler with the usual toast of our colony, "Here's luck!" Occasionally, when the dray has sunk very deep and its own team is unable to extricate it, others are added; I have thus seen four teams or thirty-two bullocks yoked before a single dray. The drivers attach strips of silk twisted into a hair-cord to their long lashes, and, in the hands of men accustomed to their use, these whips become terrible instruments of torture. It is, indeed, horrible to witness the savage brutality with which the cattle are treated, and the mercilessness of the drivers. These men are generally of the lowest class, and though I have met with some very good exceptions, they certainly are not raised by their occupation. For deep drinking and hard swearing they may challenge the world, though for the latter practice they say that they have an express privilege. The story runs, that a clerical settler, in New South Wales, overtaking his bullock-driver on the edge of a creek, stood for few minutes to watch the crossing of the team. This was accomplished with the assistance of the usual number of expletives, and the parson, shocked by their abundance, remonstrated with his man for his profanity.

"It's no use," said John, "bullocks won't go without swearing. Just you try 'em."

The master dismounted, and taking the whip from John,



walked on by the team. Strawberry, and Damper, and Blackbird, and Nobbler, and their brethren in the yoke, stepped along very quietly on the level road, probably wondering at the meaning of the gentle tones of their new driver. But, another creek appeared. The dray ran down the bank, the wheels sunk in the mud, moved through it a few inches, and stopped. In vain the reverend driver expostulated with his ungrateful charges, and twisted the long lash round his own face in his endeavours to reach the leaders with it. Indeed, when the end of it did fall harmlessly upon them — as Sterne says of the mules of the Abbess of Andouillettes, under similar circumstances — they simply lashed their tails, and stood stock still. At length the parson gave up in despair, and resigned the whip to his bullock-driver. A sharp crack, a few well-directed blows, and a torrent of loud oaths, and the chain tightened again, the dray moved, and the whole team were soon standing on the opposite bank. "Well, John," said the parson, mounting his horse, "bullock-drivers are allowed to swear; but only, mind, when they have a creek to cross."

The Black Forest differs much from the gum and box forests common in Australia. They are usually more lightly timbered, spread over extensive flats, and seldom possess much undergrowth beyond a wiry grass and

a few flowering shrubs. But in the Black Forest the majority of the trees are rough, stringy barks, which have their loose fibrous covering blackened by the frequent bush fires, that take no such hold on the smooth bark of the white and blue gums. Many of the huge trees are completely hollowed by the fire, the massive trunk and lofty branches being upheld only by a thin shell, burned through in many places, and covered on its inner side with a thick coat of charcoal. A strong blast of wind rarely sweeps through the forest without leveling some of these sooty veterans; and the numbers of fallen logs, in every stage of decay, show that the wind here is no rare visitor. New saplings spring from all the ruins — their tall, tapering barrels become blackened in their turn; but thick masses of brush-wood and green patches of fern and silky grass spread over the blackened surface that the fires have left upon the soil. Here and there a huge white gum will stand out in startling contrast with the blackness round about it; and the dark-leaved blackwood, feathery shiac, light tea-tree, silver wattle, and gnarled honeysuckle grow singly, or in groups, beneath the forest shadow. Though many travellers have bewailed the scentless nature of Australian flowers, few have spoken of the rich fragrance that pervades Australian forests. Near a group of forest young gums, with the dewy jewels of a



recent shower glistening on their broad leaves, the scent is almost overpowering. The rich aromatic odour spreads through the whole forest, and amply compensates us for the absence of the spice groves which, Easterns tell us, make the air of Indian Islands heavy with perfume. It is a libel, too, on our Flora to say that it is all scentless. I have gathered violets in Australia as sweet as if they had been born under a hedge of hawthorn. Many of our shrubs have the grateful perfume of the almond-blossom, and the thousand yellow flowers of the mimosa spread around them a perpetual fragrance. Even the slight scent emitted by many of our small wild flowers — fleeting though it be — is sufficient to redeem them from the sweeping charge that has been so often brought against them. The most common, and the dearest of home flowers, are plentiful in some parts of the country. I have travelled for miles over plains white with daisies, and over rich alluvial flats thickly-powdered with the yellow buttercup. Only once — on the banks of Loddon — have I met with another home-flower, the dandelion; it was a solitary stalk, crowned with its light globe of feathery seeds. We were camped near the spot and I could not resist the inclination to lie down on the grass beside it — as we used to do in the meadows — and try what o'clock it was, in the old boyish way.

The Black Forest is twelve

miles through, and in wet weather several days are often occupied in travelling that distance. But, as the roads are now dry, we get along rather faster, and as the sun leaves us to show his broad face in an English winter picture, we emerge from the forest, and get to the township of Woodend, or Five-mile Creek, which marks the forest boundary on this side, as Gisborne marked it on the other. Passing through Woodend, we follow the metalled road, which appears here again for a couple of miles, and then turn off into the bush, where there is plenty of grass, and once more choose our bed for the night. In the morning, a short pull of three miles through a swampy gum-forest brings us again upon the road, which now lasts as far as Castlemaine. We pass through Carlsruhe and the large and rapidly-increasing township of Kyneton, where we cross the little river Campaspie, the banks of which, in the unfrequented portions of it, abound with game — teal, black-duck, plover, black swans, water-hens, &c. The road skirts next along the edge of a green flat — which in winter is a boggy swamp — and enters on a small tract of the beautiful park-like scenery for which Victoria is famous, but which is rarely met with on the road to, or in the neighbourhood of, the diggings.

Patches of bright green in the distance, and long dark lines of fences show that cultivation has



commenced in earnest, and, with the large steam flour-mill at Kyneton, give hopes that Victoria will not long be dependant upon other countries for her bread. A few miles farther we pass another township — Malmesbury, and, rare pleasure, another river — the Coliban; though I fear that Ouse or Trent would shame to call it sister, for it is, in summer, but a thread indeed.

From hence, passing through an occasional turnpike — for Civilisation, having no fear of Rebecca before her eyes, has advanced so far — we go on to Taradale, or Back Creek, and passing through it, push forward to Elphinstone, or Saw-pit Gully. Nearly all the townships on the road have two names — one given by the bushmen in old times, the other, the new baptism of some government surveyor. The most remarkable feature in Elphinstone is the number of wine and spirit merchants it contains. They seem to constitute the majority of the inhabitants. This is accounted for, by the fact of this being the nearest township to the diggings; and before townships were formed upon the diggings themselves, it became the depot from which the grog-cart started on illicit traffic. Before licenses to retail liquors were granted on the diggings, a heavy penalty was attached to their sale there; but each man was allowed to have not more than two gallons in his tent at one time. Of course, neither this nor

any other law could totally prevent the sale of spirits; and by every refreshment tent-keeper as well as by the majority of the store-keepers, a supply was kept for the use of customers. In order to prevent the seizure of the drays which carried in the liquor, it was usual to take it all up in two-gallon kegs or cases. Any person ordering spirits gave at the same time a list containing as many names as there would be kegs in his cart-load. The names were those of friends or acquaintances on the diggings; and in the event of the drayman being stopped and accompanied by a trooper, these men were always ready to step forward, claim the kegs bearing their respective names, and carry them off to their tents, whence they were restored to the person who had sent for them when the squall was over. The same system was successfully adopted with whole dray-loads, brought up on speculation for chance sale; but it sometimes happened that the names being taken at random, no owners could be found; forfeiture of the grog and a heavy fine were then the results of the speculation. The same plan is still adopted when spirits are smuggled into the diggings.

Leaving Elphinstone and its grog-sellers, we turn to the left over a small bridge, the other branch of the road continuing to Bendigo; and in a sheltered gully once more fix our temporary resting-place. We have had a



long day's journey of about twenty-six miles, and are now within five miles of Forest Creek.

As we travel on in the morning, indications of the neighbourhood of a gold-field become more striking. We see barren ranges stretching to the north thickly strewn with small quartz and intersected by numerous little gullies: at the points of which, holes have been sunk by prospecting parties. Occasionally, a short line of holes running up the gully show that gold has been struck, probably, but not in sufficient quantities to pay for working. Ridges of laminated stone, crop out from the surface, all resting on their edges; and where the road has been cut along the side of the hill, the exposed stone seems to have been violently pitched out of its bed, and the slaty layers are raised upright or recline at any angle.

After running thus for a short distance along the side of a hill, the road descends into a narrow flat, then turns abruptly round the foot of another hill, and the wide diggings of Forest Creek lie suddenly before us. In a few minutes we are passing between lines of tents and wooden houses, every one of which bears an announcement that some sort of trade is carried on within. The whole of the road through the Forest Creek diggings — about five miles — is a succession of ascents and descents, every little hill having its name — as the Old Post Office Hill, the Argus Hill,

the Red Hill, and so on. On the right stretches an extensive flat, which runs away up to the celebrated Golden Point at the foot of Mount Alexander. Every inch of this ground is turned over. The hills on the left are in the same condition. The whole country seems to be turned inside out, and presents only a broken and irregular surface of many-coloured earths. In various places horse-puddling machines are at work breaking up and re-washing, for the second or third time, auriferous earth from which the earlier diggers had, as they thought, extracted all the gold, but which is still found to contain quite sufficient to repay their successors. Some are employed in throwing out the fallen earth from old holes in order to obtain what has been left beneath the "walls" that separate them. Others are sinking new holes on spots that have hitherto escaped, probably because tents were pitched there during former rushes. Numbers of Chinamen are busily washing over again old "stuff," or paring off about six inches of the surface of some untouched hill — surfacing, as this operation is called, being more to their taste than the heavier toil of sinking holes. Our sketch, however, is of the roads, not of the diggings, which must by this time be familiar to every reader.

We pass through Forest Creek, and find at Castlemaine — which joins it — a neatly laid out town-



ship, with streets and squares, stone, brick, and iron stores and houses, a church and chapels, large substantial inns, and all the essential of an old community. Across a small bridge — which has occupied the energetic government rather more than two years in building — stands the government camp, a very extensive establishment, and there it is that a commissioner lives and reigns over his subject diggers. We, being carriers, require no license from him, and are therefore not within his jurisdiction; we may feel his power though, if we forget ourselves so far as to stay for a couple of days within his territory; for in that case some armed and mounted digger-hunter may pounce down upon us unawares, drag us before his majesty, and in a moment sixty of our hard-earned shillings fall due to her Majesty's exchequer.

Here ends my ordinary journey at the store to which our load has been directed. The dray is at once discharged, a receipt is given which acknowledges the delivery of our material in good condition. Without loss of time the horses' heads are turned, and we go back empty to Melbourne.

## THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

### RUSTCHUK.

THOUGH I am getting an elderly gentleman, I do not remember to have ever witnessed a scene of such filthy and disorderly

wretchedness as that presented by the Sultan's good town of Rustchuk, on the banks of the Danube.

The approach to it is over some romantic hills; and the land on all sides, agriculturally speaking, is as rich and grateful a soil as could be found anywhere. There is no natural reason, therefore, for the horrible squalor of a town which might, and ought to be, one of the first cities in the Turkish empire.

To see it, however, now is positively disheartening. On the morning we arrived there, a fine drizzling rain was falling, and it was bitterly cold. There was a deadly penetrating chill about the weather, which gave you a sort of beau ideal of thorough irredeemable discomfort. There was a slight fog, also; one of those raw fogs which haunt the marshy banks of the Danube in winter time.

So, cheerless exceedingly, we rode through the broad street on to the Pasha's house, or Kouak, as it is locally called. Our hands were so wet and cold that the bridle slipped through our powerless fingers whenever our horses stumbled, and they did stumble with most disagreeable frequency. It would have been odd if they had not. The broad high street of Rustchuk was neither more nor less than a deep and dangerous mud-pond. Safe footing for man or beast did not extend more than a few feet immediately in front of the dirty little



wooden traps of shops which were situated on either shore. The remainder of the road was really and truly a perilous pond. The inhabitants, however, had placed great blocks of stones at irregular intervals to mark where the pond was fordable; and if you went aside from the narrow line of safety a single yard, your horse had hard work to struggle and flounder back again. A ride is not so pleasurable a thing, under such circumstances, as an amateur traveller would desire. But fancy two English gentlemen struggling, on sorry hacks, against drift and wind with a little cloud of servants and pack-horses, and so jolting slowly through a blinding rain, completely wet through and dispirited, and you will have us to a hair.

Rustchuk, like most Turkish towns in Bulgaria or elsewhere, covers a large extent of ground; for the houses are scattered about here and there, and the shops and the dwelling-houses of the shopkeepers are often wide apart. The great Turks also often live in a house completely separate from that in which the harem resides; and if any great Turk has more than one wife (a rare occurrence), each wife has often, perhaps I may write usually, a house and servants of her own. The Turks, indeed, are fond of having a good deal of house-room. A grand Turk will rarely offer a guest apartments in his own house, but he will provide him

with a distinct establishment, visiting him every day and perhaps dining and breakfasting with him, but not residing. This arises, of course, chiefly from the jealous seclusion of their women. The near relatives of Turkish ladies — their sons and brothers, for instance — are of course allowed to enter the harem; but as a Moslem guest would, of course, be horror-stricken at his women-kind being beheld by the relatives of his friend's wife or wives, this disagreeable chance is duly provided against by giving them a separate house. The relations of host and guest are almost as clearly defined among the Turks as they were among the ancient Greeks and Romans; for every traveller of respectability claims the hospitality of his acquaintance, as there are no hotels, and the khans are merely refuges for the destitute.

Then again the size of oriental towns of the smallest importance may be explained by the fact, that almost every trade is carried on in some special quarter; and a few rows of little shops (like so many corn bins turned sideways) are set apart for this craft only. Then again there is always a good deal of space taken up by fountains and the intramural gardens of the wealthy.

The poverty and wretchedness of Rustchuk, however, in spite of its size, was sufficient to make one quite melancholy. Not a single house, perhaps, was in perfect repair. The dirt and



squalor of the inhabitants was sad to see; though here and there the splendid horses of some overfed Pasha pawed their stately way up to his kouak, half-smothered in golden housings and gaudy horsecloths; or the pasha himself panted fussily along with his jewelled scimitar at his side, and attended by a posse of bravoos and pipe-bearers.

As we drew near to the bazaars it was easy to perceive that they wore an unusual air of business. Here and there a Frank strutted about in an astounding uniform, or paused contemptuously before a bearded seller of kabobs or dates, and addressed him in a British West Country Turkish quite wonderful to hear. If you watched the Turk who might be thus accosted, his face would gradually assume a look of endurance and patience that was almost touching, while perhaps his sons and hangers-on, less subdued by years and circumstances, would look marvelling up at the gay stranger with thoughts unfriendly enough; and women as they shuffled past would cry with shrill surprise that God was great, and hastily draw their veils closer when they saw the jaunty Frank. Leaving the bazaar we passed down a narrow street. Before a door there stood three gaunt horsemen. They were in a picturesque attitude enough though dripping with rain; but their arms were, of course, rusty and unserviceable, and their

horses were leaner than themselves. They were waiting for somebody, and we drew rein to speak to them. They told us that Omer Pasha had just arrived at Rustchuk, and that we should find him with the governor. They added that they belonged to his army, but had only just joined. As they spoke their chief came out of the house. He was the usual low-browed savage in embroidered clothes, and girt with silver arms. He was a Bashi-Bouzouk — probably the chief of a little company of banditti from some faraway Albanian village, and he had joined the Turkish army in the hope of plunder — whether friends or foes it would matter little.

On then by baggage waggons drawn by oxen creeping along their devious and painful way, no matter where. An awkward little squad of soldiers with their trowsers turned up to their knees, and their muskets carried nohow, slouched beside every waggon, and some were stretched on the top of the load asleep, and careless of the rain and jolting. All belonged likewise to Omer Pacha's army, and were a very fair specimen of it. It is an undisciplined horde of irregulars — sullen, nerveless, useless, apathetic — in a shocking state of disorganisation and inefficiency; so that we may fairly say that Omer Pacha is a great captain, to have been able to do anything at all with them. A more wretched army, physically or morally



speaking, perhaps, never confounded the plans of a general. Every man composing it is as troublesome and dangerous to his own unprotected countrymen as insignificant before the enemy. There is no enthusiasm — no martial ideas of glory. Our friends march listlessly into battle and listlessly out of it. They will fight as all men will fight when compelled to do so in self-preservation; but they do not fight or do anything else with a will; and in degradation of mind they are scarcely on a level with the beasts of the field.

I know that in saying this, I am not recording a popular or agreeable sentiment. The romantic notions of a Moslem warrior are very different; but I know the Turkish soldier pretty well, and pity him sincerely, for I know the causes which have sunk him so low. As I have seen and known him, so I describe. Let Conrad Mazeppa, Esquire, who has just passed a month at Constantinople, and who knows all about this matter and every other, correct me where he sees fit.

We found Omer Pacha at the Kouak, as we expected, and were at once introduced to his presence. He was then going to join the allied army in the Crimea. He seemed considerably disgusted with the state of things in general. It appeared that he had been detained by the intrigues of the Austrian generals at Bucharest, till so late in the season that the line of his march

would be strewn with the corpses of his army, and that his co-operation with the Allies would be difficult and valueless. A few months before his troops were in far better hopes and condition.

The Wallachians had been anxious to join with him and march on the disaffected Russian province of Bessarabia, where they would have been joined by thousands of their countrymen, who waited only for the signal to rise. Also, if Omer Pacha had been allowed to act earlier, and if the Austrians had not so perseveringly thwarted him, he might have diverted a large portion of the Russian army which had been permitted to concentrate itself in the Crimea. The Austrian commanders had designedly rendered the Turkish army useless, and retained Omer Pacha in fretful inactivity at Bucharest. For the rest, the renowned Turkish general was a pleasant vigorous looking man, somewhat past middle life, but hale and hearty. Both he and his family have discreetly adopted the manners of the Turks; but it is pretty well known that the great pachas at Constantinople (the Turkish aristocracy in short) are endowed with the same short-sighted cunning as elsewhere. It is known well enough that they thwart and harry the great soldier who is fighting for their worthless existence with that ungenerous enmity and ignorant perseverance which is



a part of their craft — the inherent quality of their whole species. We must not think that Britain is the only land which has such precious work with little great men. Huffi Pacha and Scruffi Effendi are to the full as wicked and wrong-headed as our own white-gloved cousinocracy. Omer Pacha has found this out long ago, but he seems to have got used to it — as we shall perhaps some day — and recognises it as one of the immutable laws of human affairs.

### DOCTOR DUBOIS.

DOCTOR DUBOIS had just finished a dinner which, if not served up according to the philosophical principles of Brillat-Savarin, was at any rate both succulent and substantial. He had turned his feet towards the fire — it was in the month of December — and was slowly cracking his nuts and almonds, and occasionally moistening them with a glass of genuine Beaune. Evidently he considered that his day had been well employed; and fervently hoped that the goddess Hygeia would watch for that evening at least over his numerous patients. A pair of comfortable slippers — presented by a nervous lady for his assiduous attendance upon a scratch on the little finger of her left hand — adorned his small fat feet. A black velvet skullcap was pulled half over his ears, and a brilliant morning gown fell in

graceful folds about his legs. Bobonne had retired to prepare the customary coffee. The evening paper had arrived. Fraught with interesting, because as yet unknown intelligence, it was waiting on the edge of the table, to be opened. There might be news of a new war or of an unexpected peace; some miraculous rise or fall of the funds might have taken place. The worthy doctor had already thrice glanced at the damp parallelogram of folded paper; but it was his custom to tantalise himself agreeably before satisfying his curiosity. He dallied with the little stone-coloured strips that held the journal in a cross, and bore his name and address, before he liberated it; and was glancing at the first column when he was startled by a melancholy shriek of wind that came up the Rue de Sèvres, mingled with the crash of falling tiles and chimneypots, the dashing of shutters, and the loud splashing of the rain.

“Whew! peste!” ejaculated Doctor Dubois, in a tone of pleasant wonder, “what a night! How fortunate it is that I am not called out. This weather will protect me. All my friends are going on nicely, bless them! No one is in danger of a crisis. Madame Favre has promised to wait till to-morrow. Nothing but a very desperate case could make people disturb me at such a time. Decidedly, I shall have one quiet evening this week.”

The words were scarcely out



of the doctor's mouth when the bell of the apartment rang violently. A physiognomist would have been delighted with the sudden change from complacent security to peevish despair that took place on the doctor's countenance. He placed both his hands firmly on his knees; and, turning round towards the door, waited for the announcement that was to chase him from his comfortable fireside.

"My poor gentleman," said Bobonne, bustling in with a platter, on which was the expected coffee; "you must be off at once. Here is a lad who will not believe that you are out, although I told him you are from home, twice. He says that his mother is dying."

"Diable!" exclaimed Doctor Dubois, half in compassion, half in anger. "Give me my coffee — tell him to come in. Where are my boots? Indeed if she be dying — really dying — I am scarcely wanted. A priest would have been more suitable. However, duty, duty, duty."

"We shall be eternally grateful," said a young man, who, without waiting to be summoned, had entered the room, but who had only caught the last words. "When duty is willingly performed, it is doubly worthy."

"Certainly, sir," replied the doctor, questioning Bobonne with his eyebrows, to know whether his previous grumbling could have been overheard. "I shall be with you directly. Warm your-

self by the fire, my dear young man, whilst I arm myself for combat."

The youth — who was tall and slight, not more than eighteen years of age — walked impatiently up and down the room, whilst Doctor Dubois pulled on his boots, swallowed his scalding coffee, wriggled into his great coat, half strangled himself with his muffler, and received his umbrella from the attentive Bobonne.

"I have a fiacre," said the youth.

"So much the better," quoth Doctor Dubois; "but precautions never do any harm. Now I am ready. You see a man may still be sprightly at fifty. Go to bed, Bobonne; and take a little tisane — that cough of yours must be cared for — hot, mind."

The buxom housekeeper followed her master to the door; and no old bachelor who witnessed the little attentions with which she persecuted him — buttoning his coat tighter, pulling his muffler higher over his chin, giving a tug to the brim of his hat, and, most significant of all, stopping him in the passage to turn up his trousers nearly to his knees, lest they might be spoiled by the mud — no one of the doctor's bachelor friends who witnessed all this (and the occurrence was frequent) failed to envy the doctor his excellent housekeeper. The youth saw nothing. He had gone downstairs three steps at a time, and was in



the vehicle and angry with impatience long before the man of science bustled out, thinking that he had been extraordinarily energetic, and wondering how much more decision of character was required to make a general of division or an emperor.

"Now that we are in full march," quoth he, as the driver was endeavouring to make his drenched hacks step out briskly, "I should like to know something of the case; not the particular symptoms, but the general facts. What is your mother's age?"

The youth replied that she was about forty, and had been ill some time. Her family had supposed, however, until then, that her disease was rather mental than physical. He said other things; but the doctor felt certain that there was something behind which shame had concealed.

The vehicle continued to roll; but it had left the Rue de Sèvres, and was threading some of the sombre streets between that and the Rue de Varennes.

"You came a long way to look for me," said the physician, half enquiringly.

The youth muttered some answer that was unintelligible, and was saved from further questioning by the stopping of the cabriolet. On getting out, the doctor recognised the house as one of the largest private hotels in that quarter. He had often passed by, and thought it was uninhabited. The porte cochère

was opened by an elderly serving-man, who looked sad and sorrowful.

"She is not yet —" exclaimed the youth, not daring to utter the word of the omen.

"No, no! but she has begun to talk reasonably."

"Be frank," whispered Doctor Dubois, as they crossed the court under the hastily opened umbrella. "Has your mother's mind been affected? It is necessary that I should know this."

"Yes — in one particular — in one particular only. I will explain all; but — it is very humiliating."

"Medical men are confessors," said the Doctor, sententially.

"Well, you shall know everything; but first let me entreat you to come in and see my poor mother, and tell us whether there is any immediate danger. I think — yes, I am sure, that if we can prolong her life — but just a little — health will return; and we shall have her with us for many happy years."

"Let us hope so," Doctor Dubois ejaculated, as, after stamping his feet and shaking his hat, muffler and coat and depositing his umbrella, he crossed a scarcely furnished hall, and entered at once upon a large apartment on the ground-floor, preceded by his guide.

The inmates of the room were two, beside the sick person, who lay in a bed at the further extremity. There was first an old



man — a very old man — sitting in a chair, with his knees advanced towards the remnant of a fire, which he was watching intently with lack-lustre eye. His garments were scanty and threadbare, but it was not difficult for a practised eye to see that he had formerly lived amidst wealth and ease. He rose when the doctor entered, made a graceful bow, and then sank back into his chair as if exhausted with fatigue.

A girl of about seventeen sat by the bedside of the sick person, in whose hand her hand was clasped. She was evidently the sister of the youth who had disturbed Doctor Dubois from his comfortable dessert. The invalid was deadly pale and fearfully thin; but traces both of beauty and intelligence remained on her countenance. At least so thought the doctor, whilst at the same time he was detaching as it were from those sickly features the expression which formed their chief characteristic, and which indicated to him the state of her mind. Combining what he had already heard with what he saw, he easily came to the conclusion that one at least of the mental faculties of his new patient was in abeyance. He sat down in a chair which the youth had placed for him, felt the lady's pulse, put on his usual wise look, and after having received answers to a variety of questions, seemed to fill the apartment with life and joy by announcing that there was no immediate danger. The old man

near the fire-place, who had been looking eagerly over his shoulder, clasped his hands, and cast up a rapid glance to heaven. The servant, who still remained in the room, muttered a prayer of thanksgiving; and the two young people absolutely sprang into each other's arms, embracing, laughing, and crying. The person who seemed least interested in this good news was the sick lady herself.

"What is the matter?" she enquired at length, in a tone of mingled tenderness and pride. "Why are you so pleased with what this good man says? You will make me believe I have really been in danger. But this cannot be; or else the Duchess of Noailles would have come to see me, and the Countess of Malmont, and the dowager of Montsorrel. They would not let me be in danger of dying without paying me one visit. By the way, what cards have been left to-day, Valerie?"

These words, most of which were rather murmured than spoken, were greedily caught by the observant doctor, who began dimly to perceive the true state of the case. He received further enlightenment from the answer of Valerie; who, glancing furtively at him and becoming very red, recited at random a list of names; some of them belonging to persons whom he knew to be in the country or dead.

"I wish to write a prescription," said Doctor Dubois.



"Will you step this way?" replied the young man who had brought him to that place, and who now conducted him to a little room furnished with only one chair and a table covered with books. Other books, and a variety of papers, were scattered about the floor.

"A student, I see;" Doctor Dubois smiled. He wished to intimate that he attributed the disorder and nudity he could not but perceive, to eccentricity rather than to poverty.

"We must do what we can," eagerly replied the youth, as if delighted at the opportunity of a sudden confession. "We are too poor to be otherwise than you see."

Doctor Dubois tried to look pompous and conceited. "Madame de — de —"

"Jarante."

"Madame de Jarante," he continued, "has been undermined by a slow fever, the result of — what shall I say? — an insufficient supply of those necessities of life which humble people call luxuries. You need not hang your head, my young friend. These things happen every day, and the proudest of us have passed through the same ordeal. How long has this state of things lasted?"

"Two years."

"A long time. It seems to me that your mother has been kept in a state of delusion as to her position. She believes herself to be still wealthy, still to form

part of the world of fashion, in spite of the accident which removed her from it."

"You know our history, then?"

"One incident I know, in common with all Paris. Every one read in the papers the report of the trial by which your family lost its immense fortune. I thought you had quitted Paris; and never dreamed that after that disaster —"

"You mean disgrace," put in the youth, bitterly.

"That after that disaster you continued to inhabit your old hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain. Whenever I pass I see the shutters closed. I see no one come in or go out. I am not inquisitive. Indeed I have noticed these symptoms without even reflecting upon them. I had forgotten your name. I now understand that you have remained here ever since; living on the ruins of your fortune, and keeping your poor mother in the illusion that nothing has been changed — that she is still rich, honoured, and happy."

"All this is true," exclaimed the youth, seizing the hand of the doctor: "but you do not know all."

"I know enough," was the reply, "to make me honour and respect you."

The story which the young man in the fulness of his heart now told was curious and painful. M. de Chesnel, his grandfather, the old man whom Doctor Dubois had seen in the other room, was



one of the nobles who had emigrated during the first French revolution. He had gone to America, where he married the daughter of a Virginian planter, and settled down quite hopeless of ever returning to his native country. After a time his wife died, and left him with an only daughter. He came to Paris; where, although his fortune was small, he was able to give his child a complete education. After eighteen hundred and thirty news came to him from America that his father-in-law had died, leaving all his property to him. He again crossed the Atlantic with his daughter, then nineteen years of age. On the voyage out he made the acquaintance of M. de Jarante, a young French nobleman of great wealth, who was going to the west in order to expend his superabundant activity in travel. An affection sprang up between this young man and M. de Chesnel's daughter. The consequence was that, some time after their arrival in America, they were married. But M. de Jarante had not entirely lost his wandering propensities. Whilst M. de Chesnel was engaged in an unexpected lawsuit with the relations of his father-in-law — which ended in the will being utterly set aside — the young couple travelled together in various directions. This lasted some years. Victor, the youth who related the story to the Doctor, and Valerie were born, and the mother found it necessary to re-

main more stationary than before, to look after her children. Then M. de Jarante undertook to explore the cordilleras of the Andes alone, and sent his wife and family back to France.

Victor evidently slurred over certain domestic quarrels here; but it came out that M. de Chesnel had reproached his son-in-law with neglecting his daughter, and seemed to think that it was partly because the fortune which she had expected had been taken from her. M. Jarante afterwards returned in safety, and led a very quiet life in Paris. His wife thought that his restlessness was now quite worn out; but at length he again started for South America, wrote home — frequently sending valuable collections which he made by the way — and was last heard of when about to undertake a voyage across the Pacific. This happened six years before the period at which Doctor Dubois became acquainted with the story. For some time Madame de Jarante suffered no misfortune but separation from her husband; but at length his relations had reason to consider him to be dead. They asked his wife to give an account of his immense fortune. She refused, saying, that it devolved upon her children. Then, to her surprise, they asked for proofs of her marriage. She had none to give. A trial took place; and, although some corroborative testimony was brought forward, it did not satisfy the law, and



Madame de Jarante was not only deprived of her husband's fortune, but was called upon to give an account of many large sums she had spent. M. de Chesnel sacrificed all that remained to him to protect her. The hotel in which they lived had luckily been taken in his name. They sold the furniture piecemeal to enable them to live. Then it was that Madame de Jarante first showed symptoms of her mental disorder. She could not believe in the disaster that had overtaken her; and, to save her from complete insanity, her father and children found it necessary to commence the system of deception which they had ever afterwards been compelled to carry on. Victor gave many details of the extraordinary means they took for this purpose — always successfully. His mother invariably kept her room. Only within the last few weeks, however, had she shown signs of bodily decay. Assistance had not been called in, simply on account of their poverty.

"And what, may I now inquire," said the doctor, deeply interested, "are the grounds of the hopes of better times which you seem to entertain?"

"I am certain," replied Victor, "that my father is not dead. He will return, there is no doubt, and restore us to our former position. All that I ask is that my mother's life shall be preserved until then."

Doctor Dubois did not enter-

tain the same confidence. "Little stress," he said, "must be laid on presentiments of that kind. Meanwhile, your mother must not be allowed to want for anything. You must borrow money of some friend."

"We have no friends," said the young man.

"Then I shall write a prescription," muttered the doctor, as he seized pen and paper.

What he wrote was as follows:

MONSIEUR, I am in want of money immediately, please send me three hundred francs by the bearer.

ALPHONSE DUBOIS.

"There," said he, getting up, "take that to its address to-morrow morning, and do not let me hear from you again until you have used what you receive. I will come again to-morrow evening."

So saying, the doctor bustled away to escape the thanks of Victor, and crossed the court in so great a hurry that he forgot to put up his umbrella.

In the evening Doctor Dubois returned to the hotel, and felt his heart warmed by the evidences of greater comfort he beheld. He now ventured to prescribe medicine, and, succeeded eventually in restoring his patient's health. There was no change, however, in her mental condition. She still believed herself to be surrounded by wealth; only she thought her children were more attentive than before. The little comforts they now gave her excited not surprise but gratitude.



The doctor continued his visits and his loans! "You shall pay me all back with interest," he said, when Victor hesitated to accept.

"Good works are never lost," remarked Bobonne, falling in with her master's humour.

One evening in the following summer, when the physician happened again to be making ready for a comfortable evening with his feet in the same slippers; with the usual plate of nuts and almonds before him and an uncorked bottle of Beaune, with which he took alternate draughts of Seltzer water; with the same black velvet skullcap thrust to the back of his head, and the same morning-gown thrown back in graceful folds. Bobonne had just come in with the coffee and the evening paper. The bell rang again. Doctor Dubois again exclaimed "Diable" and "Peste." It was Victor as before.

"Come," he exclaimed, "to save us from the consequences of excess of joy!"

"They are never very serious," quoth the doctor, without moving. "What is the matter?"

"My father has returned."

Bobonne instantly understood the significance of these words, was the first to urge her master to be up and doing, and lost no time in handing him his hat. "As for your coffee, my dear doctor, I will keep that warm for you," she said, in a tone of affectionate familiarity which was new to Victor.

Doctor Dubois learned, as he walked towards the hotel, that Monsieur de Jarante had suddenly appeared without giving any warning whatever. His wife became insensible on beholding him, and Victor had instantly rushed away for medical assistance. When they reached the hotel, all danger seemed to have passed, and the returned traveller was listening with astonishment, anger, and contrition to the story of the sufferings of his family. For his own part, he had met with many perils and fatigues, which had disgusted him at last with a wandering life. He had been shipwrecked on a remote island, scalped, and escaped with his life only, by a miracle. He admitted that he had been neglectful. His future life, however, should atone for the past.

He naturally resumed possession of his fortune, and established the legality of his marriage, and the legitimacy of his children. Madame de Jarante at length understood all that happened to her, and might have returned into the society which had so readily cast her off; but, instead of seeking pleasure, she occupies herself in relieving the poor; in which benevolent occupation she is much assisted by Doctor Dubois. Her son and daughter both married well; and, although M. de Chesnel recently died in the fulness of years, the whole family now enjoys a happiness which it had never before known.



It may as well be mentioned that Doctor Dubois went the other day, with rather a confused look, to ask Victor to stand god-father to a son and heir which Bobonne — we beg her pardon — which Madame Dubois, had presented him with.

### CHEAP PATRIOTISM.

WHEN the writer of this paper states that he has retired from the civil service on a superannuation fund to which he contributed during forty years, he trusts that the prejudice likely to be engendered by the admission that he has been a Government-clerk, will not be violently strong against him.

In short, to express myself in the first person at once — for, to that complexion I feel I must come, in consequence of the great difficulty of sustaining the third — I beg to make it known that I have no longer any connection with Somerset House. I am a witness without bias, and will relate my experience in an equitable manner.

Of my official career as an individual clerk, I may soon dispose. I went into the office at eighteen (my father having recently “plumped for Grobus,” who, under the less familiar designation of The Right Honourable Sir Gilpin Grobus Grobus, Bart, one of His Majesty’s Most Honourable Privy Council, retired into remote space and unap-

proachable grandeur immediately after his election), and began at ninety pounds a-year. I did all the usual things. I wasted as much writing-paper as I possibly could. I set up all my younger brothers with public pen-knives. I took to modelling in sealing-wax (being hopeless of getting through the quantity I was expected to consume by any other means), and I copied a large amount of flute music into a ponderous vellum-covered book with an anchor outside (supposed to be devoted to the service of the Royal Navy), on every page of which there was a neat watermark, representing Britannia with a sprig in her hand, seated in an oval. I lunched at the office every day, when I stayed till lunch time which was two o’clock, at an average expense of about sixty pounds per annum. My dress cost me (or cost somebody — I really at this distance of time cannot say whom), about a hundred more; and I spent the remainder of my salary in general amusements.

We had the usual kind of juniors in the office, when I was a junior. We had young O’Killamollybore, nephew of the Member, and son of the extensive Irish Proprietor who had killed the other extensive Irish Proprietor in the famous duel arising out of the famous quarrel at the famous assembly about dancing with the famous Beauty — with the whole particulars of which events, mankind was acquainted



O'Killamollybore represented himself to have been educated at every seat of learning in the empire — and I dare say had been; but, he had not come out of the ordeal, in an orthographical point of view, with the efficiency that might have been expected. He also represented himself as a great artist, and used to put such capital imitations of the marks they make at the shops, on the backs of his pencil-drawings, that they had all the appearance of having been purchased. We had young Percival Fitz-Legionite, of the great Fitz-Legionite family, who "took the quarterly pocket-money," as he told us, for the sake of having something to do (he never did it), and who went to all the parties in the morning papers, and used to be always opening soda-water all over the desks. We had Meltonbury, another nob and our great light, who had been in a crack regiment, and had betted and sold out, and had got his mother, old Lady Meltonbury, to 'stump up," on condition of his coming into our office, and playing at hockey with the coals. We had Scrivens (just of age), who dressed at the Prince Regent; and we had Baber, who represented the Turf in our department, and made a book, and wore a speckled blue cravat and top-boots. Finally, we had one extra clerk at five shillings a-day, who had three children, and did all the work, and was much looked down upon by the messengers.

As to our ways of getting through the time, we used to stand before the fire, warming ourselves behind, until we made ourselves faint; and we used to read the papers; and, in hot weather, we used to make lemonade and drink it. We used to yawn a good deal, and ring the bell a good deal, and chat and lounge a good deal, and go out a good deal, and come back a little. We used to compare notes as to the precious slavery it was, and as to the salary not being enough for bread and cheese, and as to the manner in which we were screwed by the public — and we used to take our revenge on the public by keeping it waiting and giving it short answers, whenever it came into our office. It has been matter of continuous astonishment to me, during many years, that the public never took me, when I was a junior, by the nape of my neck, and dropped me over the banisters down three stories into the hall.

However, Time was good enough without any assistance on my part, to remove me from the juniors and to hoist me upward. I shed some of my impertinences as I grew older (which is the custom of most men), and did what I had to do, reasonably well. It did not require the head of a Chief Justice, or a Lord Chancellor, and I may even say that in general I believe I did it very well. There is a considerable flourish just now, about examining candidates for clerk-



ships, as if they wanted to take high degrees in learned professions. I don't myself think that Chief Justices and Lord Chancellors are to be got for twenty-two pound ten a quarter, with a final prospect of some five or six hundred a year in the ripe fulness of futurity — and even if they were, I doubt if their abilities could come out very strongly in the usual work of a government office.

This brings me to that part of my experience which I wish to put forth. It is surprising what I have, in my time, seen done in our Department in the reforming way — but always beginning at the wrong end — always stopping at the small men — always showing the public virtue of Two thousand a year M.P. at the expence of that wicked little victim, Two hundred a year. I will recal a few instances.

The head of our Department came in and went out with the Ministry. The place was a favourite place, being universally known among place-people as a snug thing. Soon after I became a Chief in the office, there was a change of Ministry, and we got Lord Stumpington. Down came Lord Stumpington on a certain day, and I had notice to be in readiness to attend him. I found him a very free and pleasant nobleman (he had lately had great losses on the turf, or he wouldn't have accepted any public office), and he had his nephew the Honourable Charles

Random with him, whom he had appointed as his official private secretary.

"Mr. Tapenham, I believe?" said His Lordship, with his hands under his coat-tails before the fire. I bowed and repeated, "Mr. Tapenham." "Well, Mr. Tapenham," said His Lordship, "how are we getting on in this Department?" I said that I hoped we were getting on pretty well. "At what time do your fellows come in the morning, now?" said His Lordship. "Half-past ten, my Lord." "The devil they do!" said His Lordship. "Do *you* come at half-past ten?" "At half-past ten, my Lord." "Can't imagine how you do it," said His Lordship. "Surprising! Well, Mr. Tapenham, we must do something here, or the opposition will be down upon us and we shall get floored. *What* can we do! What do your fellows work at? Do they do sums, or do they write, or what are they usually up to?" I explained the general duties of our Department, which seemed to stagger His Lordship exceedingly. "'Pon my soul," he said, turning to his private secretary, "I am afraid from Mr. Tapenham's account this is a horrible bore, Charley. However, we must do something, Mr. Tapenham, or we shall have those fellows down upon us and get floored. Isn't there any Class (you spoke of the various Classes in the Department just now), that we could cut down a bit? Couldn't we clear off some sala-



ries, or superannuate a few fellows, or blend something with something else, and make a sort of an economical fusion somewhere?" I looked doubtful, and felt perplexed. "I tell you what we can do, Mr. Tapenham, at any rate," said His Lordship, brightening with a happy idea. "We can make your fellows come at ten — Charley, you must turn out in the middle of the night and come at ten. And let us have a Minute that in future the fellows must know something — say French, Charley; and be up in their arithmetic — Rule of Three, Tare and Tret, Charley, Decimals, or something or other. And Mr. Tapenham, if you will be so good as to put yourself in communication with Mr. Random, perhaps you will be able between you to knock out some idea in the economical fusion way. Charley, I am sure you will find Mr. Tapenham a most invaluable coadjutor, and I have no doubt that with such assistance, and getting the fellows here at Ten, we shall make quite a Model Department of it and do all sorts of things to promote the efficiency of the public service." Here His Lordship, who had a very easy and captivating manner, laughed, and shook hands with me, and said that he needn't detain me any longer.

That Government lasted two or three years, and then we got Sir Jasper Janus, who had acquired in the House the reputation of being a remarkable man

of business, through the astonishing confidence with which he explained details of which he was entirely ignorant, to an audience who knew no more of them than he did. Sir Jasper had been in office very often, and was known to be a Dragon in the recklessness of his determination to make out a case for himself. It was our Department's first experience of him, and I attended him with fear and trembling. "Mr. Tapenham," said Sir Jasper, "if your memoranda are prepared, I wish to go through the whole business and system of this Department with you. I must first master it completely, and then take measures for consolidating it." He said this with severe official gravity, and I entered on my statement; he leaning back in his chair with his feet on the fender, outwardly looking at me, and inwardly (as it appeared to me), paying no attention whatever to anything I said. "Very good, Mr. Tapenham," he observed, when I had done. "Now, I gather from your exposition" — whereas I *know* he had got it out of the Court Calendar before he came — "that there are forty-seven clerks in this Department, distributed through four classes, A, B, C, and D. This Department must be consolidated, by the reduction of those forty-seven clerks to thirty-four — in other words, by the abolition of thirteen juniors — the substitution of two classes and a Remove for four — and the construction of an entirely new



system of check, by double entry and countersign, on the issue at the outports of fore-top-gallant-yards and snatch-blocks to the Royal Navy. You will be so good, Mr. Tapenham, as to furnish me with the project you would recommend for carrying this consolidation into effect, the day after to-morrow, as I desire to be in a condition to explain the consolidation I propose, when the House is in committee on the Miscellaneous Estimates." I had nothing for it but to flounder through an impracticable plan that would barely last Sir Jasper Janus's time (which I knew perfectly well, was all he cared for), and he made a speech upon it that would have set up the Ministry, if any effort could have made such a lame thing walk. I do in my conscience believe that in every single point he touched arising out of our Department, he was as far from accuracy as mortal man could possibly be; yet he was inaccurate with such an air, that I almost doubted my own knowledge of the facts as I sat below the bar and heard him. I myself observed three admirals cheering vigorously when the fore-top-gallant-yards and snatch-blocks came into play; and though the effect of that part of the consolidation was, that no ship in the Navy could under any conceivable circumstances of emergency have got rigged while it lasted, it became so strong a card in Sir Jasper's favour that within a fortnight

after the coming-in of the opposition, he gave notice of his intention to ask his successor "Whether Her Majesty's Government had abandoned the system of check by double-entry and countersign, on the issue at the outports of fore-top-gallant-yards and snatch-blocks," amidst vehement cheering.

The next man of mark we got, was the Right Honourable Mr. Gritts, the member for Sordust. Mr. Gritts came to our Department with a Principle; and the principle was, that no man in a clerkship ought to have more than a hundred a-year. Mr. Gritts held that more did such a man no good; that he didn't want it; that he was not a producer — for he grew nothing; or a manufacturer — for he changed the form of nothing; and that there was some first principle in figures which limited the income of a man who grew nothing and changed the form of nothing, to a maximum of exactly one hundred pounds a-year. Mr. Gritts had acquired a reputation for unspeakable practical sagacity, entirely on the strength of this discovery. I believe it is not too much to say, that he had destroyed two Chancellors of the Exchequer by hammering them on the head with it, night and day. Now, I have seen a little jobbery in forty years; but, such a jobber as Mr. Gritts of Sordust never entered our Department. He brought a former book-keeper of his with him as his private secretary, and I am absolutely certain, to begin with,



that he pocketed one-half of that unfortunate man's public salary, and made it an exalted piece of patronage to let him have the other. Of all the many underfed, melancholy men whom Mr. Gritts appointed, I doubt if there were one who was not appointed corruptly. We had consolidations of clerkships to provide for his brother-in-law, we had consolidations of clerkships to provide for his cousin, we had amalgamations to increase his own salary, we had immolations of juniors on the altar of the country every day — but I never knew the country to require the immolation of a Gritts. Add to this, that it became the pervading characteristic of our Department to do everything with intense meanness; to alienate everybody with whom it had to deal; to shuffle, and chaffer, and equivocate; and be shabby, suspicious, and huckstering; and the Gritts administration is faithfully described. Naturally enough, we soon got round to Lord Stumpington again, and then we came to Sir Jasper Janus again; and so we have been ringing the changes on the Stumpingtons and Januses, and each of them has been undoing the doings of the other, ever since.

I am in a disinterested position, and wish to give the public a caution. They will never get any good out of those virtuous changes that are severely virtuous upon the juniors. Such changes originate in the cheapest patriotism in the world, and the commonest. The

official system is upside down, and the roots are at the top. Begin there, and the little branches will soon come right.

### VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION.

THE stranger who should walk round by Santa Lucia, in Naples, by night, would at the present moment be astonished by seeing the entire heavens in the direction of the north lighted up by a blazing fire. The little fishing-boats, indicated by the lights at the bows, and which dart like fire-flies across the the tranquil sea, are lost; and even the Lighthouse, with its revolving fires, which give courage to the distant mariner, is dimmed by that outburst of light which sets the whole sky in a ruddy glow. A path of fire lies across the sea, and curiosity rapidly running along it, pierces the mystery, and finds that Vesuvius has broken out, and is filling the people with consternation. All Naples quickly turns out to gaze on this wondrous spectacle. Santa Lucia, the Mola, and the Carmine, are thronged with anxious and awe-struck multitudes. Should the night be cloudy, little is to be seen except the lurid clouds, which, like huge masses of red-dyed wool, lie piled one upon the other; but should a land wind, as it did last night, sweep away these threatening volumes of smoke, the cone may be seen with its north side seamed with fires, and the stream of lava



may be watched, like a broad crimson ribbon, pursuing its silent and almost imperceptible course down to the base of the mountain. Not a sound, however, is to be heard — no thunder — no distant cannonade.

This eruption, which has now continued for upwards of a week, broke out on the first of May — the month when birds are singing and flowers are opening their bosoms to the sun. The well-known guide, Cozzolino, reported early in the morning that, on ascending the mountain, he had heard a noise like thunder, and that a new mouth had been immediately formed, from which were ejected flames and stones. In the afternoon of the same day the eruption was more decided, and, as night approached, the mountain assumed the appearance I have described. A grand spectacle even at a distance, how much grander must it be on the summit!

So thought I, and so thought thousands of others; during the whole of the night carriages were astir in taking off the curious to the Hermitage. For myself, I did not go up till the following evening. Carriages were of course quadrupled in price; the Neapolitans are too knowing not to take advantage of any extraordinary incident; and it was with difficulty that we could get any vehicle at any reasonable price. But the obstacles are overcome, and my friend and I have at length lighted our cigars, and are bowling along

the Carmine at eight o'clock p.m., at a good round pace.

On getting out of the city we fall into one continued line of carriages, all bent in one direction. On either side of the road is a crowd of pedestrians, who accompany us like a body-guard. Sometimes, indeed, they linger at the stalls with their little paper light, to lay in the luxuries of the season as a supply for the night, such as dried peas and beans, or melon seed, or shrivelled black olives, or nuts in their several varieties; and then, running on to make up for lost time, shout, or sing, or utter some joke which sets them all a-laughing. I should not be at all surprised, at its being at our expense, if I read their looks and signs aright. There is a species of etiquette which prevents carriages of high degree from passing one another on such an occasion as this. We jog on, therefore, very properly and orderly for the most part, except when *corricoli* shoot by us like a mail-train. See, — one has just passed us; the coachman, a tall, laughing-looking devil, in a Phrygian cap, stands up behind, and rubs the reins against the shoulders of a fat priest. There are fifteen passengers, three of whom hang in a net attached to the bottom of the carriage; and what is most remarkable of all, the single horse dashes along at a pace which would make you believe that he could carry double the number. On arriving at Resina we find a motley crowd



of guides and donkeys, facchini, and torchbearers, all insisting on the necessity of their services, and forthwith attaching themselves to our persons. "Let us be off, let us be off, Signore," says a sly-looking rogue; "Giacchimo is the guide for you; I know every step of the way, and can lead you into the crater if you will." "But, Giacchimo, caro," I argue, "we are in a carriage, and have no want of a guide." "Very well, Signore, I will get up at the back." So there he is, standing between the spikes, and here we are dragging up through the accumulation of fine sand, nearly axle deep in the debris of lava. "They'll be up to-morrow morning," says one. "Ah!" cries another, "the mountain will stop for them, of course; don't you see they are English?" The taunts were not encouraging certainly; so, quickly dismounting, we took to our legs.

I remember feeling almost a sense of disappointment as we ascended, for the shape of the mountain caused the cone, with its magnificent display of fire to retire altogether from our sight. We had a better view at Naples, I thought; wiser to have remained there, and strolled about Santa Lucia. However, there we were; another effort, and we should see what we should see. Torches were blazing all about us as we went on, and in a blaze of light, and a cloud of smoke we arrived at the Hermitage. What a scene of bustle and confusion it was

this night. Hundreds of vehicles, of every kind of build under the sun, were assembled here, whilst their temporary proprietors and their various hangers on, were spread about the mountain, or else tending by a rugged path in the direction of the cone. Over this blasted plain, covered with strata of lava, we followed the stream of people. The whole cone was now apparent to us, irradiating every object with its ruddy light. It seemed like a huge giant, whose side was seamed with wounds, from out of which poured forth his very life-blood. Sometimes the upper new crater shot up stones and flames of fire, which, rising and subsiding at intervals, reminded one of the action of a forge. And then, from the other craters the lava gurgled out, which, flowing down in two distinct streams, united at the bottom, and running along the valley between Somma and Vesuvius, were lost to us. To solve the mystery of its course was our great object, and we pushed on through the crowd who were coming and going until we saw them turn off sharp to the left. It was a bed of recent lava over which we now passed. Last night it had been thrown out of the bowels of the mountain, and had been running down, a stream of living fire, and though for a moment its course was arrested, we had only to stoop and pick up its loose scoriæ, and find the fire glowing beneath our feet. We lighted our cigars at it; and



throwing in paper and other inflammable materials, created a bright flame. What if this mass had again moved on? A little more pressure at its source, and we should have started on our last trip; even since that night it has actually recommenced its journey. To stand still on some spots was impossible, so excessive was the heat and so strong the odour of the sulphur; besides, a certain respect for our boots and our nether garments kept us in motion. The former we gave up in despair, and the latter we tucked up to our knees, only to add, however, one more to the many ills which flesh is heir to, for our legs were scorched. So onward, onward, over fissures, breathing forth flame and smoke — over glowing masses of fire, with a long jump; stepping now from one piece of scorixæ to another, like dainty cats shod with nutshells; until we stood by the glowing river of lava. It was an inappreciable line which divided us from it; and it seemed like a freak of nature, which had split the bed of scorixæ in two, and that so finely as to be imperceptible. Grand as the spectacle was to the outward eye, it was not that which impressed me so deeply as the idea of power which was conveyed by the silent, majestic, irresistible course of the miraculous stream. I could understand what must be the feelings of a savage at seeing a steam-vessel move over a sea unruffled by a breath of wind, or a

mail-train dashing along through fertile plains. Where is the motive power? None but the Great Spirit could have put them in movement. And such was my feeling as I looked down on that vast body of moving liquid fire. Where the surface was undisturbed for a few moments, and became black as the surface of a coal fire, the appearance of the scorixæ was as that of coke which had been well burnt out; and the noise which was made by the pieces rolling over one another, was just like that of a load of coke being thrown out — with this difference, however, that there was a continuity in the sound: grinding, grating, crashing against one another — over and on they went until they arrived at the brink of a precipice.

We could not see to a greater depth, perhaps, than from forty to fifty feet; yet the grandeur of the spectacle was indescribable. A large mountain of lava accumulated gradually until it rose to nearly a hundred feet in height. The pressure from behind increased with every fresh quantity that was thrown out from the distant crater. At length it could no longer maintain its equilibrium. Small pieces began to drop away; then a fine sand poured out; then larger masses were detached, disclosing, as it were, the mouths of so many furnaces, which threw out a heat and light that scorched and blasted us; and then the whole body poured over in a continuous stream into



the abyss beneath. Whither it went or what course it took, was hidden from the eye, but a thick lurid smoke ascended continually, realising the most vivid descriptions with which poetry or painting have ever presented us of the infernal regions. The illusion was not a little assisted as we stood behind in the distance and watched the groups who were standing on the edge of the precipice. Every line of their figures was drawn distinctly on the lurid smoke; and, glowing with the ruddy reflected light, they appeared like the presiding demons of the scene. Curious demons, however, many of them proved to be, and most unspiritually occupied. Some were baking eggs, or lighting cigars, or hooking out lava to stick their coppers in. Some had brought baskets — ham and chicken, and such like luxuries — and had stowed themselves away under a mass of coke of some hundreds weight. Some, again, were changing their shirts behind heaps of cinders, for the walk up the mountain had made them hot; and there is nothing which the Neapolitan so much dreads as a neglect of this precaution of changing. Others, again, were descanting on what they had had for supper. And there were a few, too, who stood by me, who appeared to be under the influence of a deeper sentiment; for I heard them exclaiming as they looked on the wondrous spectacle, Judgment of God! Chastisement of God!

Generally, however, a Neapolitan crowd is noisy, whatever may be the cause of their getting together; and there was laughing, singing, and shouting enough.

"Birra, birra! who will have some beer?" roared out a double-bass.

"Fresh water, signore?" insinuated a tenor, as he rattled his barrel. "With or without sambuca, signore?"

The orange man and the man with cheap pastry, too, made their rounds continually; and last, though not least, the man with pieces of lava, which he was liberally offering for thirty grains each.

"Thirty grains! why, you are mad, my good fellow!"

"Well, what will the signore give?"

"Five grains."

"Five grains! Then go yourself to the crater, and expose yourself to the danger to which I have exposed *myself*. Five grains, indeed!"

And so we moved off, when my hero cried, "Well, signore, take it for five grains, for the sake of friendship. And would the signore like to go up to the crater?"

"Why, you have just told us that it would be dangerous to go up!"

"Si, signore, and so it would be without my assistance; but I know a path over the lava, and can conduct you safely."

There were several parties



near us discussing and arranging the same trip. Some were opposed to it. Several persons had already been driven back by a change in the wind, which had brought down upon them the clouds of sulphurous smoke. New craters were continually opening, and a fountain of fire springing up beneath one's feet was not so agreeable: besides, the crust of the mountain was so thin that it might fall in at any time. Having struck our bargain with our man, however, away we started, over a rugged bed of lava, for upwards of a mile. Plunging and tumbling over heaps of scorix, on we went, rising gradually until the magnificent scene began to open upon us in all its splendour. On our left, and between us and the mountain of Somma, which was irradiated with reflected light, ran a river of lava, pursuing its course to the cascade we had just left; then making a bend to the right, till we got to the base of the cone, we perceived two streams of lava flowing down its sides, and uniting below in that great body of fire. It was a stiff pull through the fire and ashes; and we sunk to the knees in cinders. Fortunately the wind was from us, or we should have the entire mass of red-hot stones upon our heads. After strong effort, having most magnanimously refused the assistance of our guides, we stood by the edge of one of the most active of the new craters. How many there are, it

is impossible to say. One day's report differs from another, and no two people behold the mountain under the same aspect, so continual are the changes. I have heard that there were four, and seven, and ten, and twenty craters. I should prefer saying that the mountain is riddled with craters and fissures, that it is like an inverted colander, and that a stranger is in doubt and fear lest a mouth may open beneath him and swallow him up. I knew one party of friends who watched a rotatory motion in some smoke ascending from the ground, which grew into a whirlwind of dust and smoke and flame, and then the earth cracked and opened, giving them barely time to fly. A Spanish family, too, were in imminent peril of a similar accident. However, here we were after our struggle through the ashes, and our catlike walk over burning scorix, by one of the new craters. The lava was running over the sides like a cup over-filled with treacle, and it seemed purer, finer, and more liquid than it did in the river below. I explain it by the fact of its having come immediately from the furnace, and not having, as yet, been exposed to the action of the air. There were other tributary streams more towards the back of the mountain, but only two main streams flowed into the valley, and nothing could be more beautiful than their movement. As the descent was rapid, they flowed down like water,



their surface, like that of a crisped lake, being ruffled with gentle undulations. Near the base of the cone they united, and then they ran along in one great something — for no word can describe it — until they shot over the precipice. From our standing-place we had a view of its entire course until it was lost below, and never can I forget that semicircle of fire which half girdled us about. So many were the mouths, either opened or opening, that attention became distracted amongst them. Some fizzed and smoked, others flamed, others threw stones, (though not large ones,) to a great height, and some of these fell over us. The noise near the surface was as the sound of many forges at work, but deep in the bowels of the mountain it sounded like a continued distant cannonade, whilst the ground vibrated and shook beneath us, as if every fresh effort must split it open. Yet there was a fascination in the scene which was irresistible; and still we stood by the boiling cauldron, fixed as the bird by the eye of the serpent. Like a copper cauldron, too, it appeared: glowing at the rim and edges with red heat. In the background, piled up against the sky, were mountains of lurid clouds, full of sulphurous exhalations and everything deadly and destructive to human life. A change of wind had driven them back, and they hung suspended; but if another change of wind had taken place on this incon-

stant, fitful night, we must have fallen dead on the spot.

As we descended, we gazed back continually on the scene. There has since been a cordon of soldiers drawn across the mountain, not far from the Hermitage, and no one is permitted to pass beyond. The ground is riddled with holes; all the upper part of the mountain, including the cone and the ground around it, is like a sponge or a colander. The crust breaks continually beneath the feet, and the expectation is that the whole of the upper part of the mountain will fall in. Should such a crash come, it is impossible to calculate what the consequences may be, immediate and remote. The ruin and suffering it may involve — the altered aspect of the country — a lake where there is now a picturesque cone — the possible change in the climate of Naples when the bulwark against the easterly wind is removed, — all these are pure speculations as yet; meanwhile the lava is spreading ruin far and wide over the lower parts of the mountain, down amongst smiling vineyards and perfumed bean fields, folding cottages and palaces in its fiery embraces, and filling the inhabitants of a populous district with consternation. More of this, however, in another article.

On going down the mountain, we met the king and the royal family, encircled by guards, and lighted by blazing torches. It was near four o'clock in the



morning, and yet the tens of thousands of people who were coming and going, gave the scene the appearance of a fair. Perhaps the women and the children outnumbered the men. There were troops of the fair sex without any escort, and babies innumerable in arms. In short, a madness had seized on every one, and no wonder, for the spectacle is grand and terrific in the extreme. What a contrast it was as we turned our backs on the flames and rattled down the mountain! The moon, which had been a nullity all night, began to assert her power; softly and faintly her beams fell on the sea beneath us, bringing into a spectral kind of life the beautiful coast, and the islands looming up coldly in the distance. The day was beginning to dawn, Portici was reached, and we approached the Carmine. Here and there an early café had opened its doors, and slipshod, uncombed, unshaven men were serving out the precious cup of black coffee to sleepy customers. The sambuca and spirit boys were also in movement — why should they not dispense their liquid fires as well as the mountain? Just in the gray of the morning, too, were perceptible the small white sails bringing in the fish for the morning's market; and so, one after another, woke up every component part of the vast mass of human life.

## STRICTLY FINANCIAL.

For more than two years we have been indulging in a hope of relief from the high duties on the produce of foreign vineyards. Ever since we waded through the ponderous blue volumes containing the evidence given before the wine committee in eighteen hundred and fifty-two, a portion of which we embodied in an article\* at the time, we have lived in the expectation of a one-shilling duty from the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

We confess that, although not picturing John Smith of London suddenly abandoning brown stout for Romanée Conti or Clos Vougeot, Hollands for Chateau Lafitte, or three-and-fourpenny mixed for sparkling Moselle at the breakfast-table, we certainly did indulge in dreams of shrimps and Sauterne at Gravesend, of water-cresses and Frontignac at Hampton Court, and of cooling libations of Pomys Medoc on a hot August afternoon at Herne Bay. These pleasant imaginings have been scattered to the winds by Sir Emerson Tennent, of the Board of Trade, who, in a book† just published, has shown how little hope there is left for us on this score.

Like Sancho Panza at the memorable banquet, we have been sitting down to the anticipated enjoyment of a long array of

\* Really a Temperance Question. See Vol. XVII, p. 97.

† Wine, its Use and Taxation. Madden.



good things, only to see them one by one borne away at the inexorable fiat of our Board of Trade physician. Casting our eyes on a bottle of exquisite Tokay, and mentally inquiring if it be really a luxury, or, as some maintain, only a necessary, our relentless guardian waves his thin volume of azure blue, repeats the cabalistic words Pitt and Huskisson, and the coveted beverage disappears across the British Channel. We regard a flagon of brilliant Rousillon with the eyes of a thirsty man, and fancy it is already ours, when, lo! Sir Emerson mutters something about popular prejudice and national taste, and the vessel melts into thin air. We turn to a flask of the veritable Xeres, from Spain; but, as we stretch forth our hand to seize it, hear the same voice exclaim, "Malt-duty and hops," and we are again disappointed. We make a last desperate effort for a bottle of light Italian wine, with a bright luscious look and a soft liquid name; but, once more, our physician interposes with the fatal words, British and colonial spirit duties, and we are left in despair. It is in vain that we protest against this scurvy treatment, and insist that the whole thing is purely a temperance and social question. Our political physician replies that it is a strictly financial question.

We have been endeavouring to fight against this terrible conclusion, but find the facts and

arguments ranged against us by Sir Emerson are overwhelming; and for the present we confess to being beaten. In other words, whilst the great desirableness of admitting foreign wines for consumption in this country at the almost nominal duty of one shilling per gallon in place of the present duty of five shillings and ninepence, is not denied, it is shown clearly enough that the step cannot be taken without dealing with other taxes of a similar nature; that if we confer a boon on the British consumer and the foreign wine-grower, we cannot do so without a proportionate concession to the British and colonial distillers, the brewers, the maltsters, and the hop-growers. And, inasmuch as the present revenue derived from all these sources amounts to nineteen millions sterling, it will be manifestly impossible for some time to come to interfere with so large a portion of the national income. Here we feel at once the financial evils of war — be it ever so just or needful. While war lasts dear wine will last also.

We state this with no little reluctance and considerable disappointment. The perusal of Doctor Hassell's book on Food and its Adulterations has materially quickened our vinous predilections. Coffee, that was once our pride — tea, that was our solace — stout, in which once upon a time we placed such implicit faith, have become sus-



pected abominations — embodiments of vile drugs and insidious chemicals. We turned from the contemplation of green vitriol, gypsum, arseniate of copper, black lead, catechu and cocculus indicus, to a mental survey of the sunny slopes of Burgundy, the green, warm banks of the Rhone, the vine-clad heights of the Alto Douro, rich in all that can gladden the heart and invigorate the frame of man. We had hoped that all this was within our reach on greatly reduced terms, but find that it cannot be so for reasons strictly financial.

In deducing this result, the author of this little blue book has skilfully grouped together some interesting facts bearing on the consumption of beverages in this and other countries. It is shown that the population of Great Britain and France consume almost precisely the same aggregate quantity of wines, spirits, and beer — namely, twenty-two gallons for the latter and twenty-two gallons and a-half for the former per annum per person. These quantities, however, are made up of widely-disproportionate elements. The particular consuming powers of each population amount, for every Frenchman, to nineteen gallons of wine, two gallons and a-half of beer, and half a gallon of spirits; for every Englishman, Scotchman, and Irishman, a quarter of a gallon of wine, twenty-one gallons and a quarter

of beer, and one gallon of spirits. In this country, then, it is evident that beer takes the place which wine holds in France. Yet it must not be lost sight of, that, whilst we are so anxious to procure the cheap light wines of France, they, in their turn are becoming more attached to malt liquor. Large breweries are fast multiplying in Paris and other principal cities, and the imports of beer from Great Britain are greatly on the increase. Something of this may no doubt be caused by the prevalence of the vine disease in the wine districts of France, and the consequent small vintages.

Comparing our consumption of other beverages, such as tea and coffee, it will be seen that whilst the population of this country consume at the rate of three pounds and a-half of the foregoing articles, in France the consumption of the same amounts to but one pound and three-quarters per head. It is at the same time gratifying to find that whilst the average consumption in this country of tea and coffee since eighteen hundred and thirty-five has increased by nearly fifty per cent., the aggregate of spirits, wine, and beer has fallen from twenty-five and a-half to twenty-two and a-half gallons for each individual. During the period of the Great Exhibition in eighteen hundred and fifty-one, it was expected, and with some reason, that the demand for spirituous and fer-



mented drinks would prove greatly in excess of former seasons. The actual result was precisely the reverse of this — the consumption for the first eight months of eighteen hundred and fifty-one having been considerably below that of previous years.

Returning to the subject of wine, it is apparent that the taste for this article varies very considerably in different countries. In France, the consumption of Paris and other large towns is given as about twenty-seven gallons each person, and in the country districts sixteen gallons. In other countries that are non-producers of wine, the use of it is not much greater, and often still more limited, than in England. Whilst we consume at the rate of one quart each person annually, with a high duty, Belgium, with a nominal duty of one penny a gallon, uses but three bottles per head. In Holland, wine is free of all duty in the cask, and pays but two-pence the gallon in bottle; yet there, so near to the finest wine countries, the individual consumption is but one pint. In Norway, we find a similar low demand, with a duty of sixteen-pence a gallon. In Sweden, the duty is a little higher, and the consumption one-twelfth of a gallon per head. Denmark, with the low duty of seven-pence halfpenny the gallon, takes about the same quantity as ourselves. Russia, with

less than half our duty, consumes half-a-pint; whilst in the United States, where the duty is equal to eighteen-pence a gallon, the individual consumption is under a quart.

There is a singular fact connected with the consumption of wine in France. In Paris, the various duties and licenses levied on wines bring up the amount levied to about the same as our present import duty; yet we find the individual consumption in that city amounts to twenty-seven gallons yearly, giving a higher average than that for the rest of the country. But this proves nothing more beyond the fact that there is more money afloat in the capital of every nation than in its provinces; and that much of it will be spent in social enjoyment, whatever the cost.

France produced on an average, before the ravages of the vine disease, upwards of nine hundred millions of gallons of wine, worth, on an average, six-pence-halfpenny a gallon, — about equal to our common beers. But this produce varies greatly in quality. About one-sixth of the whole may be called good; another sixth may be considered as middling; a third of the vintage will be inferior; whilst the remaining third embraces all kinds of low, poor wines, between bad and detestable.

Of her wines, France regularly exports thirty-two millions of



gallons; whilst about two hundred millions of gallons are employed in the distillation of brandy, to the extent of twenty-five millions of gallons. Of this quantity, ten millions of gallons are exported, leaving fifteen millions for use, of which a large quantity is employed in fortifying wines for shipment abroad, — leaving less than half a gallon for individual consumption. In this country, brandy forms but a trifling item amongst the spirits consumed, barely a fifteenth. Omitting that article, and taking only colonial and British spirits, it has been shown that the relative individual use of these in the three kingdoms ranges from half a gallon in England, to more than three-quarters of a gallon in Ireland, and above two gallons and a half in Scotland; and supposing the use of spirits to be confined to adult males, the figures would stand thus: — England, two gallons; Ireland, three gallons and a half; Scotland, eleven gallons.

If the question of reducing the duty on foreign wines were simply a matter of supply, quantity only being considered, the advocates of a reduction would find an abundance of figures to support their case. We have already observed that France has been in the habit of producing above nine hundred millions of gallons yearly. Austria makes annually five hundred millions of gallons. Portugal yields one hundred and fifty millions; Spain, a

hundred and twenty millions; Prussia and other German States, forty-five millions; Madeira and Sicily, four millions. Here there is an aggregate of upwards of two thousand millions of gallons; besides which, we are told that there are still immense tracts of land in the wine-producing countries capable of vine cultivation.

Unfortunately, however, quality has to be considered as an important element in the calculation; and keeping that in view, we are driven to results directly opposed to what we might have expected on a first view of the subject. Setting aside the extremely conflicting evidence as to the probability of succeeding in so augmenting the demand for foreign wines, under a low duty, as to realise an equal amount of duty with the present, and which may well be doubted — at least for many a long period — we come to the question as to the obtaining the needful quantity, of a quality adapted to English palates.

Surely a sufficient portion of the nine hundred millions of gallons yearly made in France could be spared for us. Surely the peerless vintages of the Marne and the Gironde, the medium vineyards along both banks of the Rhone, from Isère to Vaucluse, and the more humble produce of the Garonne, Herault, and the Oriental Pyrenees, can be made to yield us a sufficient supply of good sound wine. This



is debateable ground. There was evidence enough given before the Wine Committee to show that all this could be accomplished; but according to the statement before us, which appears to be carefully collected, and thrown together in a masterly manner, we should fail to obtain the supply of wine from France of a suitable character; whilst any large quantity taken would have the effect of raising the first cost of the article more than equal to the reduction of the duty.

We turn next to Austria and Italy, full of hope; but there again are disappointed. The bulk of their wines are either too costly to benefit by a low duty, or too poor to meet any favour with a people so long accustomed to the fortified wines of Spain and Portugal. The Peninsula, then, is evidently our resting-place — our forlorn hope. There, we were told in eighteen hundred and fifty-two, are to be found sherries of marvellous quality, — ports of surpassing richness, well suited to our tastes, and equally adapted to our pockets. Our author is once more against us in opinion and fact. That there is an abundance of good wines in both countries, though not nearly equal to what has been stated, is not questioned; but the great distance of the majority of the wine districts of Spain from sea-ports, the absence of roads, the want of coopers and casks, added to the use of skins on mules' backs for conveying wines, which

destroy their flavour, all preclude the hope of gaining any sensible supply from Spain, until an industrial revolution shall have taken place in that benighted land. Under the most favourable circumstances, the two kingdoms might between them furnish fourteen million gallons of wines, — but a small portion of what would be needed under the new order of things.

Turning once more to France, we find, at the present moment, a state of things in relation to the wine trade which of itself is quite sufficient, without any other cause, to put out of reach, for a long period, the realisation of our hopes in respect of cheap wines in abundant quantities. Between eighteen hundred and forty-eight and eighteen hundred and fifty-one, there was a succession of disastrous vintages throughout the greater part of the French wine districts. From eighteen hundred and fifty-two to the present year, the vine disease has committed fearful havoc, and the stocks of wine, diminished in quantity, and greatly lowered in quality, have been reduced to the lowest ebb, whilst prices, affected by these combined causes, have reached unheard-of prices. In eighteen hundred and forty-eight, the total yield of all the French vineyards was above eleven hundred millions of gallons; in eighteen hundred and fifty-four, it has fallen to two hundred and thirty millions. The export of wines,

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during the same period, has declined to one-half, and that of brandy, from seven millions of gallons, in eighteen hundred and fifty-two, to three millions of gallons in last year.

A still more striking proof of the lowness of the French supply of wines is to be found in the fact of France becoming a considerable importer of wine and spirits from other countries. In eighteen hundred and fifty-two, France imported seventy-six thousand gallons of foreign wines; last year she took upwards of two millions of gallons. During the same period, her imports of foreign spirits rose from less than three hundred thousand gallons to upwards of a million gallons. For some years to come, then, this terrible scourge of the vineyards will, we fear, place the realisation of our hopes out of the question; and, at all times, its possible recurrence must form a serious element in our calculations.

Before concluding, we will remark that tobacco forms a remarkable exception to the rule of high taxation discouraging consumption. Whilst wine feels the effect of a duty equal to three hundred per cent. on its value, tobacco, in spite of a duty amounting to twelve hundred per cent. on its cost, has increased, from an average consumption of less than twelve ounces per head, in eighteen hundred and twenty-one, to not quite seventeen ounces per head in eighteen hun-

dred and fifty-one. This has taken place concurrently with a decided decrease in the use of ardent spirits; and it is worthy of note that Lane, the annotator of the *Arabian Nights*, and Layard, the explorer of Assyria, state, as the result of their observations, "that the growth of the use of tobacco amongst oriental nations has gradually reduced the resort to intoxicating beverages."

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### FRENCH LOVE.

I HAVE seen a French lover. I have even watched the process of French love-making, and traced the course of an affaire from its birth to its decay. Which thing hath not been given to every Anglo-Saxon. It was a curious study; almost worth a woman's heart-ache to master. So at least I, not being the sufferer, felt during this psychological experience. Harriet was probably of a different opinion; for few like to learn pathology by their own ailments, or to study human nature by their own sufferings.

A French love affair is the most scientific matter in the world. It can be reduced to as positive rules as an Aristotelian drama, and follows as certain a course of progressive development as an historical essay or a three-volumed novel. It has a beginning, a middle, and an end, all distinctly planned and fore-



seen; and combinations of feelings and circumstances are provisionally arranged and deliberately "played for," as if a love affair were a game of chess, where all was science and nothing chance. Consequently it is not impulsive in its action, like a Spanish, or even an English, matter of the kind; it is purely mathematical, and requires as keen an intellect to manage properly as the conduct of an army or the leadership of a party.

No French lover who understands what he is about is precipitate. He is as deliberate and cautious in love as he is passionate and inconsequential in politics. The man who would organise a revolution because he disapproved of the court liveries, would spend months in planning the surprise of certain minute evidences of interest which an Anglo-Saxon would demand bluntly in a few days, and think very little of when obtained. A faded rose, a crumpled ribbon, exalts a Frenchman into the highest realms of bliss. To see him with such a token in his possession, one would believe that he had attained the extreme point of human happiness, and that nothing now was left to fate or the future. And it is so. His opening has given him the game. An Englishman would neither feel such security nor show such rapture if all the preliminaries had been signed, and mammas and aunts were "agreeable;" for we are generally chary of our

emotional expressions, and few of us think love sufficient cause for madness.

A Frenchman's love will live on food as unsubstantial as the cameleon's. The colour of his lady's hair will keep it in good condition for a month; the perfume she affects, the turn of her lip, the pink nail with its half-moon, the delicate finger, her smile, and the little foot so neat and shapely — nay, even the ribbons she prefers, her shawl, and her bonnet — will be as robust diet as it will need in the earlier days of its existence. You will never meet a French lover among the educated classes, who has not made an artistic study of his mistress, and who does not know every line of her face, and every change of her countenance. He would be only a bungling journeyman else, incapable of all the fine work of his profession. But this gives a certain poetic charm to a woman's intercourse with him, which few fail to appreciate; appealing as it does to that vague sentiment which all women possess, and the want of which they so sadly complain of in men of business and of actual life. Thus then the first step in French love making is artistic admiration, the profound knowledge of every personal peculiarity sliding into the respectful adoration of a devotee, and the spiritual appreciation of a poet. It is a long slow step, but sure and irremovable. Every day sees the smallest possible



advance in his suit; but every day is an advance. As nothing is left to chance, the progress of each week is mapped out months ago; and what he will have dared, and what obtained, by such and such a time, is as definitely arranged as the manoeuvres of a squadron. He seldom deceives himself; and seldom fails by undue familiarity. His lady-love is a saint that he worships Chinese fashion — kneeling, but ever advancing nearer to her shrine; the means of humility giving him the end of success. He instals her like a goddess that he may reverence while conquering. He makes her feel that to understand her aright is his *business*; that he has not a thought nor a wish distinct from her; that her happiness is the one unfailing endeavour of his life; her love the one adored hope of his heart. Absent, his every thought belongs to her; present, his whole being is merged and fused into hers. He becomes her own best interpreter to herself; for these lovers are wonderful readers of character — with perceptive faculties almost like clairvoyance. Not a glance but he reads and replies to; not a smile but has its meaning, such as she herself perhaps did not half understand; not a word but receives its amplification and the revealing of its mysterious import. He impresses on her that he reads the hidden secrets of her heart and brain, and that, to be understood in half her beauty,

she must be interpreted by him. And, as no woman lives on this earth who, at some time of her life, does not think herself (if she thinks at all), misunderstood and unappreciated as no woman was before her, this peculiar tact and power of the French lover generally carries all before him. For it is so sweet to be understood, and yet idealised — to have all that is best in her magnified and exalted, and to see herself in a mirror that blots out all defects and heightens all beauties. It is so delicious to hear those dumb inarticulate thoughts of ours, struggling confusedly within our brains, brought forth and set in due shape and order by one who makes himself the hierophant of the mysteries of our being; who interprets us so as to make us almost a new creation. Talk of flattery! Our coarse personal compliments deserve as little to be called so by the side of this supreme essence of flattery, as an Irish stew to be called cookery by the side of the carte of the *Maison Dorée*. No flattery can equal in subtle potency that which takes the form of spiritual interpretation — which reveals to us a new self superior in beauty and goodness to that outer husk which the uninitiated only see — which heightens, glorifies, idealises, yet preserves our individuality, and which makes us our own embodiment of the beautiful and the good. This is French flattery. It is commendable for its wisdom



and ingenuity, to say the least of it.

To exalt his mistress in her own eyes, yet ever to hold himself higher than she — a hero humbling his strength before beauty — this is the first great success on the French chess-board. Pride in her lover, pleased vanity in herself, dumb greatness made articulate, and veiled beauty brought to light — what more can the soul of woman need, to lure her to the altar of her own sacrifice — to the place of her own bondage?

When this heroic love and spiritual devotion have been carried out to their sufficient limit, and when monotony would soon begin to take the place of constancy, the French lover advances another step. He offers pleasures in place of spiritualities. Flowers — even if comparatively a poor man — winter bouquets at five francs, or more; violets, bonbons, a jardinière, or flowers in pots. On New Year's day his expenditure must be magnificent: not forgetting the servants; above all the *femme de chambre*, if he wishes to be considered *comme il faut*, and un vrai Monsieur. For servants have vast influence in France. Gifts are necessities in French love-making: remember this my brother Englishmen, ye who would attempt Gallic successes, and who would hear yourselves called *gentils* and *charmants*, by Gallic lips: make presents above all things, and begin with bouquets

and bonbons. Then come gaieties. Theatres, balls, cafés, petit soupers, and petit coupés, all in due order and succession: also in due proportion to the rank of the contracting parties; for a marquise and a grisette would be wooed differently of course. And now the divinity so respectfully idolised, begins the life of a queen dowered with gaiety and gladness. To the time of spiritual adoration succeeds that of social endowment. Every pleasure within his reach the French lover showers on his mistress. And all are gay and sparkling pleasures; nothing heavy or gross. A day down among the stately trees of Saint Germain, or between the leafy walls of Versailles, is a day of unmingled happiness to both; though they do nothing but sit so well dressed under the shade for hours together — in full view of the monde — he smoking a cigar, and she embroidering a collar; talking sentiment and love. And a *fauteuil de balcon*, or a place in the *baignoirs* beneath, where the lady receives a bouquet or *acien*, either in the dark box, or out in the foyer with the world, makes a pleasure rivalling that of children for freshness and intensity. And we may add innocence. Then, they love the hippodrome, and the Jardin des Plantes, the Jardin d'hiver, and the Tuileries and the Luxembourg; and they drive out into the wood, and walk through its alleys, bidding the carriage wait



or follow them; and they dine at those charming restaurants among the trees of the Champs Elysées, or in the Bois itself at a certain famous place which all the world knows; and they hear music and see bright dresses, and eat good things, and feel the sunshine, and believe that their lives are to be for ever after as bright and happy as the scene around them, and are sceptic as to all future sufferings in any shape. In fact, French love in its second stage, means pleasure.

This, then, is the middle stage of a French love affair. In the beginning the unknown and the mute found a revealer and an interpreter, and the femme in-comprise was understood "for the first time in her life." In the second stage, the femme ennuyée, désolée, triste, was amused; and smiles and gaieties sprang up beneath her lover's hand as flowers beneath the footsteps of a god. The sun has risen to his zenith. The next changes will be decline; the setting; and then night.

The third. Ah! the gray that will mingle with the shining locks of youth! — the autumn that must come after the spring-tide promise and the summer gladness! — the waning moon that will turn into darkness — the fading French love that cannot learn friendship, and so attain a second growth, another youth. The third: the term of doubt, of suspicion, of jealousy, of dictation, of quarrellings, of weariness,

of hatred, of separation; yes, this third term comes too, inevitable as storms after tropical heat; and then the game is played out, the drama is acted to its end, the idol is displaced, the queen dethroned, and, after a few hours of tears and a few days of grief, the —

Hearts so lately mingled, seem  
Like broken clouds — or as the stream,  
Which smiling left the mountain's brow,  
As though its waters ne'er should sever;  
Yet ere it reach the plain below,  
Breaks into floods that part for ever.

The fused individualities separate; the joined lives break asunder, like one of Prince Rupert's drops; each goes on a separate way; each finds new hierophants and new divinities; and so the ball of life and love is kept up with other players — but the same marker. What a pity it is that the third term should ever come!

Now, Englishwomen do not understand this kind of love making; we have no national equivalent for it, even among the most inconsiderate of our flirting, charming, bewitching coquettes. I cannot say it is a national loss to be filled up.

The worst characteristic of a French lover is his suspiciousness. It is the worst characteristic of French society generally. Profound ineradicable scepticism is the plague spot, the festering sore of the modern French mind. That no man is honest and no woman faithful, are the Alpha and Omega of the popular creed; to believe that his trusted friend



will betray him for self-interest, his wife deceive him for the most paltry pleasures, that the man who offers him a service does so for some sinister motive, and that the caresses of his betrothed hide some fault planned or committed; to believe that he lives in the midst of snares and enemies, and that he must trust to his intellect alone to help him out of them — this is the creed of the modern Frenchman, and this he calls wisdom and knowledge of the world.

His suspicions know no limit, and no rest. A bouquet which he has not given, a soirée to which he is not invited, friends that he does not know; even a new gown or a new mode of dressing the hair — are all indications that the lady is betraying him, and that he must bend his mind and tax all his faculties to “find her out.” He is never unconvinced; for, even if he “finds out” nothing, he says only that he has been tricked, and that Madame is more skilful than himself; more artful he says, if very angry. French women are generally submissive to this kind of thing. They are marvellously patient and forbearing, those gay little creatures; and they expostulate and gesticulate, and affirm and disclaim with a volubility and a grace and an earnestness that few men can resist. So the storms blow over; and Madame (for all that has been written refers chiefly to widows), Madame only shrugs her shoul-

ders, and laughs, and says, “*Mon Dieu, quel homme!*” as she dries her eyes and settles her smooth bands of glossy hair. But, they don’t much mind, they say, and would rather have a French lover — with all his fire and fury and jealousy and suspicion, with whom they can have a dramatic scene, and then a poetic reconciliation — than a stiff sombre Anglais, *cet homme sévère*, who takes up his hat and wishes them good day, and won’t be brought to hear reason any how. An Englishman is the horror of most French women.

And Frenchmen too, they have the same horror of English pride and independence in Englishwomen. They almost all say that they would rather be deceived with smiles, than treated with the coldness, the pride, the disdain, the iron wilfulness of a faithful Englishwoman. They cannot understand it. It is a new experience, and they don’t admire it. Anything but this: Italian revenge, Spanish passion, and French inconstancy, all rather than the cold severity and marble pride of Englishwomen. It is a riddle to them. It is long before they can be brought to understand it, and longer still before they will accept the position — *une peu basse*, they say — that our women assign them. There is generally terrible confusion between French and English lovers at the first, and very seldom any real union of heart and life even if they marry; un-



less the wife has been so long abroad as to lose her nationality, and to adopt foreign views and foreign feelings.

Another peculiarity among the French is their strictness with the unmarried women. They cannot understand the liberty of our young ladies. It is a crime in their eyes — a premium for immorality. A French fiancée is never allowed a moment's unrestricted intercourse with her lover. Perhaps she sees him only once or twice before her marriage — for marriage is a commercial affair in France; and so much a year with my daughter, is married to so much a year with your son: but it is the marriage portion and the income that marry: the daughter and the son are merely accessories. Which makes it very easy for our unmarried women to be totally misunderstood in France — and sometimes painfully so. For liberty recognised among us as natural and proper, is there considered dangerous and immoral. I knew an instance of this.

In the corner yonder, just under that broad-leaved palm of the Jardin d'Hiver — are M. Auguste and Miss Harriet; Mademoiselle Henriette as he calls her. Miss Harriet is about thirty, an orphan of good family, tolerably well-looking, lady-like and rich. She is a little original, and passes even in England for being eccentric and too independent. M. Auguste is the possessor of some five or six hundred

a year (he is rich for a Parisian); possessor too of certain small properties beside. They met by accident: they were travelling together from Avignon, and they first met at Vaucluse, by the Fountain. An acquaintance sprang up between them: very naturally: which left them mutually pleased with each other. It was an adventure; and, Miss Harriet being an impulsive lady on the verge of her wane, liked adventures. All Englishwomen do.

M. Auguste received permission to visit her. They both adroitly gave each other such proofs of their mutual respectability as took off all that might have been equivocal in their acquaintance. M. Auguste was ravished at Mademoiselle's condescension. She was truly charming; her boudoir was delicious, Mademoiselle herself was perfectly idéale, and was the realisation of all M. Auguste's dreams of female perfection: compliments paid with the profoundest reverence, but with an exaltation of feeling that bewildered poor Harriet. A neglected daughter, shut up in a remote country village in the west of England, her independence gained only when her first youth had fled — it was no wonder that these new and strange devotions bewildered and unsettled her. A kind of startled gratitude, gratified vanity and personal admiration — for M. Auguste was exceedingly handsome — made up together a feel-



ing which the world calls love, and which she herself mistook for the same.

Up to a certain point in their intercourse nothing could be more delightful than M. Auguste. The refinement and spirituality of his tone and conversation completed the charm which his wonderful knowledge of the human heart, and his good looks had begun; and Harriet was desperately in love — much to the edification of her maid, who watched that she might take lessons. Flowers, gifts, pleasures of all kinds were showered fast and thick on the Englishwoman's path, and perpetual sunshine was over her. Poor Mademoiselle Henriette in her weary past had never dreamed of such happiness.

One day Harriet had bought a large bunch of lilies of the valley, and placed them in the vase from which she took M. Auguste's last and now decidedly faded bouquet. These were very simple acts. No one would have thought them storm-seeds sown broadcast. M. Auguste called. His eye glanced to the lilies before it saw the smiling face eager to greet him. His countenance changed; his address was cool, constrained, and distressingly polite. Harriet could not understand this; and, at first, was too timid to ask; for she dreaded bad news of his own affairs or some terrible catastrophe. At last she did summon up courage enough. M. Auguste smiled

gloomily. He pointed to the vase and bit out a few words spitefully, in which Harriet distinguished "un autre — prétendant — infâme — scélérat — trahi — triché — adieu — Madame." Not very intelligible to the innocent Englishwoman, who did not see any infamy or treachery in a handful of lilies of the valley bought by herself for twelve sous at the Madeleine. After a time he condescended to be more explicit; and then he expressed his conviction that another Monsieur — one of Mademoiselle's milder friends doubtless — had given her this bouquet to replace his own — that his was not choice, not rich enough for Mademoiselle's taste — he apologized for its poverty; but he was only a poor Frenchman with a heart — he must leave the means and the power to make Mademoiselle happy to her rich compatriots, with a good deal more. And then he ended by taking up his hat and gloves and saying in a tragic voice, "Adieu for ever!" Of course that storm blew over and fine weather was restored; but this was the beginning of long days of jealousy as groundless and as worthless. Harriet bore up against them heroically. She was the essence of good temper to him, and soothed his waywardness and bore with his follies, until he himself confessed that her temper was wonderful, and that he tried it sorely. However he went too far once. He was in a bad



humour, and he forgot himself; and then the English pride woke up; and she called him "Monsieur," and bade him adieu tearlessly, and never so much as sighed when he closed the door, as she believed for ever. But he wrote to her after this, and apologized for his violence: (it was all because she had walked in the Tuileries gardens with a certain relative of hers, who was too young and well-looking for M. Auguste's taste; and as Frenchmen cannot understand the liberty of our unmarried women it was grand ground for a quarrel). In his letter he besought a reconciliation with her; who was the life of his soul, and the star of his future: promising better things, and the profoundest confidence in her integrity. So Harriet relented, and the wheel of love went round once more. But he never forgot, nor wholly forgave her passionate burst of English pride; and he told her more than once that Frenchwomen were much more submissive, and that he did not approve of this Roman pride, this classic haughtiness, of the English women. So they quarrelled again, because he was impertinent and sarcastic.

The third term had come, even to M. Auguste and Mademoiselle Henriette.

Quarrels, still healed by love, but becoming daily more numerous and more fierce, and the love less powerful in the healing — doubts and suspicions for ever

renewed and passionately resented — these were the dying throes of the affair, painful enough to witness. His pride was now wounded as well as hers: he could not forgive her strength of will, and she could not forgive his want of trust. He was certain she had deceived him. Yes, Madame — deceived, betrayed, tricked him — the confiding French gentleman, the loyal man of honour! Which indignity Mademoiselle resented in real earnest. So the matter ended, and they parted really for ever. Which was the best thing both could have done, if they looked to happiness and peace.

Yet M. Auguste was a fine fellow. Brilliant, generous, witty, kind, brave, romantic, and not harshly egotistical though extremely vain. He was a pearl beyond price among his countrymen, and would have made any Frenchwoman living, the proudest and happiest of her sex. For, she would have yielded to his dictation, and have managed his jealousy: she would have soothed him by flattery and amused him by her wit; his suspicion would not have fired her pride — she would have taken it as a thing of course, and perhaps have felt neglected if she had not seen it; and his anger would have been turned aside by coaxing and submission. When in the wrong he would have been adroitly flattered into the right; and so his own sensitive self-love would never have been wounded by an over-



hard or fierce integrity. Yield and flatter, and his wife would be superior; oppose and reason, and she would be slave.

Reflect on this, ye English-women who travel in France, and who believe in the perpetual sunshine of French love. It is the true and literal description of the general French mind in love matters; and all who are not prepared to be suspected, watched and disbelieved as a matter of course, had best eschew the charms, even of flattery, gaiety, generosity, affectionate forethought, exquisite politeness, and such keenness of perception as seems to give an added sense, and to open a new world.

### STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY.

STRIVE; yet I do not promise  
The prize you dream of to-day,  
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,  
And melt in your hand away;  
But another and holier treasure,  
You would now perchance disdain,  
Will come when your toil is over,  
And pay you for all your pain.

Wait; yet I do not tell you  
The hour you long for now,  
Will not come with its radiance vanished,  
And a shadow upon its brow;  
Yet far through the misty future,  
With a crown of starry light,  
An hour of joy you know not  
Is winging her silent flight.

Pray; though the gift you ask for  
May never comfort your fears,  
May never repay your pleading,  
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears;  
An answer, not that you long for,  
But diviner, will come one day;  
Your eyes are too dim to see it,  
Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

### INDIA PICKLE.

IF some earthquake or sea volcano were suddenly to add a hundred square miles of fertile soil to our coast; if it escaped the depressing influences of the Woods and Forests, and fell into the hands of landowners of the stamp of the owners of the Brocklesby, Lowestoff, Holkham, or Woburn estates; it is easy to imagine how rapidly and completely the new territory would be put in a condition to employ labour, grow crops, and pay rent. It would be surveyed, intersected with hard roads, accommodated with branches from neighbouring railroads, provided with coasting ports, and in the shortest possible time brought as near as possible to the centres of population where more is eaten than grown. The lords of the manor to whom the new land had fallen would think it well worth while to sink a capital in the improvements, or raise a loan for that purpose on mortgage, if ready money were wanting: capital being to land to be cultivated as essential as fire and knives and forks and plates are to turn raw food into a decent dinner.

We need not draw from fancy a picture of what an English speaking race would do with a new country in the United States of America. Every year, for the last twenty years, has seen the steam-boat and the canal, the railroad or the plankroad, penetrating the most savage regions,



and opening the way for new colonies and new cities. By such means, in a wonderfully short space of time, the eastern and western, the northern and southern ports of the Republic have been united, and the cultivable lands lying between rendered accessible and profitable for the labours of a tide of emigrants — the produce of corn and cotton fields carried to the best market.

But, if we turn from the works of the vigorous colonists of America, and the wise improving landowners of England, to India — a country whose richest provinces have been for exactly one hundred years subject to British rule — we find ourselves almost transported back to the dark ages, when our skin-clad ancestors were content to feed swine on acorns, and barter with a few adventurous foreigners a little wool and a little corn. On the rich, fertile soil of India, there is scarcely a single solid monument of Anglo-Saxon enterprise to be found. The Indian peasant tills the earth with the implements of his ancestors a thousand years removed; and the ten thousand white rulers seem content to accept with the Eastern territory Eastern traditions of government — native principles with native subjects.

India is like Ireland in the good old times of Ireland, before the potato famine and the Encumbered Estates Act had sent the bankrupt holders of great

estates to live by work instead of credit. There, in Tipperary and Galway, and Connaught, were thousands on thousands of acres where no farm-building, barn, or beast-steading — no hut, no fence, no drain, no road — had ever been made at the cost of the landlord, who drew from a half-naked peasantry a rack-rent for permission to grow the potatoes on which they vegetated, and to feed the pig they never ate.

India is one great rack-rented Irish estate, conquered from conquerors, and administered (with rare exceptions) on purely native principles. The government is virtually the landlord; and the whole efforts, the utmost intelligence, of the ten thousand white officials settled among these dark millions, seem concentrated on the best mode of taxing this conquered empire — shifting and balancing the burdens under which the peasants totter through their weary lives, with the one object of preserving an even account between income and expenditure. For the consideration of those public works which form the living essence of Anglo-Saxon colonisation and culture, there seems to have been no time in a century which has elapsed since Clive made the title-deed of Bengal the prize of his victories.

Although our Indian empire is within thirty days' post of England, it is so little known that it will be best to begin at the beginning. Italy, with its Alpine



barrier, is on a small scale, not unlike India. On the northern base of a pyramid-shaped territory, rise the range of Himalaya mountains, a barrier of snow-covered mountains, rocky defiles, and narrow valleys, dividing India from the table-lands of Thibet and China. On the extreme west lies one of our later conquests, the Punjaub — the flat country of the five rivers — hemmed in by the mountain barriers known to us by the terrible names of the Khyber and the Bolan Passes. On the extreme east are Assam and Pegu, our latest acquisitions. On the north and west, a tract of one hundred and fifty miles of plain intervenes between the base of the sub-Himalayas and a column of mountains — the Ghauts — which run parallel to the western coast, and form a barrier, uninterrupted except by three huge clefts, down to Cape Camorin.

From this range of Ghauts the whole country inclines towards the eastern coast; at first by a series of steppes, or table-lands, and then by a gradual incline throughout the whole length of the peninsula, ending in flat plains. From the Himalaya range flow, beside many minor streams, six great rivers, namely, the Ganges, the Godavery, the Kistnah, the Cauvery, the Hindus, and the Nerbudda — the one exception traversing the country in a single stream, unlike the many-branched Ganges and Godavery.

When we examine a map, or,

still better, a relief model of India, we see a country in which nature has provided every resource for the support of a dense population and the growth of enormous exports. Under an Indian sun, water alone has the fertilising virtues of the most powerful manures in Europe. Great rivers, with their multitude of branches and affluents, and thousands of minor streams, fed by the Monsoon rains and the melting of Himalayan snows, rush first through the narrow valleys of descending table-lands, and then flow gently along the flat plains and delta islands of richest fertility at the sea's mouth — thus affording extraordinary facilities for storing in the high grounds in seasons of flood, and distributing, through canals and rivers, channels raised by weirs to a convenient height for navigation and irrigation in times of drought.

More than five hundred years ago the then rulers of India vigorously availed themselves of the irrigating powers of the Indian rivers, and employed a system of cultivation brought, perhaps, from Egypt, which travelled on with the Moors to Spain and Italy, where it still survives, and in Italy flourishes. But the minor streams — so valuable when properly used in a tropical climate — if the art of the road-maker and the bridge-builder are not brought into operation, from a terrible impediment to internal commerce. Thus it comes



to pass that not only in Central India, but within comparatively short distances of the coast and of river ports, great fertile tracts are cut off from all but the most expensive means of transit; and large populations, for want of markets for the produce of their labour, drag on a miserable existence, with no other knowledge of European rule than the punctual demands of the tax-gatherer.

Easy means of communication by land and water are all the essential elements of civilisation. In India, save a few slow trifling efforts, which barely touch the course of communication, this great work is all to be done. England, which contains an area of about fifty-six thousand square miles and twenty-six million inhabitants, with a sea-coast not far from its most central city, has of highways thirty thousand miles; canals and navigable rivers about three thousand miles; railroads between five and six thousand miles. The United States, besides its many rivers and a vast canal system, has already upwards of ten thousand miles of railroad. But India, with an area of one million two hundred thousand square miles and a population of one hundred and sixty millions — of which an important part is distributed with a density equal to the best agricultural districts of Europe — has less than eighteen thousand miles of communication beyond the unmade tracks and footpaths; that is to say, coastwise, on a dangerous,

surf-beaten coast, from the mouth of the Hindus to the Ganges, three thousand five hundred miles; river navigation, two thousand miles; complete roads, two thousand miles; imperfect roads, about ten thousand miles. Two railroads, one from Bombay, the other from Calcutta, equal in construction to those of Europe, are now open to the extent of about two hundred miles, creeping slowly on, further extension of one thousand miles is promised by the year eighteen hundred and sixty. Yet fifty thousand miles would barely place our Eastern Empire on an equality with the French in roads.

But, when we speak of two thousand miles of complete and ten thousand miles of incomplete roads, our readers must not think of the works of Telford and Macadam, or the French Roman-like military roads of solid stone, or even of ordinary parish roads. The best roads, with the exception of a few miles near one or two military stations, are something like what the Herefordshire lanes would be (where the deep ruts if too deep, are filled with faggots in winter and ploughed up level in the spring), if Herefordshire were under a tropical sun, rank with tropical weeds and intersected by deep, unbridged watercourses — dry in summer — roaring torrents after a few hours' rain.

For instance, in the Bombay district of the Koukan, just twenty-seven per cent. of one







responsible ignorance, a few miles of road in different detached directions cost from one thousand to five thousand pounds a mile; and the Court of Directors, not unnaturally alarmed at such useless extravagance, took a decided and effectual step for preventing further expense — ordering that no new road should be made. In one case, eighty thousand pounds were spent on a line of two hundred and twenty miles, between Masulepatam, on the coast of Hyderabad; and, for this sum, no stones had been laid down, so that it was not practicable at all in wet weather, and scarcely better than before, in dry.

After a pause of a few years, another effort was made. In the Madras Presidency a road department of one engineer officer, with two assistants, was constituted, to attend the main roads of a province of one hundred and sixty thousand square miles, with a population of fourteen millions. Of course, the officer was lost in his duties. He had not the assistance of the county newspapers, which in England weekly daguerreotype the local wants of every county. However, he was soon saved one source of anxiety, for the local government refused to take the responsibility of spending the money the directors had authorised — and so road-making efforts ceased.

The native population is essentially agricultural. A ton of cotton is worth fifteen pounds;

a ton of sugar, twelve pounds; a ton of rice or grain, three pounds. Where it takes twelve days to travel seventy miles, with only seven months of possible travelling in the year, it is easy to imagine that there are millions of acres, hundreds of miles from the coast, where the cost of conveyance eats up the whole value of the article, while the saving of ten shillings alone on the one, and one pound on the other, would leave a profit. What would farms be worth in our fattest counties, if everything was carried on the backs of Welsh ponies — if the best agricultural roads were like the winter tracks on Dartmoor and Exmoor? What would half our coal mines be worth, worked on Indian principles, with stream-pumps, and with only cart roads to market?

To give India common roads, in proportion to those of England, would require half a million miles. Ceylon, where European coffee-growers are sufficiently numerous to create a public opinion, and where rebellions are formidable, has, in addition to its coast navigation, on twenty-four thousand six hundred and sixty-four square miles, with a population rather over a million, — five hundred and fifty-four miles of carriage-road, of which one-third are first-rate, and the rest are in good order all the year round. In like manner, twenty years ago, the Ceylonese government offered to join the Indian government in deepening a



dangerous strait, Paumbaum Pass, between Ceylon and the mainland. The Indian government refused to join, and the project fell to the ground. Three years ago, a governor of Madras, more enlightened, expended twenty-four thousand pounds in obtaining ten feet of water; and already the saving to Madras in imported food is equal to a hundred thousand pounds a-year.

Berar is a magnificent cotton district, spoiled by want of communication with Rajahmundry, on the Godavery. It costs a million of people of Berar two or three millions sterling every year to grow rice for themselves, which, with easy communications, they could purchase for seventy thousand pounds in Rajahmundry; and, by employing the surplus labour in growing cotton for Manchester (provided always that a cheaper road than the backs of bullocks was open for the cotton), the people would save more than a million in their food, and would pay with ease those taxes which now leave the Indian peasant nothing beyond a cotton rag round his loins, and a little rice or grain for his sustenance.

From time to time drought occurs in every district; famine follows drought; the people perish by hundreds of thousands. To multiply instances would be too painful. One will be sufficient. In the province of Guntoor, very recently, out of a population of five hundred thou-

sand, half perished by famine. Seventy thousand marched into Madras, and compelled the government to feed them. These seventy thousand were all men. They had left their weaker wives and children dead or dying in their huts. This famine cost the East Indian government a vast sum for food, and a loss in revenue in the following year of eight hundred thousand pounds. Yet within a hundred miles of starving Guntoor there was abundant food, in Tanjore, a province secured by irrigating works and roads from the curse of drought. With due use of the natural resources of India, with the exercise of wise liberality, and comprehensive plans, famine might be rendered impossible.

Water is the great solvent of the Indian difficulties that have tormented Indian statesmen and statisticians from the time of Lord Cornwallis to the publication of the book of Mr. Campbell. Water is to India what coal mines and the coasting-trade have been to England. So says Colonel Arthur Cotton\* in his bundle of Notes and Axioms on the Development of Indian Resources. He speaks with the earnestness of a patriot and philanthropist, and the authority of twenty years' engineering experience, and twenty years of struggling against supine indifference to everything except rent and dividends, victories and annexations.

\* Public Works in India, by Lieut.-Colonel A. Cotton.

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The rivers of India, turned to their full use, would render transit through three, if not five, most important regions cheap and easy, the supply of cotton ample and certain, the people prosperous and happy. Engineering skill in the Madras district can store, on a vast scale, the torrents of the rainy season; would reduce full harvests to a certainty, and would produce in rent and revenue one hundred pounds for each five pounds. "Every puddle," says Colonel Cotton, "is a valuable thing in a dry season" — an axiom which ought to head the instructions issued to Indian rulers and rent-collectors, and be inscribed in the office of the Board of Control and the council chamber of the Governor-General. In irrigation we might have taken a lesson from the conquerors whom he succeeded. Five hundred years ago, Anno Domini, thirteen hundred and fifty-one, a canal of irrigation, near Delhi, was constructed by Feroze Toglah, a monarch of whom it is recorded that he built "fifty dams across rivers for irrigation, and thirty reservoirs, forty mosques, thirty colleges, one hundred caravan-serais, one hundred hospitals, one hundred public baths, and one hundred and fifty bridges." In fifteen hundred and sixty-eight the Emperor Akbar, in a decree, which is our earliest specimen of a canal ordinance, recites that "The Chetang river, by which the Emperor Feroze brought water from the streams and drains in the vicinity of Sudhaura, at the foot of the hills, to Hansi and Hissar, by which, for four or five months of the year, water was available, has become so choked up that for the last hundred years the water has not flowed past the boundary Khythuls, and the Emperor declares that his order has gone forth that the waters of the rivers and streams at the foot of the hills at Khurzabad be brought by a canal deep and wide, by the keep of dams, into the Chetang, &c." Then follows a list of irrigation officers. And the decree farther directs that, — "On both sides of the canal, down to Hissar, trees of every description, both for shade and blossoms, be planted so as to make it like the canal under the tree in Paradise, and that the sweet flavour of the rare fruits may reach the mouths of every one, and that from these luxuries a voice may go forth to travellers, calling them to rest in the cities, where their every want will be supplied." Seventy years later, in the reign of Shah Jehan, his architect, Murdan Khan, brought a channel from Feroze's Canal to Delhi, by works, including a masonry aqueduct and a channel cut sixty feet deep through solid rock, until it reached a point where, flowing through the city in a masonry bed, it divided into minor streams, which abundantly supplied the residences of the nobles of the city. A great stream, flowing through the pa-



lace, supplied fountains, basins, and baths, and irrigated the trees and flowers of the splendid gardens. Water-courses still existing along the line of this Delhi Canal are monuments of the luxuriant agriculture called into existence by Shah Jehan. According to a tradition in Delhi, the returns from the canal were sufficient for the maintenance of twelve thousand horsemen. The permanent establishment for repair and protection consisted of a large body of workmen, and one thousand foot and five hundred horse-police, stationed at points three or four miles apart. Two hundred years later, this canal, in the course of intestine wars, became filled up. When the Mogul empire fell under our dominion, a Mr. Brewer offered to restore it, if the profits were secured to him by a lease. His offer was rejected, and a long period elapsed before any effective steps to restore irrigation were attempted.

Nothing is more lamentable, in the history of our eastern empire, than the neglect of the examples left us by Ackbar and Shah Jehan. To develop India, the most profitable step that could be taken would be to expend money in adapting streams for irrigation, and, where possible, for navigation, — to husband every drop of superfluous water in the rainy season, in order to distribute it in the dry. In England, we use irrigated meadows to grow green crops; in the south

of Europe, rice is grown in pale meadows; but in India, almost every crop, in a series of years, has need of water, more or less, in the long uncertain intervals that prevail between the rains — the seed time and the harvest — besides the rice or paddy fields, which require, for several weeks, a constant covering of water.

There are two ways of obtaining water for irrigation: the one, practised for many hundred years, is, to dam up a river, and then lead canals from either side through the district to be irrigated. If it be a delta, the work of each cultivator is comparatively easy; he has only to level the slight irregularities of his land, and cut the small channels, by which he can lead his share of the stream over every part of his fields. If the level of the canals or stream should be lower than his land, then he must make use of some of the many simple irrigating pumps, wheels, and scoops, in use in all Eastern climates. Another mode is, to take advantage of a valley among the hills, or other slope, in the way of the fall of monsoon rains, and, by erecting a wall or bund, catch and store the flood of rain for use in the dry season. These two operations are done on large and small scales, from a few yards to fifty miles in length; but the principle is always the same.

The rivers available for irrigation are also more or less available for navigation, if not by



steamers, by boats, canoes, or rafts.

While the Marquis of Tweeddale, whose name is well known in this country as an agricultural improver, was Governor of Madras, he sanctioned, and, still more extraordinary, induced the home government to sanction, the expenditure of some three hundred thousand pounds on irrigation works on the Godavery river, planned by Colonel Cotton. These works have since been executed. The result is an increase of revenue, from various sources, of three hundred thousand pounds a-year, besides the prospective advantage of a thousand miles of navigation from the cotton districts of Berar to the sea. The whole system of agriculture over some hundred square miles has been changed by these works. Cultivators who only grew dry grain before, have, within two years, laid out thousands of acres in rice fields. In others, the steady supply of water was used to moisten the earth before ploughing the land for grain or oil seeds, without waiting for rain. In a word, it increased the variety and the produce of the irrigated district, and effectually protected it from drought or famine. The operations gave irrigation to twelve hundred thousand acres. This acreage was not only protected from famine, but became a granary for surrounding districts in eighteen hundred and fifty-three, when all the surrounding country

suffered from drought. The revenue of the irrigated district increased by fifty thousand pounds; and the exports by sea were one hundred and seventy thousand pounds against thirty thousand pounds, the average export before the irrigation works had been executed. A gentleman who had charge of the district adjoining that just described writes: "No one could have seen, as I did, the wretched condition of the people and the crops on the Kistnah side of the district, the difficulties of obtaining even the scantiest supplies of moderately pure water, and then have passed to the Godavery side, and witnessed the contrast—the abundance of pure water, the splendid crops, the comfort of the people—without being deeply sensible that no statistics can convey an idea of the priceless blessing which the waters of the Godavery—carried by weirs and channels through such an extent of delta—have conferred upon the people. In May, I was encamped at Aven-guddah, on the banks of a large branch of the river Kistnah, reduced to a dry sheet of sand. The cattle were dying; no signs of vegetation were apparent; the water foul. Never did I see so much poverty and misery. In the month of June I was at Akeed, more than thirty miles from the nearest point of the Godavery; but here, fresh water and forage were abundant. The water of the Godavery, which had passed



through the head sluice fifty miles up channel, flowed past my tent, and numerous boats loaded with produce went daily to and fro."

The most remarkable instance of the effect of works of public utility on an Indian soil is to be found in the Province of Tanjore — a province well known as the scene of the labours of the celebrated Moravian missionary, Schwarz (whose monument in the palace of Tanjore was executed by Flaxman for the Raja, his pupil, and by Bacon, in St. Mary's Church, Madras, for the East India Directors). Tanjore is an example of the revenue value of money laid out on irrigation and roads. It was an irrigation dispute between the Raja of Tanjore and the Nabob of the Karnatic, which eventually resulted in the absorption of the former province with Nelompang. By the terms of the treaty the reigning Raja had beside an annual allowance a fifth share of the surplus revenue. Without works of irrigation the province would soon have been a loss instead of a profit to the company. The situation of the capital and the civilising results of the labours of Schwarz have made Tanjore so agreeable a residence that, unlike most other collectorates (collector is the modest name of an Indian satrap or prefect), the officer, once appointed, seldom desires to leave; in fact, from the time of its cession, Tanjore, with its fine capital and

Protestant church, has been a pet province. Instead of a constant succession, not more than four or five collectors have administered the revenues in fifty years, and each has followed in the footsteps of his predecessor. About eight thousand pounds a-year have been expended in rudely constructing and repairing common roads, bridges, and irrigation works. The result has been, that while other districts around, especially Guntoor with equal natural advantages for irrigation and roads, have been starving, Tanjore has been able to export to famine-stricken districts; that while the lands of the Presidency of Madras are generally valueless, the land of Tanjore is solely at twenty-five years' purchase; that while the population and revenue of other districts have remained stationary, the population of Tanjore has increased from eight hundred thousand to a million and a half, and the revenue has increased from three to five hundred thousand.

About twenty-five miles northward of the City of Ajmeer, is Mairwara, on the country of the Mairs, a hilly, jungly district, inhabited by a race who bear or bore a wonderful resemblance to the Highland clans of Rob Roy's time. In religion they are a sort of wet Hindoos, regardless of ablution, preparation of food, and other set ceremonies. They live on Indian corn and barley bread, with the flesh of sheep,



goats, cows, and buffaloes, when they can get them; but hog's flesh, venison, fish, and fowl they reject. Faithful, generous, and brave, with strong clannish feeling, the sword was the Mair's constant companion. Robbery was the profession of the whole race. Their strip of wild hilly country enabled them to dash into the heart of the surrounding lowland country. Each district of Mairwara had its assigned field of plunder; after the execution of a raid, all shared alike. It was a republic, military, social, democratic, and larcenous. The horsemen, in small bands, on the highways, levied tribute on marriage cavalcades and pilgrims. The footmen devoted their energies to cattle-lifting, taking also in hand such travellers as fell in their way. Brahmins, professed devotees, and women, were exempt from robbery under their laws, and blood was never shed, except for strictly professional reasons.

In eighteen hundred and twenty-three this colony of caterans, having been conquered, was placed under the command of Captain Hall. For thirteen years he devoted himself to their civilisation, and so far secured their good will that he was able to arrest and punish criminals, where, from the nature of the country, two thousand policemen would be helpless. When compelled by ill-health to retire, he was succeeded by Captain Dixon. Captain (afterwards Colonel)

Dixon saw that the people could not continue honest, with no sufficient means of earning a livelihood at home, and plenty of cattle feeding on the plains below. Water was the great need; rains are precarious, bad seasons the rule; in some years no rain falls at all; and, from the hilly character of the country, the rain flows rapidly away, without sufficiently saturating the earth. So, Colonel Dixon set to work with three clearly-defined objects in view. First, to insure a sufficient supply of water for the permanent cultivation of the soil; second, the cultivation of tracts of land covered by jungle; third, the abolition of cattle-stealing by turning every inhabitant into a land cultivator. To obtain a constant supply of water, the main watercourses of the country were banked up, and great tanks were formed; small tanks and wells were made by the Mairs, assisted by loans of about twenty shillings for each work, and of tools. At first the people would not sink wells, because they found there was no water. An example was set by causing the battalion of Mairs, a sort of local militia formed by Colonel Hall, to sink fifty wells, which were handed over to the villages complete when finished. This gave them heart, and was the first step towards encouraging habits of self-reliance. Wherever villages showed themselves industrious in erecting these public works, they were rewarded by a remission of



land rent. The next step was to found villages on waste land, of which there were thousands of acres. The head men of the new villages were selected from the sons of the pretels or head men of adjacent villages, and their connections formed the nucleus of the new colony. The settlers were furnished with loans for the purchase of bullocks; tools were furnished free, but the settlers had to build the houses. The loans were repayable in four or six instalments, within three years after the village was established. Wells, tanks, and terrace-wells for gardens on the steep hill sides followed. And thus, within twelve years, a hundred and six flourishing hamlets were founded in the midst of what had previously been jungle waste. The superintendent took care to warn his subjects that, now that an ample field for industry had been opened, cattle-stealing and similar crimes would be punished more rigorously than before. The village smith, the barber, the potter, the carpenter, the leather-dresser, and other handicraftsmen, who are usually remunerated in kind for their services, and who do not usually engage in field labour, were turned into food growers. Even the minstrel yielded to the influence of the engineer officer, and became a husbandman. Colonel Dixon went further. The villagers under his control attacked a band of robbers, from

whose depredations they had suffered, and made twenty-nine of them prisoners, after slaying twelve. These prisoners were confined in the Mairwara gaol under sentence for four years; but before the time had expired, a piece of waste land, near Majari, was marked out; the prisoners were permitted to leave the prison every morning unfettered to dig wells and prepare for settlement; on the expiration of their sentence they were joined by their families; and a prosperous village of twenty-seven families was the result of the robbers' foray. This village has since been remarkable for the orderly conduct and industry of its inhabitants.

As the improvements advanced, the eagerness of the peasantry to partake of these improvements advanced also; it became so intense, indeed, that the authorities were unable to keep pace with it. One village (Soorean) having been deferred until the next season, a few months afterwards they requested a visit from the superintendent, without assigning a reason. He went, and was pleased and surprised to find that, out of their own resources, by the sale of cattle and the betrothal of their daughters, they had constructed a great embankment for a tank. They were rewarded by a donation of one half the expense — forty pounds. In one instance, a jungle waste has been converted into fertility by a



series of tanks connected by weirs for an unbroken distance of twenty-six miles.

A town was found to be needed as a centre of this new colony, and (Nya Nuggar — new city) was founded, where at the date of the report, two thousand souls of every caste and profession were settled in handsome, solid dwellings and shops. The example of the more solid architecture spread to the neighbouring villages. The average annual value of merchandise passing through Nya Nuggar in three years was one hundred and forty-seven thousand pounds. The number of carts increased to six hundred and eighty from forty, — the whole number in the local district before the founding of the city.

Colonel Dixon next proceeded to found an annual fair, fixed the fair day in the beginning of the autumn, when the whole country is covered with the rain crop, when the tanks are overflowing, and agricultural prosperity at its height. The invitation of the Great Chief, equal to a command, was cheerfully accepted. "The men decked out in their best attire, accompanied by their wives and children, attended by their minstrels. Clans, kept apart by ancient feuds, met and made friends. More than ten thousand Mairs attended these fairs."

All this has been done by the zeal, intelligence, and perseverance of two men, Colonels Hall and Dixon, without other assist-

ance than the acquiescence of the Indian Government. The total expense of Colonel Dixon's improvements was only twenty-four thousand pounds, and this sum produced in Mairwara, between eighteen hundred and thirty-five and eighteen hundred and forty-seven, an increase of revenue of from nine thousand pounds to twenty-one thousand pounds; an increase in the value of agricultural produce, from twenty-nine thousand pounds to sixty-three thousand pounds; of the population from thirty-nine thousand six hundred to one hundred thousand two hundred. In a neighbouring district of Ajmeer, with less favourable soil, and less available land, the same system has produced most satisfactory results; the people being stimulated by the example of their neighbours, and encouraged by the support of Colonel Sutherland, who commenced improvements without waiting for the sanction of Government.

Wherever money has been wisely spent on reproductive works in India, the condition of the people has improved, and the revenue returns have been enormous. But such works, which altogether have not cost more than twenty millions sterling, or about one year of the revenue of India, are but specks upon so vast a country. They are the accidents of an enlightened collector, an enthusiastic engineer, or a governor acting contrary to all the precedents. It has not yet



become part of the fixed policy of the Indian government to spend a certain minimum percentage of the annual revenue in road or river improvements, or in works of irrigation. And, if it were the theory, it could not be carried out without sweeping away a wilderness of forms, and enlisting an army of intelligent engineers. General Routine lives and flourishes in India, in Leadenhall Street, and in Cannon Row, as well as in Downing Street and Whitehall. Each Presidency is most absurdly placed in leading strings, Bengal at the head, and Bengal under a hundred checks. Matters of simple detail, which the agent of a nobleman would settle, on a Scotch or English estate, on his own responsibility, or at one interview with his chief, are obliged to be referred from the local governor of Madras or Bombay and his Council, to the Governor General and his Council, from the Governor General to the Court of Directors, from the Court of Directors to the Board of Control — each power having its own consulting engineers and lawyers, and its own reports: so that, in nine cases out of ten, the matter is buried in paper. For instance, when the Godavery River Works were nearly completed, the engineer applied for five hundred pounds to take a steamer up, and ascertain what were the obstructions in the way of opening a regular communication of five hundred miles of water, with the cotton growing country of Berar. Water communication had been used by a private firm, years previously, and it was calculated, by those who had travelled over it in boats, that fifty thousand pounds would open it the whole way, or a cost of one thousand pounds a mile. The local government, afraid of the responsibility, estimated the expense of a survey at one thousand pounds — a sum beyond its control; and so, shifted the responsibility to the Governor General. The Governor General considered the object too unimportant to risk one thousand pounds upon, in the then state of the Indian finances — there being only thirteen millions sterling in the treasury. On another occasion, a request for one hundred pounds to dredge away a bar of sand, which was ruining a harbour, after a delay during which the harbour was quite destroyed, shared the same fate. If a question arise as to repairing a few panes of glass in a barrack, a mountain of correspondence accumulates; if the engineer of an Indian railway desire to turn a skew bridge into a straight one, he has to run the gauntlet of about thirteen officers and their reports. He cannot alter the form of his sleepers, without consulting the Board of Control in London.

The coast of India is sorely in want of ports, piers, and breakwaters. The terminus of the Madras Railway will be a black



man's raft, or a Massoola boat. India wants common roads; rivers cleared and embanked; railroads of all kinds, from the best to the lightest and cheapest: from the centre to the sea; canals of navigation wherever possible; irrigation everywhere. But, India wants these immediately; thirsty for water, she cannot afford to wait until a vineyard, not yet planted, shall grow wine.

England wants millions of pounds of cotton, at four-pence a pound; wants wheat at two guineas a quarter; wants sugar, rice, spice, oils, fibres and dyes. Between English and Indian marts, stand a morass of forms, an avalanche of paper reports, a mountain range of old Indian blockhead prejudices, the flippancy of Sir Chatter Chatterer, the supercilious ignorance of the Honourable Wishy Washy, the tax-grinding tradition, that black fellows ought to pay their rent and give no trouble to the Court of Directors, and the general delight of Government Councils to talk and write, and do nothing.

O, if in the next parliamentary game of puss in the corner, the experiment were tried, of choosing for the autocrat of one hundred and sixty millions, instead of a lord, or a lawyer, or a talker, a worker and a doer! O, how a Stephenson, or Peto, or Brassey, installed in Cannon Row, would civilize the Blacks and astonish the Browns!

## PETITION EXTRAORDINARY.

Unto the Lords and Gentlemen in the House of Common-Sense assembled, the Petition of Hercules Tully, Clerk, humbly sheweth:

THAT your petitioner is six feet high, with broad shoulders and strong back-bone, sound in wind and limb, of unfailing appetite at meal times, and of undoubted personal courage and pluck; that thereby he might have been serviceable to his country as heavy dragoon, grenadier, navy, or coal-heaver, but is rendered useless and burdensome to himself and others by circumstances over which he has no control:

THAT, at an early age, your petitioner was placed by his guardians at a royal public school, and distinguished himself greatly in the demolition of heavy tarts and the deglutition of apples and other fruits — as also in the games of peg-top, cricket, football, racket, and fives; that in seven years and a-half he acquired some knowledge of Homer, Virgil, Horace, Æschylus, and Terence, with the rules of syntax, and the composition of hexameters and pentameters, but remained in profound ignorance of Chaucer and Pope and Blackstone and Shakespeare and Hume and Smollett; that by means of a powerful memory he retained the dates of Marathon and Pharsalia, the foundation of Rome, and the consulship of Plancus; but knew nothing whatever of the



Norman Conquest, the Magna Charta, the battle of Trafalgar, or the ministry of Lord Chatham. That he knew the value of sester-tia and oboli, but was ignorant of the multiplication table and the rule of three; that he knew the partition of the world among the Triumvirate, but had never heard of the settlement of Europe at the Congress of Vienna; that with those acquirements and qualifications he proceeded, in his nineteenth year, to the University of — with an exhibition from his school of fifty pounds a-year:

THAT as his reputation had preceded him to Alma Mater, he fought with, and completely thrashed, a bargeman (in three rounds) on the first evening of his going into residence, and on the following morning was requested to be “stroke” in the college boat:

THAT he construed Hesiod, Thucydides, Lucretius, and Plautus, entirely to his tutor’s satisfaction, and took lessons in pugilism from a first-rate professor of the art; that he got publicly thanked at his “little go,” and ran a race with the Flying Butcher, beating him by twenty yards in the half-mile on the same day; that he afterwards translated John Gilpin into Greek Iambics, and wrestled for twenty pounds a-side with Joe Pullen, the Headington Giant, giving the said giant a throw which strained his back, whereby the said Joe Pullen has been an

inmate of the poor-house ever since:

THAT your petitioner, at the request of one of his guardians, the Reverend Sir Trulliber Western, Baronet (whose name must be known to many members of your honourable house as the most successful feeder of pigs and fattener of oxen of his time), entered deeply into the study of divinity, and “did” the Fathers of the first three centuries in six months; at the same time he reduced himself to one bottle and a-half of port wine a day, and seldom exceeded nine cigars:

THAT in a very short time he mastered the Oriental controversy, and gave up the practice of driving tandems:

THAT, when the proper time came, he took his degree (high in honours), and after a festive meeting at the principal hotel, to celebrate the event, he took the opportunity of a town-and-gown riot, which suddenly occurred at that time, to wipe off some old scores with the college dean of chapel, whom he encountered, by accident, on the way home; and that in the effort of wiping off the said old scores, a rib of the said dignitary was unfortunately broken — either the detergent being applied too roughly, or the osseous fabric of the said dean being more brittle than usual:

THAT he then — again by the advice of one of his guardians, the Reverend Sir Trulliber Western — established himself



in the house of a respectable clergyman, in order to acquire experience in the management and working of a parish before he himself took orders; that with this purpose, he occupied a bed-room in the parsonage of the Reverend Ambrose Grovel, at a rent of a hundred and fifty pounds a-year, and prepared to take useful lessons in ecclesiastical and parochial affairs: —

THAT he found the said Reverend Ambrose Grovel the most eloquent preacher he ever heard — particularly when he inculcated the duties of submission and resignation, and reverence to the old family and immense estates of the Duke of Gaudeston, whose steward occupied the main pew in church; that of his preaching there was no end, for he believed the whole value of parochial ministration consisted in what he called the pulpit services; that he left the visiting of the sick and comforting of the afflicted to an assistant of sixty years of age, who had not the gift of fluency, and was therefore only fit for the lower offices of the church; and that thereby your petitioner, so far from acquiring any insight into the working of a parish, merely saw the method of working a curate, and was not particularly edified by the same:

THAT the family of the Reverend Mr. Grovel consisted of a wife and daughter — Miss Theodosia Grovel — who was in the enjoyment of surprising spirits, and laughed and giggled in the flow

of her innocent mirth in a very captivating and agreeable manner; that her attentions were great and incessant to your petitioner; that she played your petitioner favourite tunes on harp and piano; that she praised your petitioner's horse and horsemanship; that she said she thought your petitioner was certain, as soon as he was old enough, to be Archbishop of Canterbury, and that if she were queen she would appoint him to that high office at once. That thereupon her father, the Reverend Ambrose Grovel, used to chuck her under the chin, and say, — "Silly girl — what an innocent little fool you are!"

THAT your petitioner is informed and believes that the said Reverend Ambrose Grovel had been in the habit of chucking the chins of the four senior sisters of Miss Theodosia, in presence of four previous clerical apprentices (as they were irreverently called); and that the result was, that the said four clerical apprentices married the said four senior sisters of Miss Theodosia Grovel, whereby the said Reverend Ambrose Grovel had obtained, among those who were acquainted with the proceedings, the name of "the Judicious Hooker:"

THAT your petitioner was heedless of chin-chucking and tune playing, by reason the young lady had already a double chin, and was a very poor musician; that before the year had expired your petitioner was not on friendly terms with any of the family; was



preached at by the Reverend Ambrose Grovel, sometimes under the name of Judas, sometimes under that of Gallio, and once in an unmistakeable manner under the compound name of Sampson Eutychus, because he was gifted with great bodily strength, and was in the habit of falling asleep during the sermon. That the mother also withdrew from your petitioner, all the little amenities which make residence in the same house agreeable: his tea was weak and cold, his beer sour, his dinners scanty, his wine withdrawn, his linen unwashed; that Miss Theodosia never listened if your petitioner made a remark: never giggled, or even smiled: informed her mother that personal power was symptomatic of intellectual weakness: and occasionally received at tea a neighbouring attorney of remarkably small person, whom she had pretended to forget, and not to know even by sight, during the first four months of your petitioner's residence at the rectory:

THAT, under these circumstances, your petitioner left the house of the Reverend Ambrose Grovel, and betook himself, for the remainder of the year of preparation, to Mangold-Wurzel Hall, the seat of the Reverend Sir Trulliber Western; that there he acquired considerable skill in fattening pigs, and the crossing of breeds; and, as he was known to excel in the training and breaking of horses, did train and break in both to hounds and

harness, several of the best bred hunters and carriage horses in the county of Hants:

THAT being now upwards of three-and-twenty years of age, full of health and spirits, anxious to volunteer for the exploration of Africa, or the extermination of hostile nations by the sword, your petitioner — by the persuasion and promises of his guardians aforesaid; that is to say, of his two aunts, each with five hundred a-year at her absolute disposal; of Sir Trulliber Western, Baronet, aforesaid; and further, of an old bachelor cousin, who was reported to have murdered and robbed an Indian princess at the taking of Seringapatam, who was honoured and respected accordingly, and who strongly urged the necessity of the contemplated step, merely to keep so much animal courage and robust enterprise in order — was presented to the bishop as a simple esquire, and came out with a handle to his name, and the perpetual obligation to wear white neckcloths and a black coat:

THAT your petitioner now found himself established in a parish where there was no parsonage-house, and where no resident minister had been heard of, either before or after the Reformation; where the population was so purely agricultural, that it could neither read nor write, nor do anything but drink and swear; where the roads were impassable for half the year; and



a school, which had once been founded by a benevolent blacksmith, for the promulgation of Mormonism, was converted into a cock-pit. That in this parish — without rectory, without school, without rector, with a pauper population, and untravellable roads — your petitioner spent upwards of seven months, with no society, no visitor, no comfortable lodging, no encouragement from bishop, no superintendence from archdeacon; and was rapidly falling into habits of private gin-and-water and innumerable meerschaum pipes, but fortunately was prevented from further degradation by the death of one of the maiden aunts already mentioned, as having the absolute disposal of five hundred a-year:

THAT your petitioner's said aunt had purchased for his benefit the next presentation to a valuable living, in a favourite county, within easy distance of three packs of hounds, and with excellent shooting, easily procured, in the neighbourhood:

THAT to make this purchase legal (which it would not have been if it had been effected during the vacancy of the said valuable living), your petitioner's said aunt had insisted on the patron communicating to the vacant cure of souls the oldest and most unhealthy clergyman that could be discovered in the diocese; and, for this end, had recommended a man of upwards of eighty, who had had three dif-

ferent strokes of paralysis, had been for forty years a martyr to the gout, and was pronounced not likely to survive longer than was absolutely necessary to read into the said valuable living, and so make the purchase of it a legal transaction:

THAT scarcely had the said old man been inducted, and thereby put in possession of the temporalities — to the great increase of fame and reputation to the patron, who was described in the county newspapers as a model of kindness and generosity, in at last rewarding the services of a curate who had been neglected for sixty years — than a remarkable change took place in the new incumbent's health: that he grew fat and rosy, drove out in a nice phaeton with a pair of ponies, and smiled in a significant manner; that then the possibility of a bride and a specious nursery in the parsonage, was hinted at by his friends:

THAT your petitioner felt a most injurious change taking place in his Christian sentiments; that he hated the said new incumbent in a manner, and to a degree, in which he had never hated any one before; that he looked every morning into the list of deaths in the newspapers, and gave way to execrations and ejaculations of the bitterest and most vulgar kind, when he failed to perceive the old gentleman's name in the said list; that he detested all old persons whatever, and wished a law to be



passed making it penal for any one to live beyond sixty years; or, that so much of the Hindoo faith should be engrafted on the Christian as consisted in putting aged individuals to an honourable death. That his feelings of objection to the longevity of the said new incumbent were excited nearly to frenzy, when Miss Sophia Western, the youngest daughter of the before-mentioned Sir Trulliber Western, to whom your petitioner was engaged by the most formal promises and vows, declared she could not wait any longer for an old parson's demise, who would probably exist till the frame of all things was dissolved in universal destruction at the end of the world: and, accordingly, married her cousin, Jack Allworthy, who had bought some land in Canada, and was going out to settle upon his estate:

THAT your petitioner, on the occurrence of this blow, determined to console himself for the delay in his anticipated increase of income, by buying a share in some lucrative and respectable business; that with that view, he applied the remainder of the succession of his said aunt to the purchase of one-sixth part of a banking concern, long established, and holding out great advantages to any person of good education and steady habits who would enter personally into the management of the business:

THAT your petitioner, on these

premises, paid the sum of five thousand pounds for the said share; and, besides his proportion of the net profits, was to be paid a further sum of three hundred a-year in consideration of being an active and not a sleeping partner; but a hitch was soon discovered, after the transference of the said sum of five thousand pounds, namely, that being a clergyman, with cure of souls, your petitioner's interference would vitiate any business transactions of the firm, making its debts and credits alike irrecoverable at law; — whereupon your petitioner being threatened by the other partners with a bill of ejectment, resigned his managerial functions, and has not, nor ever has had, any control over his own money since that time:

THAT your petitioner, after waiting five years more, coming round to the opinion of Miss Sophia Western, now Mrs. John Allworthy, that the new incumbent, the Reverend Methusaleh Parr, would probably survive him by many years, and be the last man alive of all the generations of mankind, sold the next presentation at a diminished price, and resumed his rural and stall-feeding pursuits, and, at the same time, commenced acquaintance with the poets, historians, and orators of his own country:

THAT your petitioner's circumstances were now greatly improved; that his other aunt fol-



lowed her sister's excellent example, both in dying and in leaving him her money; that his distant cousin, also, who had been present at the siege of Seringapatam, and was reported to have enriched himself with the spoils of a murdered Begum, departed this life, leaving your petitioner his sole heir; that being at this period thirty-three years old — possessing four thousand five hundred a-year — married to a charming wife — and anxious to make himself useful to his country — your petitioner founded schools and built a church and subscribed to societies, and conducted himself in all respects as befits a country gentleman of ample fortune and philanthropic mind:

THAT your petitioner has portions of his estate in several parishes; that the clergymen of the said parishes consider, each respectively, that the whole of your petitioner's income ought to be devoted to the particular purposes of each individual parish; and, furthermore, that as each of the said clergymen holds very decided and exclusive opinions, your petitioner has the misfortune to be viewed in the following lights by the said clergymen respectively:

By Dr. Dry, of Bolster-cum-Pillow, as a revolutionary radical and an enemy to the church;

By the Reverend Mr. Narrow-path, of Needles, as a castaway, encumbered in filthy rags, and

blindly shutting his eyes to the truth;

By the Reverend Reginald Fitz-All, as a latitudinarian and a despiser of ecclesiastical authority:

THAT your petitioner, labouring under this amount of obloquy among the clergymen of his own persuasion, has the misfortune to offend in an equal degree all the dissenters with whom he comes in contact; being considered by them an amalgamation of all the various sections of the church — high and dry — narrow and weak — archæological and sentimental. That he is hated and distrusted accordingly, his schools (maintained entirely at his expense); denounced as seminaries of revolution and retrogression — of unmitigated orthodoxy and German neologism — for the simple and sufficient reason, that in the said schools neither orthodoxy nor neologism is taught at all; but the Bible is reverently read, and the universal precepts of the Christian faith unfailingly inculcated:

THAT your petitioner is severely animadverted on by each and all of the above-named clergymen, as false to his cloth in not devoting all his means to strictly church purposes; and by the dissenters aforesaid as a great deal too true to the said cloth, and affecting a little apparent liberality for a purpose which they can well understand:

THAT your petitioner being



qualified, as he conceives, to add some little information to the moderate fund of that article possessed by the members of the legislature, would have great pleasure in devoting himself to the service of his country in the character of a senator, but that such a proceeding is rendered impossible by a law which excludes from the representation of the people any one who has ever officiated in a church, although he may glow with as holy a wisdom, and as heroic a heart, as Sidney Godolphin Osborne, be as benevolently sagacious as Sidney Smith, and as practically instructive as Dean Dawes of Hereford:

THAT debarred from trade and from parliament, by law; from amusement by public opinion; from active exertions in any sphere of life, by professional narrowness and seclusion; your petitioner's energies are either not excited for the good of his fellows, or are entirely misapprehended and thrown away:

THAT great benefit would accrue if your Honourable House would, therefore, take some steps to remedy this state of things, either by ensuring active ecclesiastical employment, with decent remuneration, to all persons entering the church, or by enabling them to cast aside the handle to their names, and the white neckcloth, which impedes their respiration; and by permitting them to endue the plain blue coat and brass buttons,

which to them would be the passport to the shop, the counting-house, the judicial ermine, the benches of parliament, or the councils of her Majesty the Queen.

And your petitioner (as a clergyman) would never pray, &c. &c. &c.

## SPECIMENS OF THE ALCHEMISTS.

### IN TWO CHAPTERS.

#### CHAPTER I.

It is the custom in these days to speak of alchemy as a "dream;" but it was by no means one of those dreams that come in sleep. It was, on the contrary, the hard work and the hard watching of a lifetime. The angels and "the giants who were upon the earth in those days," are handed down by tradition as the earliest possessors of the secrets of alchemy, but they all went out with Noah's deluge, and their labours followed them. The early Egyptians are quite ancient enough, and as far back in antiquity as any "little candle" which we possess "can shed its rays." The emerald tablet found in the tomb of Hermes Trismegistus by Alexander the Great is the earliest record, and Hermes Trismegistus is the first patriarch of the science whose name has been handed down, though, of course, he must have had masters and teachers who were before him. This emerald tablet, however is,



we are sorry to say — one would have been so glad to have believed in its existence — if not a pious, at least a scientific, fraud, and belongs to a much later date. It contained an inscription in thirteen propositions, upon which the alchemists bestowed great pains to discover the meaning. As they are not very long, we subjoin them as they have come down, for the benefit of such of our readers as love to study the dark sayings of old:

I. I speak not fiction, but what is certain and most true.

II. What is below is like that which is above, and what is above is like that which is below, for performing the miracle of one thing.

III. And as all things were produced from one, by the meditation of one, so all things were produced from this one thing by adaptation.

IV. Its father is the sun, its mother was the moon, the wind carried it in its belly, its nurse is the earth.

V. It is the cause of all perfection throughout the whole world.

VI. Its power is perfect if it be changed into the earth.

VII. Separate the earth from the fire, the subtle from the gross, gently and with judgment.

VIII. It ascends from earth to heaven, and descends again to earth. Thus you will possess the glory of the whole world, and all obscurity will fly away from you.

IX. This thing is the fortitude of all fortitude, because it overcomes all subtle things, and penetrates every solid thing.

X. Thus were all things created.

XI. Hence proceed wonderful adaptations, which are produced in this way.

XII. Therefore am I called Hermes Trismegistus, possessing the three parts of the philosophy of the whole world.

XIII. That I had to say concerning the operation of the sun is completed.

These thirteen mysterious sayings nearly drove the followers of

alchemy to distraction. They, however, religiously followed the example of their master, and enveloped whatever knowledge they possessed in the most impenetrable coat of darkness, but it was a coat embroidered and spangled with such seducing figures of speech, such mystical birds, beasts, and flowers, that the reader is enticed by their strange beauty. We have now at our elbow a pile of old alchemical tracts and treatises. They are, one and all, profoundly unintelligible, but they speak their unknown tongue with so much grave and earnest emphasis that it is difficult not to believe they are pointing out the road to a mysterious, unknown world, full of strange beauty — if one only could understand their directions!

The authentic records of alchemy that have come down to us do not begin before the eighth century.\* It was the Arabians who gave it the shape and dignity of a science. The Arabians came into Egypt, which they overran as they did other countries like a swarm of locusts, they destroyed the great library of Alexandria, and, by so doing, seemed to have

\* The destruction of ancient manuscripts had, previously to this, taken place on a large scale. Diocletian has the credit of having burned the books of the Egyptians on the chemistry of gold and silver. Cæsar is said to have burned as many as seven hundred thousand rolls at Alexandria; and Leo Isaurus three hundred thousand at Constantinople, in the eighth century, about the time the Arabians burned the library at Alexandria.



extinguished the last spark of learning; but if ever that savage belief that the virtues of the conquered foe pass into the person of the conqueror, seemed to be borne out by the result, it was so in this instance. The Arabians absorbed and assimilated the knowledge of the people they conquered. They were themselves set on fire with the ardour of their own swift energy, and they set on fire whatever they touched. They inspired with a living force every branch of learning, and this knowledge they carried with them and spread abroad in every country whithersoever they went. The good they did to mankind — not by their genius only, but by the industry with which they worked out the results of learning, and the intense vitality which fertilised their industry — amply atoned for the loss sustained by the destruction of the great library. Chemistry was the science into which they threw themselves with the greatest ardour, and is the one in which we can best judge of what they effected. Many words of their invention retain their place in our present nomenclature — such are, alchemy itself, alkali, alcohol, alembic, algaroth, alembroth, and others. They brought into mechanical operation many natural processes; — such as distillation, sublimation, filtration, crystallisation. They invented the retort, the alembic, the crucible, the water-bath, and the sand-bath. The Arabians did something greater than all these things — they changed the whole method of conducting scientific enquiry; the ancient mode was to reason from abstract principles, which, in matters of fact, was like beginning to build a house from the roof downwards. The Arabians set to work by observing facts and making experiments, thus endeavouring to raise their theories from a foundation of reality alone; but, as they were men and not gods, of course, they were liable to error, and often set out upon their investigations entangled in a web of previously-conceived abstract ideas, which they set up as “laws of nature.” But this does not alter the fact that the Arabians were the first who caught a glimpse of the method by which alone natural science can be conducted with any certainty or success — it is the great step which separates ancient science from modern research. Before we commence our stories of the alchemists our readers may possibly like to know something of what alchemy professed to be and to do, but truly it is such a wide subject, not only as regards its general principles and modes of practice, but also in its digressive tendencies, which are infinite, that the information we give is indeed superficial. There is scarcely anything the imagination has ever conceived or questioned concerning the operations of nature that is not to be found in the records of alchemy. We



must pick our way through the labyrinth as well as we can, and shall only give what seems to us necessary for the better understanding of the life and labours of the class of men of whom we purpose to treat.

Alchemy had two great objects in view: the first was the conversion of the metals into one another by means of a single substance; the second was, the cure of all diseases whatever by the application of a single remedy: the first to acquire an unlimited supply of Fortunatus-purses of gold, and the second to secure, if not an immortality, at least a terribly long lease of this mortal life. It was supposed by the alchemists — and traces of the idea are to be seen in the earliest ages — that all metals were mutually convertible. Seven metals were known — namely: gold, silver, quicksilver, copper, iron, tin, and lead. These numbers, corresponding with the number of the planets, were generally called by alchemists Sol, Luna, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. The alchemists believed that each planet stood in such close relation and communication with its appropriate metal, as to be constantly generating fresh quantities of it in the depths of the earth. Each of these metals was supposed to consist of sulphur and mercury in different proportions and in different degrees of purity; hence, by adding what was deficient or subtracting what was superfluous in

the composition of each metal, it might be changed into another. Common mercury and common sulphur were found not to answer the purpose, and, by degrees, became two spiritual or elemental principles called, for the sake of convenience, by those common names. The mercury was supposed to impart to metals their lustre and ductility — their fixed properties; whilst the sulphur conferred upon them their changeable nature. Both elements were united in each metal in different proportions and in different degrees of purity and fixation — which latter term had a very indefinite meaning; sometimes it was merely the degree in which the fusibility of the metals was affected, and sometimes it was meant to shadow forth what we now call affinity. Of the metals, gold and silver were called perfect, the others were, more or less, imperfect, and the great object was to convert these imperfect, into the perfect metals: yet, singularly enough, the great masters of alchemy disclaimed all sordid motives. This conversion of the metals was to be effected by what was compendiously termed the philosopher's stone; but the word stone must be taken figuratively, for it was not conceived to be a stone at all, but a powder; and, in some of the processes, a fluid — generally, the successful adepts represented it as a red powder with a faint smell. Before we have done, the reader shall have the benefit of



some of the directions for obtaining this precious powder, and an account of the different appearances it took during the course of the work, before the moment when it touched perfection. One of the alchemists thus describes the result of his labour: — “Our stone is nothing but an odoneous spirit and a living water (which we have also called dry water) purified by a natural proportion, and united in such a way that it can in nowise be absent from itself.” The alchemists were dreadfully afraid of making their instructions intelligible to general readers; and, from the name of one of their chief writers — Geber — Dr. Johnson derives the word gibberish, which was formerly written geberish. Their red powder, when found, was capable of converting all metals into gold, even when used in the minutest particle. There was also a second preparation, called the white tincture, not so difficult to obtain, and it could convert every metal into silver, and could itself be converted into gold by the red powder. The red powder also could, if administered in homœopathic doses, cure all diseases, from its quality of being able to change everything imperfect and unhealthy into what was pure and perfect.

What we have already said may afford some general idea of the nature of the study of alchemy; we proceed to give some account of the most learned and noted adepts whose fame has

been transmitted to us, and to whose dreams we are indebted for many valuable realities little, if at all, inferior to the red powder.

Synesius, Bishop of Ptolemais, one of the earliest adepts, was born in three hundred and sixty-five. He was a learned and excellent man; more of a Pagan than a Christian, but a good bishop notwithstanding. His portrait has been restored to us in Mr. Kingsley's *Hypatia*, and our readers are referred to his pages. Geber — or more correctly Dah-ad-far al Softe — is the first who gives a full account of the science of alchemy; but, although his works have come down to us — having been translated into both Arabic and Latin — and although he attained the greatest celebrity in the age when he lived, which was the eighth century, yet little is known of his life except that he was born in Mesopotamia, and passed into Spain, where he spent some time.

The story of Morieu reads like one of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, and may, perhaps, repay the reader for any tediousness he may have indulged in. Morieu was born in Rome, in the tenth century, he was a good Christian, and we are told extremely dutiful to his parents; but, hearing of Adfar, a famous Arabian philosopher, who lived at Alexandria, and some of his writings having fallen into his



hands, they so took hold of his imagination that he ran away from home and made for Alexandria. Arrived there, he had great difficulty in finding the house of the learned man; but he had not come so far to fail then; and, at length, having found the man he sought, he made known to him his country, his religion, and his desire to become a disciple. Adfar was glad of a disciple who showed great zeal, docility, and intelligence, and Morieu was happy to have found a master who promised to unveil for him the source of all treasures. The gentleness of Morieu so won upon his master that he concealed nothing from him. But all Adfar's immense riches, his learning, and his genius, could not keep him from dying, like the most ignorant of men. Morieu mourned his death, paid the last duties to his remains, and then quitted Alexandria to go to Jerusalem. He settled himself in a hermitage a little way out of the city, and there determined to end his days. He took with him a pupil whom he intended to train in his own knowledge. In this retreat Morieu heard of Kalid, the Soldan of Egypt — "a wise and curious prince," lieutenant of the caliph. One of the books of Adfar having fallen into his hands, he made great inquiries and offered immense rewards to anyone who would enable him to understand it. Many persons presented themselves, but they were not true teachers: only per-

sons greedy of reward, and seeking for gain and not wisdom.

Morieu heard with pain how much this good Soldan was deceived by false professors, and he determined to leave his retreat and to undertake a journey to Egypt, as much with the design of converting the Soldan to the blessed faith of Christianity as of instructing him in the knowledge of Adfar. The Soldan received him with gladness, and gave him a house; where Morieu remained until he had finished his process. The work being brought to perfection, he poured the precious elixir into a vase, and wrote upon it, "He who has all, has no need of others." He then departed secretly, and returned to his hermitage near Jerusalem. Kalid went to the house where Morieu had dwelt, and there found the vase containing the elixir; but that did not console him for the loss of his master. He was filled with great indignation against the false pretenders who had deceived him; he put to death all who remained within his reach, and made an edict that, in future, whoever dared to come before him with false pretences should die. He kept this law rigidly; but it did not bring back Morieu. He one day called Galip, his favourite slave, and said to him, "Oh! Galip, what are we to do further?"

Galip replied, "My lord, it is good to believe that God will make us know the conduct we ought to pursue."



Kalid passed many years regretting the loss of Morieu; until one day when he was engaged in the chase, accompanied, as usual, by Galip; they were separated by some accident, and Galip came upon a hermit who was devoutly praying in a solitude.

"Who are you?" said Galip to him; "whence come you, and whither do you go?"

"I come from Jerusalem," replied the hermit, "where I was born, and I remained long with a holy man amongst the mountains near to that city. I heard there how Kalid was in pain to know how he might finish the mystery of Hermes. That holy man is, I know, skilful in that science, and I quitted my country to inform the prince of him."

"Oh, my brother! what is this you say?" cried Galip; "it is enough — I do not wish you should die as the impostors have died, who presented themselves to my master."

"I fear nothing," replied the hermit, "let me see the prince, if you know where he may be found."

Galip took him to his master, and the hermit informed him that he had made this long journey on purpose to tell him that, in the solitudes of Jerusalem, dwelt a holy man who had received this supreme wisdom of God — the knowledge of the hermetic work. "He has confessed to me that he has this precious gift, and I have seen the proof of it in the immense treasures of gold and

silver he took each year to Jerusalem."

Kalid cautioned him of the risk he ran of being put to death like many others before him, if he made promises he could not perform; but, as the hermit seemed very confident and not in the least afraid, Kalid grew sanguine, and his desire to see Morieu again increased, if possible, in ardour. For, he had no doubt, from the description, that this holy man at Jerusalem was Morieu himself.

Kalid desired Galip to take an escort and accompany the hermit. After many difficulties, they came to the mountains of Jerusalem, where they found Morieu; who, in a rude hair garment, lived in perpetual youth and the most austere penance. He made no difficulty about going back to Egypt with Galip. The Soldan received him with great joy, and would have made him his vizier; but Morieu had no other desire than to convert the prince to the true religion. He preached all the truths of Christianity, but Kalid would not be converted; he, however, treated Morieu as his dearest friend, and he seems to have been a very good man, if we may judge from the fact that Morieu at last instructed him in all the secrets which he had so long and so ardently desired to learn. The remainder of his life is not known, but so far his history and his conversations have been written both by himself and by Galip the faithful slave. Kalid



wrote some little treatises on hermetic philosophy, which are printed. Bacon and Arnold both cite Morieu as one of the hermetic philosophers, and Robertus Castrensis translated Morieu's book into Latin from the Arabic in the year eleven hundred and eighty-two.

Most of the alchemists had a history attached to them. Raymond Lully had a romance — The reader will find all we tell, written in heavy biographical dictionaries and musty books of reference, innocent of the least tendency to levity or novel-writing.\*

Raymond Lully was born at Majorca, in the year twelve hundred and thirty-five. His father was of a noble family, seneschal to James the First of Arragon, who had enriched him with lands in the isles of Majorca and Minorca, when they were taken from the Saracens in twelve hundred and thirty. Raymond was brought up at court after the fashion of the young noblemen of that age. He received little instruction of any kind except in the arts and accomplishments of a cavalier. He was handsome, graceful, excellent in all knightly exercises, and, we are sorry to add, eminently a *mauvais sujet*.

\* He may consult for himself, if he pleases, the following works upon the Life of Raymond Lully: — Byorius *Annal. Eccles.* tom. 14, ann. 1372; Bolland *Act. Sancta*, tom. 23; Mariana de *Rebus Hispaniæ*, lib. 15. c. 4; Peroquet *Vie de R. Lully*, Vendôme, 1667; *Hist. de Raymond Lully*, Paris, 1668, 12mo.

He led a gambling, dissipated, disreputable life, enjoying great favour at court, where James the Second of Arragon continued the favour that his father had shown to the father of Raymond. He made him seneschal of the isles and grand provost of the palace. Raymond increased his fortune by a great marriage; but the more money he had, the more he spent. He led the life of a grand seigneur, and carried on his affairs in grand style. He fell in love at last with a beautiful woman of the court, Donna Ambrosia Eleanora di Castello. She was married and considered as remarkable for her virtue as her beauty. For some time the declarations and assiduities of Raymond took no effect; but one day it so happened that, whilst she was leaning from a window the wind blew aside her handkerchief, and displayed her bosom. Raymond, who, of course, was hanging about wherever she was to be seen, was so struck with her beauty that he wrote some passionate verses on the white bosom he had beheld. This poem took an effect he had scarcely dared to hope. The Lady Eleanora sent him a message desiring his company. It may be imagined with what alacrity he obeyed her commands. He was shown into her presence; he fell at her feet; and began at once to expand into expressions of gratitude and passion; but she desired him to rise, and told him that, having tried in vain to repulse his pas-



sion, and to cure him by her coldness and indifference, she had now resolved to requite him by allowing him to look upon the beautiful white bosom he had celebrated in his verse; saying which, she disclosed her bosom and half her side, and he saw a hideous cancer. The shock was so terrible, that he forsook the court and entirely changed his mode of life. He had a remarkable vision, in which he imagined he beheld The Saviour, who said to him, Raymond, follow me from henceforth. This vision he saw twice; he then delayed no longer, but arranged his affairs and divided his property amongst his family. What became of his wife we are not told; but he himself retired to a hovel on mount Aranda, near his estate, and there he devoted himself to study Arabic, and to prepare for the conversion of the infidels. He was at that time about thirty years of age. People did nothing by halves in those days. If their profligacy and violence were enormous, their devotion and austerity, when they threw themselves into religion, was in the same proportion. He remained in this retreat for six years; and then set out with a servant — who could speak Arabic, and was a Mahomedan — to convert the infidels wherever he might find them. But the servant no sooner understood what were his master's designs against the Koran, than he took the earliest opportunity of endeavouring to

murder him. The wound, fortunately, was not mortal; and, before he could repeat the blow, a pious anchoret, we are told, passed the spot and assisted Raymond to disarm him. Raymond refused to kill his assassin, and only consented with reluctance that he should be put in prison; where he strangled himself in rage and fury.

When Raymond had recovered from his wound, he remained a little while longer in his beloved solitude, and then once more began his wanderings. In twelve hundred and seventy-six he founded a professorship in the Convent of St. Francis, at Palmes, for the Arabic language, to serve towards converting the infidels. In twelve hundred and eighty-one, he went to Paris, and there became acquainted with Arnold of Villa Nova, or Arnaud de Villeneuve, one of the great alchemists — a man whose immense reputation filled all the age with wonder; in his day he perhaps enjoyed more renown than any other man ever did. Lully's genius for science seems to have been developed by his six years' solitude and his study of Arabic manuscripts. For the present, his zeal to convert the infidels slackened, and he became the disciple of Arnold, and invented a new mode of teaching and learning philosophy and the sciences — afterwards called from him the Lullian art. From Paris he went to Rome. His object was to obtain from the Pope



the establishment of a college for the study of the oriental languages, for the purpose of propagating the true faith amongst the infidels; but the Pope had just died, and he could meet with no attention to his desires. He was received with much distinction, however, wherever he went, and wrote and taught publicly. Disappointed at Rome, he returned to Paris, continuing always to teach philosophy. In twelve hundred and ninety-one, he went to visit the King of Majorca, at Montpellier, and there he found his friend Arnold established at the head of the faculty of medicine in that city. He was well received, but his old longing to convert the infidels came back upon him in all its force — indeed it had never entirely slumbered — and all the fame he obtained for himself he only considered as the means to further his great object. He set out once more for Rome, and remained some months at Geneva, where he wrote and taught and disputed as was the fashion amongst learned men of that time. When at length he reached Rome, he could by no means obtain from Nicholas the Second, who was the then pope, the establishment he desired for the study of the oriental languages; and he considered that he ought to go in person and preach the true faith to the infidels. He went to Genoa and hired a passage to Africa; but, when the vessel was on the point of sailing

he took a sudden panic and let the vessel sail without him. His remorse and regret threw him into a fever. He looked upon himself as a Jonah, trying to escape from the divine command. When he recovered, he lost no time in repairing his fault and sailed to Tunis. This sudden panic in a man of such high courage and firm purpose is remarkable, and may serve to make us charitable in our judgments upon those who seem for a time to fail. Lully's courage never again faltered. On his arrival at Tunis, he began to speak and to dispute with the Mahomedan doctors, and was immediately arrested for his pains and condemned to death; but, a learned Arabian who loved him for his science and learning, interceded for him, and remonstrated with the sultan upon the scandal it would be to slay so great a man. His life was spared; but he was commanded to leave Tunis without delay, under the penalty of death if he returned.

He went to Genoa, and thence to Naples, where he disputed against his master, Arnold, denying the possibility of transmuting metals; but nothing distracted his mind from his earnest desire to convert the infidels; and he used all his eloquence to prevail on Pope Boniface the Eighth to encourage the study of eastern languages; but the Pope had other affairs on hand, and Raymond retired to Milan, where the house in which he lived is still to



be seen. In thirteen hundred and eight he went to Paris, and made acquaintance with the famous Dnns Scotus, and practised alchemy; but his beloved infidels prevented him from resting in this learned leisure. He tried to get up a crusade, and to persuade Ferdinand of Castile to join King Philip of France for the recovery of the Holy Land. To prove his own zeal, he once more crossed from Spain to Africa, and landed at Bona — Saint Augustin's old bishopric. Here he had the satisfaction of converting seventy of the followers of Averroes — a great physician — more, we should imagine, by the reputation he had acquired as a man of science than from the superiority of his theology. He went next to Algiers, where he also made converts; but the persecution rose to such a height that he was thrown into prison, and had a bridle placed in his mouth. Some accounts say that a padlock was fastened upon his lips to prevent him from speaking, which was only removed when he ate his food. At the end of forty days, however, he was severely bastinadoed, and then expelled from the city. He had no road except through Tunis, where sentence of death awaited him; but, when he arrived, although he was thrown into prison, the inhabitants were still deterred by his reputation from putting him to death. They contented themselves with trying if they could not, in their turn, convert him; but as they did not

succeed, they shipped him on board a vessel sailing for Genoa. He was shipwrecked in sight of Pisa; and, although he and the crew escaped to land, he had a violent illness, through which he was nursed by some Dominicans.

A general council was then sitting at Vienna, and so soon as he was able to travel, he went there to solicit assistance for the conversion of the infidels. He made several propositions which he could get no one to listen to. Whilst at Vienna he received flattering letters from Edward the Second, King of England, and from Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, entreating him to visit them. He had also, in the course of his travels, met with John Cremer, Abbot of Westminster, with whom he formed a strong friendship; and, it was more to please him than the king, that Raymond consented to go to England. Cremer had an intense desire to learn the last great secret of alchemy — to make the powder of transmutation — and Raymond, with all his friendship, had never disclosed it. Cremer, however, set to work very cunningly; he was not long in discovering the object that was nearest to Raymond's heart — the conversion of the infidels. He told the king wonderful stories of the gold Lully had the art to make; and he worked upon Raymond by the hope that King Edward would be easily induced to raise a crusade against the



Mahomedans, if he only had the means. Raymond had appealed so often to popes and kings that he had lost all faith in them; nevertheless, as a last hope, he accompanied his friend Cremer to England. Cremer lodged him in his abbey, treating him with distinction; and there Lully at last instructed him in the powder, the secret of which Cremer had so long desired to know. When the powder was perfected, Cremer presented him to the king, who received him as a man may be supposed to receive one who could give him boundless riches. Raymond made only one condition; that the gold he made should not be expended upon the luxuries of the court or upon a war with any Christian king; and that Edward himself should go in person with an army against the infidels. Edward promised everything and anything. Raymond had apartments assigned him in the Tower, and there he tells us he transmuted fifty thousand pounds weight of quicksilver, lead, and tin, into pure gold, which was coined at the mint into six millions of nobles, each worth about three pounds sterling at the present day. Some of the pieces said to have been coined out of this gold are still to be found in antiquarian collections. To Robert Bruce he sent a little work entitled *Of the Art of Transmuting Metals*. Dr. Edmund Dickenson relates that when the cloister that Raymond occupied at West-

minster was removed, the workmen found some of the powder, with which they enriched themselves. During Lully's residence in England, he became the friend of Roger Bacon.

Nothing, of course, could be further from King Edward's thoughts than to go on a crusade. Raymond's apartments in the Tower were only an honourable prison; and he soon perceived how matters were. He declared that Edward would meet with nothing but misfortune and misery for his breach of faith. He made his escape from England in thirteen hundred and fifteen, and set off once more to preach to the infidels. He was now a very old man, and none of his friends could ever hope to see his face again. He went first to Egypt, then to Jerusalem, and thence to Tunis. There he at last met with the martyrdom he had so often braved. The people fell upon him and stoned him. Some Genoese merchants carried away his body, in which they discerned some feeble signs of life. They carried him on board their vessel; but, though he lingered awhile, he died as they came in sight of Majorca, on the twenty-eighth of June, thirteen hundred and fifteen, at the age of eighty-one. He was buried with great honour in his family chapel at St. Ulma, the viceroy and all the principal nobility attending.

He left many works behind him — some are in manuscript and some in print — the greater



number are to be found in the Royal Library at Paris. Amongst the discoveries of Lully we may mention the preparation of sweet nitre; but his chief merit was that he perfected and spread the knowledge of scientific discoveries which were but little known before his time.

Alexander Sethon was a Scotchman, and lived at the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century. Traditions credits him with having succeeded in becoming master of the secret of making gold. Whatever might have been his life before that period, it is certain that at the moment which seemed to crown him with the highest fortune, he might have quoted old Gammer Gurton's lamentation, and said: — "This first day of my sorrow is the last day of my pleasure," for he knew no comfort afterwards. He passed into Holland, and remained some time in the house of one John Haussen, a mariner, in the town of Erkusen, whom he had once hospitably received and entertained when he was shipwrecked on the coast of Scotland, near to where he lived. He made several transmutations in the house of this man, binding him to secrecy, which John Haussen kept pretty well; although he thought it no harm to mention the circumstance to Doctor Vandervelden, a physician of Erkusen. He gave him also a piece of gold on which he marked the hour and the date of the reputed transmutation, March

thirteenth, sixteen hundred and two, at four o'clock. Sethon proceeded on his travels, making transmutations from time to time; but news did not travel fast in those days, and he might have escaped mischance for a pretty long while, if his evil genius had not led him into Saxony. Here he made an imprudent display of his art to some persons who reported him to the Elector of Saxony. This prince fancying that he had now got hold of a living and inexhaustible treasure, seized upon his person, and put him in prison; setting a strong guard of soldiers over him, with orders to keep him always in sight. At first, the Elector endeavoured by fair words and fine promises to persuade Sethon to make gold; and, perhaps he might in time, have consented to ransom himself, but the Elector was also determined to obtain his secret, and this, as all adepts of alchemy know, was a secret not to be revealed to any under the penalty of their eternal salvation; they did not dare to reveal it even to their dearest friend; only when they grew old might they select some one man as their heir and instruct him in their method of working, under the most solemn oath of secrecy. Their works were always written in enigmas, to mislead purposely all who came with vain curiosity, and who were not elected to the knowledge of the mystery. Sethon, therefore, could by no means purchase his own deliver-



ance at the price of his secret. Patience and fortitude were the qualities which were developed by the pursuit of alchemy, if nothing else, and Sethon was a match for his noble jailor.

When fair means could not induce him to speak, the Elector began by making his captivity more rigorous, and tried what privation would effect. When that failed he resorted to more active measures, and Sethon was subjected to a variety of tortures in the hope of extorting his secret, which even if he could, or would have imparted, the Elector would not have been able to apply, for Sethon could not have given his own skill. Nevertheless, he remained obstinately silent, enduring whatever it was the good, or rather, evil pleasure of the Elector to inflict, and the tortures grew more and more intolerable. Even fire was applied to make him speak. This treatment was continued at intervals for many months, but all in vain.

At length one Michael Seudigovius, a Polish nobleman, himself also a seeker after the philosopher's stone, obtained from the elector the liberty to visit Sethon in his prison.

Feeling pity for Sethon's sufferings, and also a hope that he might be induced to do from gratitude, what he had refused to compulsion, Michael offered to aid him to escape, which offer of course Sethon gladly accepted. Seudigovius came again in a few days, and gave a feast to the

soldiers who guarded him. This he did more than once. At last he regaled them better than usual, and having made them drunk, he and Sethon escaped in disguise; he had a carriage in waiting. They stopped at the house where Sethon's wife still lived, and got the powder of transmutation, which her husband had confided to her keeping. Whether she accompanied them in their flight is uncertain. Probably she remained in Dresden, that the escape of her husband might appear more mysterious.

Sethon and his deliverer escaped to Cracow, where Seudigovius had a castle. He now reminded Sethon of his promise to assist him in his alchemical pursuit. Sethon presented him with an ounce of his powder of transmutation, which he declared was amply sufficient, if used with prudence. But as regarded the secret of making this powder, he said: "You see what I have suffered; my nerves are shrunk, my limbs are dislocated, emaciated to an extremity, and my body almost corrupted; even to avoid all this I did not disclose the secrets of philosophy." It was clear there was nothing to be done with such a man; and, after trying every species of entreaty and persuasion in vain, Seudigovius allowed him reluctantly to depart.

Sethon did not long enjoy his liberty. He was old, and the hardships he had endured had



worn him out. He died in sixteen hundred and four, only two years after he had left his peaceful laboratory in Scotland. Seudigovius married his widow, but she knew nothing of her husband's secrets. She however possessed some of his manuscripts, and these Seudigovius published under the name of the "Cosmopolitan," which was the title under which Sethon was generally known.

The powder which Seudigovius had received from Sethon is said to have done him very little good in the end. It enabled him for a while to live extravagantly, and to waste his substance in riotous living. He made no secret of the present he had obtained. He presented himself at Prague before Rudolph the Second, and made a "projection" for him, for which the Emperor appointed him to be Counsellor of State. Seudigovius narrowly escaped the fate of Sethon upon one occasion. He was travelling through Moravia, and a nobleman of the country having heard rumours of his proceedings at Prague; and, believing that he had a great quantity of the transmuting powder in his possession, seized upon him and put him in prison, threatening that he should not obtain his liberty until he had given up all his treasure. Seudigovius was not an alchemist, but he knew other secrets, and "obtained some matters with which he cut through the iron bar of his prison-window;" and,

making a rope of his clothes escaped almost naked. He summoned the little tyrant before the Emperor's Court to answer for what he had done; the nobleman was fined, and a village on his estate was confiscated, which Seudigovius gave to his daughter as a dowry.

By this time the ounce of powder was nearly expended. Seudigovius had run through an enormous fortune, and beggary stared him in the face. Sethon must have seen in his character that he was not worthy to possess the "Great Secret," and that his only idea of using it, or desiring to know it, was that he might be able to carry on a life of profligacy, without measure or bounds.

Seudigovius thought that he would turn the few grains that remained to him of the powder into medicine; for it was quite as powerful to cure sickness, or whatever disease a man might have, as it was to transmute base metals into gold. He accordingly put all that remained into rectified spirits of wine, and astonished the regular physicians by the marvellous cures it effected. It cured, amongst others, Sigismund the Third, King of Poland, "of a very grievous accident." At length the elixir came to an end, as the gold had done, and Seudigovius found himself without money or property of any kind. He then began the life of an adventurer. He obtained large sums from various noblemen,



under pretence of making the powder, but he produced no result save smoke and cinders. He then subsided into a deliberate impostor, and played tricks of sleight of hand worthy only of a mountebank. He silvered over a piece of gold, and pretending that he had the true powder, made the silver disappear by a common chemical operation easy to execute, and sold his worthless preparation at large prices; a thing quite obvious and repugnant to the principles of all true adepts, who never sold their knowledge.

He died at Guvernu, on the frontiers of Poland, in sixteen hundred and forty-six, at the age of eighty-four, having seen great vicissitudes, and been Counsellor of State to three Emperors, Rudolph, Matthias, and Ferdinand.

We add an extract from the work of Eirenæus Philalethes, called *The Shut Palace Opened*, which may serve to show what it really was to possess a secret which it was forbidden to reveal, and which it was dangerous to exercise; it takes the shine out of the gold. Few would desire to obtain it, if gold alone had been the object of the Great Work. Eirenæus, we should tell the reader, was an Englishman, who lived in sixteen hundred and forty-five (at least that is the date of one of his works), his true name has never been distinctly ascertained. The following may

be accepted as his account of his own lot, after the discovery of the Stone. "All alchemical books abound with obscure enigmas, or sophistical operations; I have not written in this style, having resigned my will to the Divine pleasure. I do not fear that the art will be dis-esteemed because I write plainly, for true wisdom will defend its own honour. I wish gold and silver were as mean in esteem as earth, and then we need not so strictly conceal ourselves. For we are like Cain, driven from the pleasant society we formerly had without fear. Now we are tossed up and down, as if beset with furies, nor can we suppose ourselves safe in any one place long. We weep and sigh, complaining to the Lord. 'Behold whosoever shall find me, shall slay me!' We travel through many nations like vagabonds, and dare not take upon us the care of a family, neither do we possess any certain habitation; although we possess all things, we can use but a few; what, therefore, do we enjoy except the speculation of our minds? Many strangers to art imagine that if they enjoyed it they would do great good. So I believed formerly, but the danger I have experienced has taught me otherwise. Whoever encounters the imminent peril of his life, will act with more caution henceforward. An adept cannot effect the works of mercy to an uncommon extent, without in some degree confiding to the se-



crecy of others; and this is at the hazard of imprisonment and death. I lately had a proof of it, for being in a foreign place I administered the medicine to some distressed poor persons who were dying, and they having miraculously recovered, there was immediately a rumour spread abroad of the Elixir of Life, inso-much that I was forced to flee by night, with exceeding great trouble; having changed my clothes, shaved my head, put on other hair, and altered my name; else I should have fallen into the hands of wicked men, that lay in wait for me, merely on suspicion excited by the thirst of gold. I could mention other dangers which would seem ridiculous to those who did not stand in a similar situation. They think they would manage their affairs better, but they do not consider that all those intelligent people whose society is chiefly desirable, are extremely discerning; and a slight conjecture is sufficient to produce a conspiracy, for the iniquity of men is so great that I have known a person to be strangled with a halter on suspicion, although he did not possess the art, it was sufficient that a desperate man heard a report of it. This age abounds with alchemists, however ignorant of science, they know sufficient to discover an adept, or to suspect him. An appearance of secrecy will cause them to search and examine every circumstance of your life. If you cure the sick, or

sell a large quantity of gold, the news is circulated all through the neighbourhood. The goldsmith knows that the metal is too fine, and it is contrary to law for any one to alloy it, who is not a regular metallurgist. I once sold pure silver worth six hundred pounds in a foreign country; the goldsmith, notwithstanding I was dressed as a merchant, told me — 'this silver is made by art.' I asked the reason he said so, he replied, 'I know the silver that comes from Spain, England, &c., this is purer than any of these kinds.' Hearing this I withdrew. There is no better silver in trade than the Spanish; but if he had attempted to reduce my silver, from its superior quality, and were discovered, I would be hanged for felony. I never called again for my silver, or the price of it. The transmission of gold and silver from one country to another is regulated by strict laws, and this is enough to condemn the adept, who appears to have a quantity of it. Thus, being taught by these difficulties, I have determined to lie hid, and will communicate the art to thee, who dreamest of performing public good, that we may see what you will undertake when you obtain it."



## THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

## THE PASSAGE OF THE DANUBE.

A WILD wind was blowing, and a drifting sleet beat in our faces as we waded through mud and mire down to the water side. Here were bales of goods and heaps of military stores, crowds of dirty, ragged, desponding Turkish soldiers, waiting, seemingly, to be rained upon, and for no other purpose whatever. Weary, jaded-looking oxen, rudely yoked to the most primitive waggons, ruminated in patient wretchedness, wet through. There was a great multitude of people and a great number of things, but there was no life and bustle. Everybody and everything appeared to be waiting for some unexplained event, and to be wasting time, meanwhile, in listless discomfort. The broad river teemed with craft of all descriptions, from the rattling Austrian steamer, tugging long rafts laden with warlike implements, and the rakish Greek merchantman, down to the heavy Bulgarian barges which serve as ferry-boats, and the most trumpery little cockle-shells used for coasting in fine weather or in bobbing about from ship to ship.

The aspect of affairs generally was unsatisfactory. Even our old friends, the officers lately in the service of the king of Candy, who much delight in the gay uniforms allowed to Omer Pasha's staff, and who were consequently

assembled here in considerable force, appeared to lose all their usual vivacity and strutting importance amidst the complete and perfect cheerlessness around them here.

We try to get a boat, and thus pass over to Giurgevo and the regions of civilisation at once, but the thing is absolutely impossible. There are plenty of boats, as we have said, but they seem to belong to nobody, and nobody, visible at least, appears to belong to them. They have, indeed, the freedom of the water-side, and keep bobbing about and bumping against each other amidst the short fat waves of the Danube, but nobody heeds them, and they may creak and groan, and bob and strain at their cables for ever, precisely like a man with a grievance. So, after shouting for some time, and getting into a boat or two, just to try if our apparent appropriation of it will arouse any apathetic owner to assert his rights, and then getting out of it in despair at not being able to attract the smallest attention, we finally clamber up a mud hill and elbow our way through a listless crowd of soaking bumpkins, then we toil up some rotten wooden stairs to a rickety platform, and so into a Bulgarian coffee-house which is there situated.

It is full to suffocation of military idlers of every description, from the last dashing courier who has posted down with despatches from Bucharest, to the loosest



hanger-on of the Turkish army, on the look-out for a little quiet game of robbery whenever an occasion may turn up favourable to the exercise of his talents in that direction. An immense fire of damp wood and ashes slumbers and moulders in an ample grate. The hobs and hearthstone are garnished with little black invalid coffee-pots, one without a handle, another with its handle tied on by a piece of dirty twisted linen, a third with a great bit knocked off its rim, a fourth used and battered out of all shape, suggesting an idea — perhaps true enough — that it may have been frequently applied to the hard pates of refractory customers.

Everybody is smoking — not the long, majestic pipes of Constantinople and Asia Minor, nor the light fancy article covered with glass beads and gay silk or gold and silver wire, which are of common use in Syria and Palestine, nor the costly implement of silver and precious wood which solaces the idleness of our lazy allies on the frontiers of Persia and in Kurdistan. The Bulgarian pipe appears to the most uninterested observer to belong to a people addicted to the pursuits of agriculture. It is short, fat, sturdy, unpolished: it is made of a stick cut out of a hedge. A large round hole is burnt or whittled through it — this forms the stem; the bowl is made of a piece of the root of a tree with a receptacle for tobacco and a

dumpy exit for smoke punched irregularly into it. It is stuck on the stick as much on one side as the rowdy white hat of a medical student, and looks not unlike it in the eyes of any one gifted with a good serviceable amount of ready imagination. The Bulgarian pipe is dirty, as all Bulgarian things are: it is covered over with several layers of various coloured muds, dried by time, and blending not inharmoniously the one with the other. It has no mouth-piece as other pipes have, but the smoker puts his lips to the hole, and sucks at it ardently till satiated. The tobacco is coarse, rough, untractable, and bitter, but this does not seem to diminish in any way the visible enjoyment experienced from the use of it, as may be witnessed by the attentive examination of any gentleman present as he sits behind his cloud of smoke, somnolent and surly.

It is a quaint scene. The Bulgarians dress in a more primitive fashion than is even usual among the Turks, whose dress is always quaint and primitive. They do not wear beards like the rest of their countrymen. They shave their heads and every part of the face except the upper lip; and, the moustaches being allowed to grow as long as they will, give a peculiar wild air to their dark, lowering countenances, and add an expression very military and ferocious. It is not till you get quite close up to them and examine their faces, till you have



grown perfectly familiar with the ferocious moustaches, that the lion-look wears off, and the mere dull, listless, sulky lout is plainly revealed beneath it.

After we have passed some time smoking and drinking coffee, which occupation is the indispensable preliminary to all Turkish affairs, our Tatar (courier) comes in, dripping and steaming, to tell us that he has at last routed out a man who has something to do with one of the boats, and who will undertake to find his companions in the course of the day, and transport us into Wallachia for the consideration of a golden ducat, or about nine shillings and sixpence of our money. We agree to the proposal of the boatman who has thus been discovered, and, when our Tatar has duly shouted from the platform our acquiescence in this arrangement, he returns and sits down to enjoy a pipe and to join us in the agreeable pastime of waiting upon Providence meanwhile. He is a Tatar who has had so much to do with Britons, that he has at last acquired something of our air and manners. Very wonderful and instructive it is to see him displaying the attainments he has gradually picked up amongst us. Reesto is his name, Turkey is his nation; Belgrade is his dwelling-place (when he is at home, which is but seldom). By a long intercourse with Englishmen, and those usually of a pretty highly connected sort, my friend Reesto has

acquired, not only a little English, but he speaks it with a fashionable accent really remarkable to hear. I once knew an Arab who had learnt the British language in the county of Connaught, but I am bound to say his attainments were not more extraordinary than those of Reesto. Then my friend has a red face and a certain bluff free-and easiness of bearing which are also English in their way.

Upon the whole, we are very much entertained with him, and his discourse suffices to pass an hour or two not disagreeably while we are still detained at the coffee-house. He says he can sit on horseback for five days and five nights at a time, merely dismounting at the post houses. In summer he eats bread and grapes on the road; in winter he substitutes olives for grapes. He seldom takes any other food. He can sleep in his saddle as easily as in bed. He is fifty-eight years old. He has passed all his life travelling. He finds no diminution of his strength. He feels indeed a little stiffer, but not much, and quite as hearty, only he can never remain long in one place. He was employed for a long time by the British Government. He made a good deal of money at that time. Most people do. He made, indeed, about three thousand pounds of our money; but the devil was at his elbow, and prompted him to build a fine hotel near Belgrade, for the accommodation of the



queen's messengers who then passed that way. He fitted it up very expensively, and just as it was finished, the queen's messengers ceased to go that way. So did most other people, and he found that he had sunk his capital in the No per cents. Poor Reesto! Thou wert not formed for a moneyed man, and art justly reprov'd for having wished to barter thy merry content for gold.

There was some difficulty in wading down to the boat when it was ready at last, and still more difficulty in getting our luggage together. Many of the Bulgarian agricultural gentlemen cast a sly glance at our effects, and I noticed that a short heavy stock whip I carried, attracted such very marked attention that it appeared only courteous to leave it behind me, and I did so. I wonder how many shoulders have smarted beneath its application since my departure. I remember that its new owner eyed it with a joyful appreciation of its customary uses in Turkey, which was cheerful and suggestive to a degree very far beyond description.

As soon as our friends by the water side discovered that we had hired a boat and paid for it, they began to flock into it in such numbers that we had some difficulty in keeping our seats, and were obliged to spend a considerable time in reducing our volunteer companions to a cipher at all safe; for the wind was

blowing almost a hurricane, and the sullen angry look of the Danube was by no means inviting. We got off at last, however, with an egg-merchant, a Jew pedlar, an old woman, and a little cluster of idlers who sat together at the prow, waiting upon Providence. We had also four rowers, each manœuvring a single oar, so that the size of our barge may be imagined.

Our boatmen do not sit down and row like English rowers. They could not move our clumsy barge an inch by such a process. They stand up, therefore, and leaning forward, thrust their oars as far back in the water as possible; then they plant their right feet firmly against a foot-board made for the purpose, and throw the whole strength of their arms, and the weight of their bodies into the stroke. If one of them happens to be ever so little out of time, he gets a blow on the chest, enough to fell an ox, from the sudden impetus given to the boat by the rest, and his feet are up in the air, before you can say Jack Robinson. At every stroke the rowers make a sound in taking in their breath like that which emanates from the stout chests of Irish labourers engaged in paving a street. There is a good deal of incidental practical joking going on also. I notice that one of the rowers appears to be especially the butt of the rest. He is a chubby young lout, with a scanty red beard, and I think he is an



amateur. The efforts of the other rowers appear to me to be directed almost as much to throwing this fellow down as often as possible, as to the progress of the boat. Every time he is knocked the wrong end uppermost there is a hoarse laugh, in which the idlers, of course, distinguish themselves. When the young boatman is overthrown also they begin to splash him, and as they splash us also this occasions rather a warm discussion.

The joking, however, would probably have died away without our interference as we got farther out into the centre of the river, for, to say truth, the Danube is by no means an agreeable customer when he blusters.

The current in the middle of the stream ran with fearful violence; we could not breast it and go straight across, but were obliged to turn, and tack, and twist not a little, while the large full waves rolling down, struck us blows which made our timbers shiver as if they had been hit with a rock. Our immense heavy boat was tossed and blown about as if it had been a mere wherry, and for at least ten minutes, the chances appeared very small of our being able to reach the opposite coast without swimming for it. The water swept over us in blinding spray, and we were obliged to cling on to the sides of the boat for dear life. The amateur waterman lay motionless where he was last knocked

down, and the remaining rowers toiled at their oars; beards bristling at the imminence of our danger. As for the egg-merchant, the Jew pedlar, and the old woman, they coiled themselves up into balls as small as possible, and cowered in the wet at the bottom of the boat, groaning piteously. At last, after a tremendous struggle with the wind and waters, we were beaten away considerably down stream to leeward of a small island opposite Giurgevo, but then fortunately we got into smooth water, and so crept up the shore, till at last we got among the shipping which lay anchored in the little Wallachian port; and then, but not till then, did we feel safe, and light the pipes of mutual relief and congratulation, feeling that we had escaped a danger which has been fatal to so many in these piping times of war.

The first words we hear on the Wallachian shore are German. There is an harangue about passports and formalities of all sorts, which at once assures me, if I had had the smallest doubt on the subject, that I am in the near neighbourhood, and under the domination, not to say in the custody of, my old friends, the Austrians.

There, indeed, are the smart white liveries, which distinguish the servants of the Imperial Royal Apostolic Emperor of that joyous country, strutting about in all directions. They have evidently taken possession of the



land, and all that in it is, and they have indoctrinated the inhabitants thereof, with their cheerful, but peculiar tenets. If you were to turn round a corner, and say, "how do you do?" to the first man you met, that man would be, without doubt, an Austrian.

For the rest, the difference between the Wallachian town on this side of the Danube, and the Turkish town on the other is very striking and remarkable. Rustchuk, we have already attempted to describe. Let us now, therefore, say something about Giurgevo.

In the first place, there is an excellent European hotel, kept by an Italian. All the principal inhabitants are dressed in Frank clothes, very oddly made, certainly, but still Frank clothes. There are even some dandies in varnished boots, strutting about, and the only thing which still reminds us of Turkey, is, that we have a little Greek consul, who is always in hot water, and having a game at braggadocio with everybody, after the custom of his craft and countrymen.

Giurgevo is a large, straggling, rambling place. Some of the streets are paved, and some are not. There are a good many imposing houses, also some churches. It was immediately in front of the churches, that the Russians planted their guns, and took up their position, that they might cunningly raise the cry of sacrilege, when Omar Pacha

fired at them. Giurgevo still shows many traces of the recent Russian occupation. It is rich in spirit shops; and there is that air of tinsel and immorality about it, which is one of the most marked characteristics of all semi-Russianised places. The small gentry of the place are fond of playing the Grand Seigneur. They are rather too affable and epigrammatic in their conversation. There is a rude, semi-barbaric splendour about their doings, which is half-laughable, and half-sad. Otherwise, they are as pertinaciously good humoured, and easy going, as all Wallachians are. Most of them speak French in a naïve, quaint sort of way, but still French. As I am standing at the door of the hotel, a Wallachian gent enters into conversation with me in this language. He is a curious compound of the walking gentleman at a provincial theatre, a Polish huzzar, and the Brompton brigand. He wears a white hat, and yellow gloves. His moustachios are waxed and pointed, till they stand out, like a pair of lady's scissor-blades, used for very fine work. His frock-coat is frogged, rabbit-skinned, and braided. His trowsers are of an exaggerated green pattern, and his small, gray, jean boots, are of French origin, and lacquered.

"Eh bien! Well," he says, with that good humoured, droll impertinence, which belongs to his race. "What do you think of our country?" Being satisfied



with respect to my ideas on this important subject, he proceeds to examine me with much curious attention. I perceive now, that his first question was merely an excuse for further researches. He takes out my studs, looks at them closely, weighs them, asks what they cost, and puts them back again. Then he takes out my watch, and puts it through the same process. Then he twiddles the collar of my waistcoat between his finger and thumb, to satisfy himself as to the quality of its texture. Then he examines the lining of my coat, points out that it is neither so pretty, nor of so fine a fabric as his own, and, finally proposes a walk about the town, and to smoke a few cigarettes, a luxury, in the preparation of which, by means of tobacco and tissue paper, he promises duly to instruct me.

I accept the proffered cigar. It convinces me at once that I am no longer in Turkey properly speaking. The tobacco is detestable. With respect to promenading about the town, I must first see about my passport. A rusty individual attached in some way to the British Consulate, is promptly summoned, and courteously offers his services to relieve me of this difficulty. I am grateful sufficiently, and confide my farther interests in this respect to his care. When I join my new acquaintance, who I learn is one of the notabilities of the place, he lets off a little French joke, not the less blythe

from being perfectly unintelligible, and apropos to nothing. Then in the midst of our consequent hilarity, we strut down the street in company.

Acquiring information as I go on, I gradually ascertain that the Wallachian gent was anxious to make my acquaintance for the purpose chiefly of affording a little harmless morning entertainment to his friends. He trots me out with much diligence to all sorts of places. We pay visits as though for a wager, and I am glad to see the pretty Greek custom of serving sweetmeats and strong waters to all comers, still existing here. In some houses they also maintain the Turkish fashion of pipes and coffee. Our visits do not occasion any surprise. Hospitality is one of the national virtues of Wallachia. I might take up my quarters, therefore, permanently in almost every house we enter, without such a decision on my part calling for any observation beyond a general welcome. They are curious about me individually, and every successive host asks all manner of odd home questions, my visit as a perfect stranger, appearing to be the most natural thing in the world. The ladies are particularly frank and delightful, and I feel some regret as the day wanes, and I am obliged to refuse everybody's invitation to dinner, to see about my passport, and prepare for my departure. When I get back to the hotel, therefore, with this heroic object resolutely in view, the Consular individual



who undertook to manage my affairs is no where to be found, and I am occupied for the next three hours in the most refreshing and invigorating pursuit of endeavouring to discover his retreat. It is not easy to find him. Now I get scent of him at one place, now at another, half a mile off, and away I hasten flushed and astonished. At last, I run him down at a rakee shop. He has forgotten the whole transaction. Did he receive my passport, and promise to submit it to the Austrian authorities? Impossible! If he did he must have either lost it, or left it at-home, one or the other. He will go and see, and I can return to my hotel meanwhile. Not a bit of it, my Consular acquaintance. Now that I have found you, at last, we will go together, if you please. We do so, and the passport at last turns up safe, but almost obliterated, in the lining of his hat.

### THE FIRST DEATH.\*

SCENE — *A solitary place in the midst of Trees. — KABEEL sitting moodily upon a Stone, — EBLIS (a shapeless gloom) standing in front of him. The setting sun close upon the horizon.*

*Kabeel.* What art thou, that thus standest in my path,  
Thou shapeless and dilating Mystery?

\* An Arabian tradition connected with the Mahometan version of the story of Cain and Abel, forms the substance of this dramatic scene. According to the Arabian narrative, Eblis (the Evil Prin-

I've felt thee in my heart a weary while,  
And in still places I have talk'd with thee,  
Muttering strange words: but, till this moment, never

Hast thou upon these eye-balls laid the weight

Of thy most awful presence. Speak to me!  
I fear thy silence, and that eyeless face  
With which thou starest at me! Art thou dumb?

I feel thee rising out of mine own soul,  
As a black smoke goes upwards from a fire,

And hangs in the lagging wind. I know,  
oh Shade,

That thou hast lived within me like my blood;

Yet wherefore dost thou load the dying day

With such enormous darkness? wherefore rise

Like a new Chaos, blacker than the old,  
Making a void of the sweet face of things?

*Eblis.* I am the Evil Spirit in thy heart.  
I am a part of thee; and well thou says't  
That thou hast parley'd with me in dim nooks.

I am a part of thee; yet, not alone  
Of thee, but of the orb'd universe, —  
A drop of the unconquer'd primal Night  
Wherefrom this world arose. In everything

Below the swift heavens and the home of God,

A wonder and a misery to myself,  
I blend most strangely with my opposite—  
Darkness and light, discord and harmony,  
Mix'd in unceasing strife!

*Kabeel.* Thy words fall down

Into the joyless chasms of my soul,  
Like stones into abysses of the hills,  
Waking stupendous murmurs. Oh, thou Gloom!

My spirit lies before thee in a trance,  
And must to thee yield up her inmost self.  
Alas! I feel thou art a part of me,  
And yet I melt beneath thee like a dew!

ciple) taught Kabeel (Cain) the way to slay his brother by suggesting to him the dashing in of his skull with a stone. In the present instance, Eblis is represented as nothing more than an outward reflection of the inner evil in Kabeel's nature; and therefore the device of the stone becomes a subtlety of his own disturbed brain.



Why dost thou grow upon me day by day,

Companioning my dreadful solitudes?

*Eblis.* Kabeel, thou hast a brother.

*Kabeel.* Lo!

thy shade

Grows heavier at that word. Thou speak-  
est false.

I have a clinging curse, they call my  
brother:

I have a heavy pain, they call my brother:

I have a desolation in my heart,

They call my brother! And my soul is  
sad.

*Eblis.* Thy brother's highly favour'd,  
lov'd, and prais'd:

The heavens smile on him, and dull  
things of earth

Rejoice to be the servants of his will.

The vapour of his spiced sacrifice

Made yesterday upon the skyey hills,

Took wings for the eternal land above,

While thine was beaten back into thy  
face,

And dash'd upon the dust, and made as  
naught:

And yet *his* offering had Murder in't,

And innocent blood of meek and trusting  
lambs

Accuse him to the vast, eternal sky.

*Kabeel.* Thou speakest duskily. What  
thing is this

Which thou call'st murder? for I know it  
not.

*Eblis.* Thou wilt soon know it, more  
than words can tell:

Thy hand is heavy with a weight of doom.

— Kabeel, bethink thee of thy many  
wrongs.

Thy father and thy mother turn from  
thee:

She whom thou lovest, and would'st call  
thy wife,

Swoons when she hears thy step.

*Kabeel.* No

more! no more!

There is a dark tide rising in my brain,

And I am borne upon it. The glad  
heavens

Are gone — the sweet earth vanish'd; and  
I stand

Within a vast and melancholy blank,

Listening to thy far-sounding words,  
which burst

Upward, like bubbles from the deep black  
wells.

*Eblis.* Thou wouldst be happier if thou  
hadst no brother.

*Kabeel.* What is it that thus shakes the  
darkness round

As with a hand? What groping thing is  
this?

*Eblis.* There is a god called Death,  
whom thou know'st not;

Yet is he ever hovering in thy flesh,

And in all flesh; and whosoe'er he takes

Within his stiff embrace, turns faint and  
pale,

And lies him down upon his mother  
earth,

Kissing with dreary lips the foot-spurn'd  
dust,

And never speaketh more to friend or foe,

Nor eats, nor drinks, nor moveth any  
limb,

No, though you taunt him loudly in the  
ear:

And so he fades away into a thing

That his own kindred hide in very shame,

And the earth takes him back unto her-  
self.

Thus will it be, though it hath not been  
yet,

With all thy father's race.

*Kabeel.* What prayers,  
what vows!

What devilish sacrifices, what loud cries,

What raging dances, what fierce ecstasy,

What gashings of the limbs, what sumpt-  
uous pain,

Will draw this god, like lightning, from  
his heaven,

To do my bidding?

*Eblis.* He needs none of  
these;

Thou hold'st him in thy hand — this un-  
known god —

With many a harmless seeming thing,  
wherein

He lurks, like fire within the cold flint-  
stone.

Look forth! What seest thou? Look!

*Kabeel.* The

darkness stirs;

And in one spot, flush'd with white, tre-  
mulous beams,

Like night before the morning, lan-  
guishes!

And now, within a broad and luminous  
space,

I see my brother sleeping in the shade

Of mingling palm-trees. Very still he  
lies:

Idly his huge arm drops along his side;

His strengthful fingers feebly clutch the  
grass;



His open mouth is speechless; and the  
soul  
That look'd out of his eager eyes has fled.  
Is this the god thou speak'st of? Is this  
Death?

*Eblis.* Death comes upon the tempest  
of his might!  
The upper air is ruffled with his step!  
What see'st thou now?

*Kabeel.* I see the darkness  
yearn  
From side to side, and strangely pal-  
pitate:  
And now it gathers form, and glares aloft,  
A living blackness! Now — oh, hor-  
rible! —

It is myself I look upon, with eyes  
That peer into their own tremendous  
depths,  
And startle at themselves!—Light, light!  
oh, light!

Ye winged ministers of the One Supreme!  
I am alone in darkness; and my heart  
Is traitor to itself, and mocks at me! —  
Alas! they hear me not — they know me  
not!

My thought stands full between me and  
the heavens;

The shadow of my soul is on all things!

*Eblis.* The great god Death comes  
nearer — nearer still!

Look up, and give him welcome!

*Kabeel.* Now,  
strange shape,

Thou holdest in thy hand a jagged stone,  
And smil'st on it! And now, with upward  
whirl

Of that avenging arm — Ha, ha! the bolt  
Has fallen, and my heart cries out! My  
breath

Seems snatch'd from me! My ears are  
loud with noise!

My sight dazzles! Bear me up! The  
rooted earth

Rolls hither and thither, and I faint — I  
sink!

There is a crimson something in my eyes,  
Which dances like the motes before the  
sun!

I have a sense of a distorted face,  
And of a silence that shall live for age,  
And of a satisfaction and deep ease  
To the very bones, like that which comes  
to us

At quenching of a great and tyrannous  
thirst!

I could even weep; but not for grief —  
— not grief!

*Eblis.* The mighty Death shall set his  
seal on the world!

Rejoice, Kabeel! The great god Death  
shall come!

*He vanishes like a slow cloud. KABEEL,  
who has fallen to the earth, starts up  
with a great cry. A red sunset is look-  
ing through the trees.*

*Kabeel.* Spread yourselves out, ye hills!  
Leap up, ye heavens!

Sink, thou firm earth, below me! for my  
joy

Cannot contain itself within your bounds!  
My heart is giant-like, and knocks against  
The framework of the world! Arise, thou  
dust,

And triumph over that which treads on  
thee!

Shout to the scornful and down-looking  
stars,

Ye stones, and ye contemnèd, lowly  
things!

I will avenge the wrongs of such as ye.  
Nature, to discord and confusion haste!  
Roar to the many-faced and threatful  
sea,

Ye cloud-compelling and great-voicèd  
winds!

Answer, ye billows, from the vast abyss  
In thunderous laughter! — I will do this  
deed.

[*Observes the sunset.*

Thou fierce, red sunset, staining all the  
west,

And splashing the tree-tops with wicked  
light!

Thou shalt to me be as an influence,  
Only I will surpass thee. I will fling  
A light far down the weltering stream of  
years,

Crimson as thine, but no so briefly gone,  
Which men shall quake to see. I will  
glare out

From the recesses of the cavernous Past,  
A bloody star, more dreadful than those  
glooms

By night beneath the iron cedar woods  
When the moon drops below the hills,  
and all

The world lies night-mared. And, for  
ever and ever,

The spurn'd and trampled man shall turn  
to me,

As to some glorious terror in the skies,  
And shall cry out, "I thank thee, oh,  
Kabeel!"



I thank thee for the deed which thou  
 hast done,  
 And for the deed which I will do, thus  
 taught  
 By thy supreme example!" — Oh, thou  
 Night,  
 Now darkening down from the utmost  
 peak of Heaven,  
 And closing with black lids upon the  
 west!  
 I charge thee, stare out with thy million  
 eyes  
 To see the advent of this mystery, Death.  
 For Death is coming to wed the virgin  
 world!  
 This hand holds Death! There shall be  
 Death ere morn!

### A VERY LITTLE HOUSE.

It was my fortune, not long ago, to spend a few weeks with a certain Miss Oldtown — a kind old maiden-lady, residing in one of those miraculously small houses which speculating builders are so profusely scattering all over England. These little abodes haunt the outskirts of all our towns, and occasionally startle the traveller by appearing with extraordinarily white, new, and glaring fronts, between the tallest, oldest, and dingiest houses in the very midst of the towns themselves. They spring up in our lanes and our turnip fields, and surround every railroad station, presenting to the eye confusing rows of little street doors, and little knockers, and little stone steps, and little chimneys, and little gardens; but, however numerous, they are all inhabited as soon as built. It was long a question with me, whether the inhabitants of these

little houses were real full-grown substantial English people? How could they, and their sofas, and tables, and piano-fortes get into them through such tiny doors? Could they stand upright in the sitting rooms? Could they lie at full length in the bedrooms? Where do they stow their spare clothes, their coals, and the "few friends" they so often invite to tea?

I could not answer these questions satisfactorily until Miss Oldtown invited me to stay with her. I packed up the smallest trunk I could by any means persuade to contain my clothes, and started for number sixty-three, High Street, Knollington, Surrey, fully determined to penetrate to the very bottom of the mystery, or perish in the attempt.

I alighted from the train, at the Knollington station, and found myself in a very young outskirts of the town. Buildings which had evidently been once upon a time picturesque cottages, had made themselves square and smooth, and had put up smart window blinds, and slate roofs, and were in short aping their betters in every possible way. Then I passed a very new church of very old architecture, a new rectory of very uncomfortable architecture, and a new school-house of no architecture at all: then, of course, you come to the inevitable "semi-detached villas" that turn so sulkily away from each other, as if they had been at-



tached once but had thought better of it and parted. They are so bright, neat, new, and resplendent, with such fine plate-glass windows, that they make you feel quite shabby in your travelling dress, and you long to hide your diminished rays as you pass them. Then an ancient house will come into sight: an old rambling two-storied building, the first floor beginning far below the present level of the street, and the second threatening to fall down into it. Then come poor shops, then grander ones; then a few scattered private houses, neither young nor old, rich nor poor — strange, dull, silent, curtain-drawn places. Are they ware-houses? or what sort of people live in those old fashioned, comfortable, independent-looking buildings, that make blanks so often in the busiest parts of the busiest street of our country towns?

But I have nothing to do with them. Miss Oldtown is my friend, and she lives in one of the doll's houses of which there are three in the very middle of the High Street, squeezed into small gaps between the shops. Two of these are on one side of the street, and one — Miss Oldtown's — stands in solitary grandeur on the other. It is intensely white, and has about three feet and a half of lawn in front of it, protected by intensely green iron railings. It is three-storied, displaying three windows, one above the other; the lowest containing a canary

cage with a very old canary — which I long believed to be stuffed — inside it; the next containing a small table supporting a vase of artificial flowers, for the better display of which the muslin blind is removed; and the third permitting a glimpse of a toilet looking-glass. These signs sufficiently indicate to the intelligent observer, that on the ground floor there is a small dining-room, with a small kitchen behind it, and a smaller scullery behind that; a small drawing-room over the small dining-room, with a very small bed-room behind it (my castle during my visit); a small bed-room over the small drawing-room, with a small cupboard called a dressing-room behind it; and, over all, a small loft, with a small window at the back, wherefrom the small maid Susan, whose apartment it is, enjoys an extensive view of small back premises, scullery yards, wet linen, dirty windows, chimneys and soot. In short, the only difference between the rooms is that which exists between the words small, smaller, and smallest. The furniture is so little, that one cannot help thinking it must be very young and will grow up by and by, and become stronger and more robust; and everything is so tiny and delicate that, in the midst thereof, one feels one's self a sort of giant. A lion in a canary cage could not feel more out of place than I did at first in Miss Oldtown's house. I felt so much too large; I was



quite ashamed of my height (I am five feet two), and began to think that I must have grown during my two hours journey in the train.

In my little sleeping-room I was quite overwhelmed by this sensation, and looked with some dismay at the little white bed, in which I should certainly have discovered by experience what are the feelings of a bodkin in a bodkin-case, had it not proved so deliciously soft. There was a pretty pale brown paper on the walls, blossoming with bunches of pink flowers (of a kind unknown to botanists); there was a picture representing Hubert the jailor, with legs like walking-sticks, in the act of seizing an instrument strongly resembling a poker, and exclaiming "Heat me these irons!" evidently a work of youthful genius, carefully framed and glazed for everlasting preservation. There was a coloured print, representing a lady and gentleman and a child, with pink cheeks and short waists, walking with three cows near a stream and a ruined castle, and labelled "connubial bliss." There was a difficulty in getting round the bed without knocking down the towel-stand, breaking the looking-glass, and upsetting the fire-irons. My trunk was pushed into the only available corner behind the door; so that when I wanted to open the trunk I must shut the door, and when I wanted to open the door I must shut the trunk; and, finally,

there was myself, standing at the foot of the bed, and feeling a great deal too large for it.

Miss Oldtown's household is Susan, the little maid-of-all-work — and, let me tell you, that a maid-of-all-work is the highest domestic official known in Knollington High Street, and that Susan is quite a pattern to her class. She is a pretty little country girl, very black-eyed and very red-cheeked, very brisk and very fresh, and terribly quick and energetic. She gets up every morning at an incredible hour, and picks up all the country news from the milkman, and all the town news from the postman, which she retails to her mistress at all convenient times. Miss Oldtown herself is the daughter of a clergyman, at whose death she was turned loose on the world, with a very limited independence. She chose sixty-three, Knollington High Street, as her place of abode because it was near the scene of her father's labours, and she was well-known and respected there. None of her new neighbours ventured to call upon her, so she has the satisfaction of knowing that they are conscious of her grandeur and superiority, and of looking down on them all from inaccessible heights of gentility. This she does pretty frequently through her plate-glass drawing-room window, where she spends the greater part of her life. She knows everyone "by sight;" but deems none worthy of closer ac-



quaintance, for, as she says, "though her name is not in the peerage (a peculiarity which she shares with a good many other people), she is not a hairdresser nor a lawyer's clerk." This is an allusion to the occupants of the two doll's houses opposite; in whose proceedings Miss Oldtown, nevertheless, feels much interest. She knows when they dine, and what they have for dinner; when they get up, and when they go to bed. There is, however, a mystery in the life of the lawyer's clerk and his dashing, black-ringed bride which Miss Oldtown cannot penetrate. It is this: they are constantly getting into flys at about six o'clock in the evening, attired in Sunday clothes and white kid gloves, and not coming home till daylight doth appear — so Miss Oldtown declares. We see them sometimes at their drawing-room window; but they never appear in the front garden — Miss Oldtown supposes, because the back one, being more sheltered and private, offers greater facilities for kissing — she hopes the hairdresser's young family, next door, are not witnesses of these scenes (for she calls kissing "scenes"). This hairdresser is a very dignified gentleman, of whom Miss Oldtown has bought her fronts for the last ten years. Every afternoon, at about five o'clock, he leaves his shop and repairs to the little house opposite number sixty-three, where he keeps his innumerable children. He does

not seem to practise his art upon their hair, for it is always in more curlpapers than I would undertake to count; except on Sundays, when the curls appear without the paper, and flow over dresses of unparalleled splendour. Miss Oldtown says it is very bad taste in them to make such a grand display at church, but I think that the lavender silk which she wears on Sundays, although it is so shabby and crumpled, is *her* best dress.

The only person Miss Oldtown thoroughly approves of is her landlord. He is quite a young man — a chemist's shop-boy, and the son of a late retired and ambitious butcher. Miss Oldtown says he is very gentlemanly; but he is a little too gentlemanly for me, and rather overpowers me with his respect and politeness. He keeps himself awfully stiff, and never smiles, and continually lets off the word madam, like a minute-gun, or a royal salute, when he speaks to you. I hope a tender sentiment for this young man may not be sprouting in Miss Oldtown's sensitive bosom — she is certainly very careful of his property, and she sends bones every evening to his dog — "Love me, love my dog." Dear me! Really it is rather alarming.

Next to looking out of the window, Miss Oldtown's greatest delight is in dusting and rubbing up the drawing-room furniture, which she does at odd moments all day long. The fact is, the room is so very small that every-



thing in it is quite close to the window; so that she cannot help seeing the least little spot that rests upon anything, and then off she trots for the duster and wipes it away. The first thing to be done every morning, however, is to go out marketing; but before we start, a great ceremony has to be gone through. First, Susan is called up, and solemnly charged to "take care of the house," during our absence — who it is that is expected to run away with it, I have never been able to ascertain — but somebody is, that is quite clear. Then a dark cupboard under the staircase is opened, from the depths of which a Guy Fawkes is carefully taken to be placed in a chair by the window in order to frighten away this ill-disposed somebody, by showing him that the house is not "unprotected." Miss Oldtown constructed this Guy with infinite pains and labour for this express purpose, and she looks upon him — especially his face — as a triumph of art. She has given him very short legs, being constructed of a pair of child's trousers stuffed with straw, and a very large body, covered with the variegated and cut-out paper which is used to decorate fire-places in summer time. His head is adorned with black crape flowers, to imitate fiercely dishevelled locks; he has eyes made with ink, one very high up, and the other very low down; and a terrible moustache, made of bright yellow ribbon, to obviate

the difficulty of painting a mouth. "And you see," says Miss Oldtown, "I have put a red satin rosette on one cheek to give him a colour. I was obliged to make his nose of blue crape, because I had nothing else, and you have no idea how difficult it is to dress up a figure when you have nothing to dress it with. It requires so much management — and you see I have given him the Order of the Garter and everything, just like Guy Fawkes." There is great difficulty in making him sit upright in his chair, because, of course, he has no anatomy. To seat him requires a vast amount of coaxing, and punching, and patting, and his head so often requires fixing on tighter, that his neck must contain quite a small fortune in pins by this time. And there he sits, with his back to the window, and a hat on, perusing with deep interest the Times advertisements for eighteen hundred and thirty-two, whenever we go out. The windows opposite are full of curl-papers every morning for two or three hours — first waiting to see Guy, and then gazing at him with wrapt and terrible interest. Then we lock up Susan so securely that if the house took fire she could not possibly escape, but must inevitably perish miserably in the flames with poor Guy, and then, at last, we go forth; and very clever marketers we think we have been when we return. We are always quite satisfied with the result of our labours, and when we sit



down, at two o'clock, to enjoy it, we say very sincerely with Goldsmith, "I like these here dinners, so pretty and small." It is very fortunate that we do, for there are no means of making them larger. Even if an extra chicken has to be roasted, Miss Oldtown is obliged to give up her knitting-needles to act as skewers; and Susan cannot cook anything but chickens, legs of mutton, soles, and a limited number of vegetables and puddings.

Of an evening Miss Oldtown likes a rubber. Susan has to come up and take a hand, Miss Oldtown having instructed her in the art — a very good notion (though troublesome), for, as Miss Oldtown says, "when a servant spends the evening in the same room with yourself, you know where she is." I think our games must be rather singular, for I never could distinguish kings from knaves, and Miss Oldtown is constantly "provoking," she says, but I suppose she means "revoking," and I don't think Susan has quite mastered the subject yet; especially with regard to dummy.

Miss Oldtown's subjects of conversation are generally supplied by what happens to be going on in the street at the moment. On week-days it is really very bustling and gay. Of a morning we see all the genteel little boys and girls walking demurely off to school, books in hand, and all the ungenteel little boys and girls going with coppers to the stale

greengrocer's, round the corner. Then, female heads of families issue forth in straw bonnets and large plaid shawls, followed by their maid, with a cook's basket on her arm. By-and-by they return home; and then presently you will see the maids rushing alone across the street in frantic haste — their little caps nearly flying off their heads — to purchase a pat of butter, or two or three eggs. Then, as the dinner-hour approaches, a solemn stillness settles on our street; you would think that every one had gone to be buried. But at about half-past two a great stir commences. Unaccountable people walk on the foot-pavement, and look in at the shop-windows — "Gentry," Miss Oldtown says, but where can they come from? From those queer, dull, curtain-drawn houses? Are they the lawyer and the doctor, I wonder? Presently Mrs. Vickerton drives in from the Rectory, in her little brougham, that is so much too small to hold all the children. She stops at the shoemaker's, and then, from unknown recesses of the brougham, out come one, two, three, and three are six, and two are eight — yes, eight children! Poor Mr. Vickerton! Eight pairs of shoes at one fell swoop!

Then, a gentleman in a long coat and a low-crowned hat, goes into the bookseller's, opposite, and comes out of it, presently, with a great bundle of tracts and pamphlets. I say to Miss Old-



town, "Who is that?" and she replies, "A most extraordinary man. Mr. Lower, the dissenter;" apparently under the happy delusion that there is only one dissenter in the world, and that Mr. Lower is that singular being. Then comes a magnificent sight. Lady Proudleigh dashes down the street in her great barouche, as big as our house; with a powdered footman reclining in a graceful, supercilious, used-up sort of attitude, in the rumble. He seems to look straight over the top of our chimney as he passes. They stop at the linen-draper's — quite a grand shop; and Messrs. Valentine and Orson come out, bare-headed and bowing, and receive her ladyship's orders. Mr. Valentine is quite a gentleman; he has grayish hair, standing upright all over his head, and very white shirt cuffs, always turned back over his coat-sleeves, and he is most stately and polite in his manners. When we go to his shop he always puts chairs for us, and bows quite low; but Mr. Orson looks as if he was laughing, and thinking one very poor, and very impertinent for coming to buy things of him. He is so disagreeable; he looks at one's cotton gown, and old cloak, and says, "Can we show you any French shawls to-day, ma'am? just fresh from Paris. Or any silks? We have some beautiful Lyons silks, ma'am, very cheap — twelve guineas the dress." Miss Oldtown says, "Oh, thank you, not to-day. Another time!"

and we get up quite nervous, and are sure to tread on each other's dress, or on somebody else's toes, and to stumble out of the shop awkwardly — quite hot and flurried. It is astonishing and delightful to see how cool and composed Lady Proudleigh is with him. Miss Oldtown and I like to see her, and we wonder at her nerve and her courage, and her grand off-hand manner, as if she cared no more for Mr. Valentine, or Mr. Orson either, than for a fly or a pea. Then they step backwards into the shop; the footman jumps up behind again; the coachman waves his whip; the horses, that have stood for five minutes like statues, suddenly start into life and dash away. What a fine thing it is to have a big barouche!

Well, after this, very often there is a great commotion, a groom gallops up to the organ-man, and roars out to him to stop his noise; and chases a boy with a wheelbarrow into a side-street; and we see Miss Rixley coming, on her chestnut horse, that always will dance all down the street on the foot-pavement, to the terror of all the mothers in the neighbourhood. I do not envy her.

On Sunday mornings our street is very quiet indeed, until the bells begin to ring for church; and then, by degrees, it fills. The few people who frequent distant churches start first; those who patronise nearer preachers next set out; and, last of all, we,



St. Johnites, issue forth, and then the street swarms like an ant-walk. After service, as we step home, we meet hasty figures rushing from the bakers', with smoking joints and puddings in their hands. Then, there is peace for a time; but, as soon as the eatables are demolished, out come all our neighbours again. There are no carriages now, as on week-days, and no carts, as on Saturday nights; nothing but people, people, people, streaming towards a strawberry-garden, a mile out of town; nothing but artisans and workmen of all sorts, with their wives and babies, idling along like gentlemen at large, scarcely knowing what to do with their hands. What a wonderful state of things! Then, too, we observe a number of young ladies, in muslin dresses, and black silk-cloaks, and straw-bonnets trimmed quite in the fashion, I assure you; and these are Susan and the maids-of-all-work. The children, too, are not sent on errands to-day, but walk out ceremoniously with their parents in a state of dress that is positively dazzling, even to themselves.

By-and-by, Susan's father and mother arrive, to take charge of the house; for Susan has a half-holiday, and we are going out for a country walk. They are very old, and so deaf, that, once out of the house, I am sure we should never be able to gain admittance into it again, if we did

not take the key with us. Then we walk to the little village of Brooklyn, through the still and golden evening light that makes the hills look so soft and misty. We often turn to look at them as we stroll up the steep lane, by the Rectory garden, to the ancient little church. It is a very sweet and peaceful spot, and the rooks, circling round the ivy-covered tower, are cawing an accompaniment to the pleasant bells. How quiet everything is here! The clergyman mounts into the pulpit, and I rejoice to see such a good and kind face there. The wind sighs gently among the trees, changing the shadows on the foot-worn pavement, over which many generations have passed, and we are passing, to death. We look up at the clergyman, whose white hair stirs in the breeze; he lays his hand on the book, looking kindly round upon us, to include us all, and addresses us all personally, and begins. There is not a word of controversy in his sermon. It is very simple; all about kindness, and charity, and tender-heartedness, and the pleasant duty of loving one another; and the preacher's voice is full of earnestness and sincerity, and his face of kindness and benevolence. We depart from the little church inexpressibly soothed and calm, and peacefully happy. The current of our ideas is changed; we no longer think of our street and its sights; of our little vanities and vyings.



Our hearts smite us for not having been to see Susan's old aunt in the village, and we go and see her the moment after leaving the church. She is sitting alone, with spectacles on nose, and a Bible on her knees, and is so pleased to see us! We tell her all about the sermon, and she says it does her heart good. Then we walk briskly home, and the night steals on by imperceptible degrees. Standing by the window, I am surprised to see, so soon, as it appears to me, lamp after lamp throw out red rays on the smart clothes, and weary homeward-bound figures which pass beneath them, until not one remains unlit up and down our street. At ten o'clock all is quiet and silent. There are no lights in the windows; the stars look coldly down upon us, and must think it a very dull prospect indeed. Every High Streetite is in bed; and we are helpless in the hands of the policeman, our stout guardian-angel, in a shiny hat and a blue uniform with white buttons.

### QUITE REVOLUTIONARY.

A STAUNCH, thoroughgoing revolutionist am I, and I have not the least hesitation in avowing it. Not a Red Republican either, nor yet a promoter of a general world-wide Agapemone, with funds, food, and families in common; nor even a modest, leveling Five-pointer, according to

the standard of the People's Charter; nor a cool annexer of reluctant states, by means of Lynch law and piratical expeditions. I may be a revolutionist to the backbone nevertheless, with a firm belief that the welfare of nations greatly depends on the special form of revolutionary faith which they entertain.

For revolution means the act of going round, — but there are various different ways of revolving. You have seen your groom clean the wheel of your cab, by tilting it up and spinning it in the air, after having washed it well with his mop. If it were to perform a thousand revolutions in a minute for a whole day long, like the beet-sugar whirling, it would still remain exactly where it was, — working hard, but doing nothing except scattering a small quantity of dirty water. It would have neither got on an inch itself, nor have helped others to advance in the world. It is the pattern of a busybody, of a laborious fussy idler, who worries himself and everybody around him to death, with no other result whatever than that of possibly sprinkling the bystanders with a few small spots of very diluted mud. But the same wheel firmly planted on the ground, with the vehicle upon it and the horse before it, by revolving at a much less phrensied rate, will progress. At the end of every complete revolution, it will no longer be



exactly where it was before. It has gone round; but it has also gone forward. Whether it likes it or not, it has shifted its place, and has made an advance into the realms of the future. There is change and the means of improvement in that wheel, although it may not be aware of it.

There are also revolutions improperly so called, wherein the act of going round, instead of fully completing its orbit, sticks half-way, or thereabouts. The top of the wheel descends to the bottom, and remains there, turning everything belonging to it topsy-turvy for want of strength or directing purpose on the part of those who give the rotatory impulse. Such, in fact, are not revolutions, but abortions, whose ultimate home is Limbo. If the young lady at the show in the fair, who spins a glass of water in a hoop without spilling a drop, were to check the movement just at the moment when the vessel is poised with its bottom upwards, that imperfect mode of revolution would only get her ladyship into a mess; — as happens to every one else, whether nations or individuals, who undertake mighty feats and changes, and then, when the work is just half-done, lazily put their hands in their pockets, leaving matters to take their own course, and get round again as best they may.

Revolutions, therefore, and revolutionists, ought to be spoken

of with careful discrimination; because, while some, like the last-mentioned, may be mischievous and dangerous, others, belonging to the former class, are necessary to the prosperity and existence of society. The earth herself is very revolutionary; yet no sensible man finds fault with her for that. She spins on her axle, and rolls round her orbit, in most obstinate progressively conservative style, procuring us thereby a greater variety of produce than the boldest free-trader ever enumerated on his tariff, and introducing us to more startling diversities of scene than the most roving Englishman would have dared to dream of without her aid. The blazing sun, in the midst of the heavens, is even more revolutionary still: compelling us minor dancing derbies to pirouette around him, cycle on epicycle, orb on orb, all the while dragging us after him, no one knows whither, through universal space, with the mere object, if we believe what wise men tell us, of joining in one vast celestial round, performed by the combined totality of things that have been, are, and are to be created.

Note, too, that all these mighty movements, — which have made men believe the universe to be a living thing whose existence is one continued series of revolutions, — are most complex and intricate. They are not like a simple fly-wheel which swings

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its round in stately solitude: they are a nice, well-balanced chronometer, with due compensations for expanding and contracting metals, wheel within wheel in reciprocal action. Break a single tooth of a single wheel, and your once beautiful watch no longer serves as a measure of time. Only set one of Saturn's satellites to spin the wrong way round his principal, and you put the solar system out of order. And, to tumble headlong from heaven to earth, if you compel one set of men and things to fulfil the offices for which Nature never intended them, and to refrain from those for which she has made them fit, the social machine cannot revolve steadily; wheel within wheel cannot turn as it ought, but sooner or later must come to a dead stop. It is of no use for any political watch-doctor, any self-sufficient chronometric charlatan, to say, "It will suit me better for such a wheel to go in such a way, and for such other to stop entirely, or, perhaps, to go double-quick time." He may try the experiment, but it will fail abruptly. With the innumerable springs, and chains, and catches, with which the world's mechanism is constituted, to have it go well, and keep correct time, every single wheel and pivot must receive due respect and attention, and be allowed free liberty to move according to the great original design.

Therefore, the nations of the world had much better agree to lend each other a helping hand, than to make disdainful and repulsive gestures, or even to shake their fists in each other's faces. I say emphatically, a helping hand; for what is any exchange of benefits or goods but an exchange of concentrated labour? Does not the Chinaman who gathers, dries, and twists the tea-leaves, give a hand's turn to the English seamstress who drinks the infusion made from them? Do not the farmers who grow Norfolk barley, and the brewers who brew it into pale bitter ale, lend a helping hand to their friends in India, who are to drink and enjoy it at the end of its voyage? Is not the exportation of the wine and brandy of France a simple export of the labour of Frenchmen and the sunshine of France, for which we can return a friendly day's work in the shape of flannels, coals, cutlery, sugar, calicoes, and muslins?

But our governors have not allowed us to perform these neighbourly offices; at least, not of late years. In former days, there might be found in Great Britain such a thing as a claret jug; not a smart cut-glass decanter with no other honorary distinction than a glass handle and a glass spout, but a real earthen claret jug, to fetch up wine from the cellar to the parlour. At present, claret is not drunk in parlours, only in dining-rooms. But, — say the anti-revolutionists, — you have



plenty of beer. Why can't you be content with that? Would you open the flood-gates to a deluge of cider and wine; thereby, probably, diminishing the consumption of our national beverages, ale and porter, and ruining the brewers, the maltsters, and the farmers?

Yes! And should rejoice were such diminished consumption the consequence. There are plenty of ways in which we could avoid the "ruin," and plenty of shapes in which we might repay the debt to our creditors on the other side of the water. Consider this. We are all of us, both French and English, loudly complaining, with too good reason, of the scarcity and dearness of our solid viands. At the very same time, we English alone are obliged to have recourse to our very best lands to supply our drink. The French, by favour of their superior climate, derive nearly all their beverage either from their worst soils, or from a crop of apples growing in the air, which prevent neither culture nor pasturage. The sands of the Sologne, as barren as those of Norfolk and Suffolk, which serve only for rabbit warrens, yield, by the agency of the vine and genial summers, as many pounds' worth per acre as ours do shillings. In England, the greater part of the wheat-producing lands in every course yield also barley, sometimes as often as once in four years. If our hills, rocks, sand, shingle, and our steep declivities gave us our

liquor, could we not apply these richer soils to something better than the production of malt? But a hand's turn from France will help us to do so to a certain degree; although, perhaps, not so effectively as was once supposed. And I only require an answer to this question: With one-fourth nearly of our best lands occupied by barley, can we grow as much mutton, beef, and bread, as if we were under no necessity of growing any barley at all? This wheel, at least, in the European machinery wants well oiling, and freedom of action to set it going in right good earnest.

Clans, cliques, and classes of society, of whatever importance they may consider themselves, are no more than individual members of the great body of a nation; and nations, also, however mighty — whether England, Russia, or America — are simply members of the body of the world; just as the world itself is a member of the body of the solar system, and the solar system a member of the body of the universe. No clan, clique, or class, can any more absolve itself from the duty of reciprocating good offices with other clans, cliques, and classes, than the earth can detach itself from the gravitating influences either of its humble follower the moon, or of its princely leader the sun. Destroy gravity in the realms of space — destroy social and national interchange on earth, and in both cases you come to chaos speedily.



Even if the world were so constituted that "I" could care for "nobody," most certainly "nobody" would care for "I;" and, consequently "I" would soon be brought to death's door from mere starvation and neglect from others. But we are naturally made to be beggars and recipients, one from the other, in all kinds of ways. We are all athirst to imbibe some advantage which springs from the jet of a foreign fountain. The moon drinks the rays of the sun: the sun drinks the vapours of the sea; the sea drinks the waters of the rivers; the rivers drink the moisture that oozes from the earth; and the earth drinks the dews that distil from the air. Pride tries to isolate herself; in vain. She intrenches herself within a ring-fence to drive off the profane vulgar; but her best inclosure is no better than an old park-paling, full of loop-holes and gaps through which all sorts of small deer creep in, not to say a word about poachers. Pride tries to elevate herself on a Babel Tower; but the higher she builds, the more does her haughty dwelling-place approach the condition of a brazen colossus with feet of clay, which the merest trembling of the earth, or even injurious nibbling by mice, is sufficient to lay for ever prostrate. Men have often tried to separate themselves from humanity, and have never succeeded.

Yet, with all this legibly visible as we walk through the streets

or ride over the country, good Justice Talfourd's dying words remain unheeded; class looks upon class with cold and stony gaze; and England is almost the only country where a man dares not associate on friendly and familiar terms with persons whom he presumes to call his inferiors. Not many days since, I spent the evening in a public room, where wealthy employers, around scattered tables, were playing their games, smoking their pipes, and drinking their beer, their brandy, or their wine, as the case might be. In the same room, around similar tables, were assembled sundry of their workmen, engaged in the very same amusements. Solid capitalists and hand-to-mouth earners to the amount of a few shillings per week were thus congregated, and civil words exchanged, without any sense of intrusion on the one hand or pollution on the other. The main formality appeared to be that every new-comer, on entering the apartment, uncovered his head to salute the company. It is hardly necessary to make the statement that this strange scene was not acted within the limits of Albion. But why not? There are a few explanations of the fact which I could suggest, but will not venture. Some trifle may be owing to the lingering influence of a foolish set of books called fashionable novels, and the silver-fork school of literature. I have often wondered why the inferiors don't turn round and set



up a system of exclusiveness on their part also. I once tried it myself, with very satisfactory success.

"Come and dine with us this evening," said a superfine lady and gentleman whose acquaintance I had lately made during a run through Italy.

"I thank you, I can't," was my quiet reply.

"To-morrow, then."

"I cannot, to-morrow."

"The day after to-morrow we shall quite expect you."

"I thank you, no."

"In short," said the gentleman, turning very red, "you will not dine with us. You do not think us fit society. It is almost an insult."

"I will not dine with you; and I will tell you why. I have not the slightest wish to insult you; but I do not know whether you are fit company for me. Your town-house is in Highflyer Square; my town-lodgings are in Little Crinkum Street, and I do not belong to any Club. Several young men of good family do lodge in Little Crinkum Street, but also merchants' clerks and at least one tailor's foreman. If you should meet me hereafter in London, and discover there, that the world to which I belong is less decorated with gilt and varnish than your own, you would cut me dead the first time you met me, though I had dined with you every day during your stay in Naples. But I have a

slight objection to being cut, and nobody has ever cut me twice."

"The hit is a fair one," said the lady, laughing. "Come, come; jump into the carriage, and drive with us to the Elysian Fields. On the way, we'll arrange the cutting question, I promise you, to our mutual satisfaction."

Suppose, however, that, instead of declining to partake of a dinner, plebeians, like myself, were to refuse to take part in a battle, unless commissions and decent treatment were made indispensable conditions of acceptance! We surely want a little revolution here. Classes constituting at least three-fourths of the population are refused the privilege of fighting for their country. And so, even in battle for life and death, for honour and freedom, we cannot allow villainous, that is low-born, dead bodies to come between the wind and our nobility. Your father is Mayor of Swilton this year; mine was "his Worship," three hundred years ago, and afterwards retired to his landed estates. Therefore, it is not to be tolerated that you should hold a commission in the same regiment, and eat at the same mess table with me. If you get in by hook, or by crook, we will make the barracks too hot to hold you. Yes, were you stationed at Windsor itself, your epaulet shall be no introduction to aristocratic circles. You have no marshals' batons hidden in your knapsack. Unless you are born — not with



a silver spoon in your mouth, that is not sufficient — but with a crest on your head, a coat of arms on the pit of your stomach, and a label bearing the motto “EXCLUDO” twisted round your feet and ankles, presume not to put on a British officer’s uniform. A French officer’s uniform is altogether a different thing. The French are strange in many matters. But, a multitude of their singularities, depend upon it, are the result of that horrid first Revolution.

Yes! I repeat it seriously; that awful word Revolution is not to be despised, but understood. What has brought Russia, for another instance, into her present awkward antagonism with the Western Powers, but the misfortune of having conceived a wrong idea of what Revolution ought to mean? Russia would revolve after the fashion of a whirlpool, sucking in, at first, stray sticks and straws, to be followed soon by more valuable prey. And then, as the tide of time flows on, the whirlpool, increasing its circuit hourly, would swell into a mighty and irresistible Maelstrom, engulfing whole fleets laden with the treasures of nations. But the bed of this Maelstrom is a faithless quicksand. Too fierce and long-continued a rotation may make the bottom give way altogether, and precipitate the whole insatiable whirl of waters deep down into the fathomless abyss. All vital movement in a healthy or-

ganisation, is founded on the principles of “give and take.” Russia will take, but will not give. Russia is thus a nuisance, a pest, a noxious animal, a species of monstrously overgrown vermin, a ravenous crab whose carapace, or body-shell, is composed of large portions of the continents of Europe and Asia, with two grasping claws, called Sebastopol and Cronstadt, ready to seize the first convenient prey, and annex it as a material guarantee of future plunder and partitions of Poland. The Pope Emperor, with proper papistical assumption and arrogance, gives himself out for, and perhaps believes himself to be, a sort of sacred scarabæus, whose office is to mould the globe which he has clutched in the embrace of his holy claws. This worthless, case-hardened beetle has crept into the midst of the European clock-work, preventing it from keeping good time, and hindering many of its internal movements. Shall we wonder if some tooth, or cog, of the machinery catch the intruder, crush him, and utterly break him up on the wheels whose equilibrium he has thus destroyed?

Once upon a time, there was a tolerably healthy Body, with no other complaint than a tendency to plethora, whose Members had heard of the famous revolt raised against the Belly by a former generation of Members two or three thousand years ago. They thought they would get up a little



insurrection of their own, and manage it better than their ancestors. Their pride had taken serious offence, because a certain central ruling Power, who called himself the Heart, had urged upon them that, in his eyes, all the Members were of equal rank. They loudly murmured that the stream of life should be forced to flow through all alike. The Legs said — "Shall we receive blood that has mingled with the Feet, who have walked in the dirt?" The Arms said — "Shall we who labour, receive blood from the Legs, who do nothing but carry burdens?" The Hands said — "Shall we — who are artists, musicians, sculptors — shall we deign to admit the slightest admixture from the Arms, who are merely vulgar workmen?" The Head said — "Shall I, who think and govern, suffer contamination by arterial introductions from all sorts of inferior Members? — from the Feet, who daily plod through the mire, — from the Legs, who earn their livelihood by a porter's trade — from the Arms, who are artisans, and barely that — from the Hands, whom I patronize, and to whom I give commissions for works of art? No! Sooner let me perish, than stoop to such degradation as that!" So they each decided to keep themselves quite to themselves, and to get up a private and exclusive circulation, that should be strictly confined within their own circle. For a little while — a very little while — all

went apparently well. But soon, each Member became livid and cold, a clammy sweat broke out over their surface, and a deadly crisis was fast impending, when the Heart spoke out in severe and threatening tones of warning.

"Fools! know ye not that ye are one? That ye are many Members of one Body, though all Members have not the same office, and that ye are every one Members one of another? The life of one is the life of all, and the blood of one is the blood of all. Cease, then, your impious jealousies. Receive cheerfully the common life-blood, from whatever quarter it may travel through your veins. Only obey the dictates of the Heart, and ye shall live; ye shall not die!"

## BY RAIL TO PARNASSUS.

I AM a poor clerk, who, being out of employment, was on that morning travelling to Southampton to present myself to the firm of Heavahoy Brothers, in some little hope of procuring occupation in their counting-house. To my eyes things were dreary down below, for I am thirty-five years old, and do not see my way yet to a marriage with poor Lucy Jane whose first love-letter to me was dated in the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine. I have been earning my own living for seventeen years, and have



saved up to this date eighty-one pounds two shillings and ninepence. Nevertheless, Lucy Jane's friends, who are exceedingly respectable, consider me unable to keep myself, and still less able to keep a wife. What does the great world care about that? Nothing at all, to be sure, and yet it is to my purpose to say so much, for I desire it to be seen whether I had not full reason to be dismal on that morning of which I speak. Hopes and fears as to the success of my application to the Heavahoyes had kept me awake all night. There are foreign agencies connected with their house for which my ambition was, if I once entered the service of the firm, to become qualified. With a view to some such opening I had been learning Spanish. My hope had come to be that I might some day carry Lucy Jane to Buenos Ayres, or some other distant place. No matter. I lay awake all night and rose, unrefreshed, at an uncomfortable hour. I left a half eaten breakfast to hurry to the Waterloo Road, running through rain in close May weather, with a great coat on my back, a carpet-bag in one hand and an umbrella in the other. I arrived at the station hot, damp, weary, wretched, and took my place in a third-class carriage with a discontented man close at my elbow and a crowd of noisy market people round about. I looked forward to the journey with dread. I was eager to be at the other end, and we were bound

to lag on the road, stopping at every station.

The first bell had rung. Suddenly it occurred to me that I would have a book. It was long since I had added one to the small stock from which I got solace of evenings in my lodgings. I had saved two shillings in cab-hire, and I was saving more than five shillings by travelling third-class. For my run through the wet and my discomfort on the road I would repay myself by spending on a book half of what I had saved in travelling expense. That would be three shillings and sixpence. I had only time to jump upon the platform, hurry to the railway-stall and take — partly for the name's sake of its author, partly because the price was fitted to my notion — a volume of Leigh Hunt's *Stories in Verse*. With that in my hand I regained my seat; the door was beaten in after me; the second bell rang, and the engine heaved us out into the misty weather.

For a time my sad thoughts were my only company. I paid no attention to the chimneys among which we passed, or to the meaning of the noise made by my companions, or the talisman against dullness that reposed upon my lap. A stench aroused me suddenly. The train was passing near the Thames at Lambeth, and getting among the pest manufactories. I looked out of window, and saw them through the rain. Close by the line of rail were miserable garret windows;



back yards choked with enormous dust-heaps; tumble-down sheds and despondent poultry.

"Call this May, sir?" cried my neighbour, shivering uncomfortably. "I hope you don't object to tobacco?"

I smiled faintly. Nothing disgusts me more than the addition of the smoke of bad tobacco to an atmosphere already loaded with the smoke out of the damp bodies and clothes of dirty men. But I am bound to love my fellow-creatures, and be courteous to them. I smiled faintly and opened my book, to begin Leigh Hunt's *Story of Rimini*:

"The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May round old Ravenna's clear-shown towers and bay — a morn the loveliest which the year has seen, last of the spring, yet fresh with all its green. For a warm eve and gentle rains at night have left a sparkling welcome for the light. And there's a crystal clearness all about — the leaves are sharp, the distant hills look out. A balmy briskness comes upon the breeze, the smoke goes dancing from the cottage trees; and when you listen you may hear a coil of bubbling springs about the grassier soil; and all the scene, in short — earth, sky, and sea, breathes like a bright-eyed face, that laughs out openly."

Thereat I was myself almost ready to laugh out openly with ease and pleasure; for my heavens and my earth were changed. I did not raise my eye from the page

of the poet to look freely out upon the broad horizon whence my heart was gladly stirred to see "the far ships, lifting their sails of white like joyful hands, come up with scattered light — come gleaming up, true to the wished-for day, and chase the whistling brine and swirl into the bay."

Those words stand in the book line under line because they are poetry; but they speak quite as well to the heart written like prose, straight on together — also because they are poetry. Never mind that. What do the ships bring? — why are the people who make holiday all crowding to Ravenna? It is because there "peace returning and processions rare, princes and donatives and faces fair, and, to crown all, a marriage in May weather, are summonses to bring blithe souls together. For on this great glad day, Ravenna's pride, the daughter of their prince, becomes a bride, a bride to ransom an exhausted land; and he whose victories have obtained her hand has taken with the dawn — so flies report — his promised journey to the expecting court, with hasting pomp and squires of high degree, the bold Giovanni, lord of Rimini." And having told me this, the poet took me down into the streets of the gay city, filled my ears with the stir of feet, the hum, the talk, the laugh, callings and clapping doors; filled my eyes with the spectacle of armed bands making



important way, gallant and grave, the lords of holiday; caused me to note the greetings of the neighbours; to pass through the crowds of pilgrims chanting in the morning sun; to see the tapestry spread in the windows, and the fair dames who took their seats with upward gaze admired — some looking down, some forwards or aside; some re-adjusting tresses newly tied: some turning a trim waist, or o'er the flow of crimson cloths hanging a hand of snow; but all with smiles prepared and garlands green, and all in fluttering talk impatient for the scene. Glorious fortune for a poor fellow like me to chance to be at Ravenna on a day like that! The train stopped. "Clapham! Clapham!" shouted a far distant voice. Strange that I should have been able to hear at Ravenna the voice of a man shouting at Clapham!

I paid not much heed to the marvel; for there was Duke Guido seated with his fair daughter over the marble gate of his palace; there was the square before them kept with guards; there were knights and ladies on a grass plot sitting under boughs of rose and laurel, and in the midst, fresh whistling through the scene, a lightsome fountain starts from out the green, clear and compact, till at its height o'errun, it shakes its loosening silver in the sun. The courtly knights are bending down in talk over the ladies, and the people are all looking up with love and

wonder at the princely maid, the daughter of Duke Guido, the bride sought with so much pomp by a bridegroom whom she never saw, the sad and fair Francesca.

Now the procession comes with noise of cavalry and trumpets clear, a princely music unbegun with drums; the mighty brass seems opening as it comes; and now it fills and now it shakes the air, and now it bursts into the sounding square. I saw the whole of it. In magic verse the storyteller caused trumpeter and heralds, squires and knights, to prance before me. Mine was a front place for looking at the show. I noted the dresses and the jewels, and the ladies' favours of the knights; the action of the horses and the faces of the riders; the life, the carelessness, the sudden heed; the body curving to the rearing steed; the patting hand, that best persuades the check, makes the quarrel up with a proud neck — the thigh broad-pressed, the spanning palm upon it, and the jerk'd feather flowing on the bonnet. Then came, after an interval of stately length, a troop of steeds, milk-white and unattired, Arabian bred, each by a blooming boy lightsomely led. What next? The pages of the court, in rows of three — of white and crimson is their livery. Space after space, and still the trains appear — a fervid whisper fills the general ear. Ah! yes — no — 't is not he, but 't is the squires who go before him when



his pomp requires. And now his huntsman shows the lessening train — now the squire carver and the chamberlain. And now his banner comes, and now his shield, borne by the squire that waits him to the field. And then an interval — a lordly space — a pin-drop's silence strikes o'er all the place. The princess from a distance scarcely knows which way to look; her colour comes and goes, and with an impulse and affection free, she lays her hand upon her father's knee, who looks upon her with a labour'd smile, gathering it up into his own the while. When some one's voice, as if it knew not how to check itself, exclaims, "The Prince! Now — now!" And on a milk-white courser, like the air, a glorious figure springs into the square. Up with a burst of thunder goes the shout — ["Wimbledon and Malden! Wimbledon and Malden! Passengers for Wimbledon and Malden!"] — and rolls the echoing walls and peopled roofs about.

The noble youth, at sight of whom surprise, relief, a joy scarce understood, something, perhaps, of very gratitude, and fifty feelings, undefined and new, danced through the bride and flushed her faded hue, was Paulo. And, alas for a fair maiden's love, he was to be no more to her than the brother of the bridegroom, by whom he had been sent as proxy to be wedded in his name and to convey the

bride to Rimini. To Paulo poor Francesca gave her hand in mockery, her heart in truth. And as I read more of her tale the rainy weather found its way into my eyes, so that I even murmured to myself after Giovanni when he stood over the dead youth, "And, Paulo, thou wert the completest knight that ever rode with banner to the fight; and thou wert the most beautiful to see that ever came in press of chivalry; and of a sinful man thou wert the best that ever for his friend put spear in rest; and thou wert the most meek and cordial that ever among ladies ate in hall; and thou wert still, for all that bosom gor'd, the kindest man that ever struck with sword."

"I could walk faster than this train is going," said my discontented neighbour; "we shall never see our journey's end — it's shameful!"

I had the end to see of Francesca, and I did not answer him. How could I? I knew nothing about the journey — it was his journey, not mine — why should he talk to me about it? But I had not remained much longer absorbed in my book before my discontented neighbour put his head, pipe and all, into my face to say, —

"Esher, sir! We have been twenty minutes coming from Kingston Junction — twenty minutes! I ask you, sir, is it not shameful?"



"Doubtless; I have not noticed."

"Not noticed, sir! Perhaps you've an objection to fast travelling?"

"I — I don't think we've been sitting in the same train. I was just thinking how agreeable it was to be carried in one minute from Rimini to the Hellespont, only to see Hero and Leander."

"O! where next?"

"Why, sir," I said, turning a leaf or two, "my next station, I see, is in Sherwood Forest; I am to stop there to make friends with Robin Hood."

"The writer of that book drives a long excursion-train. I wouldn't mind a word with Robin Hood myself, God bless him! but, as for your poets, I hate them all: they tie their English into knots, and want a mile of it — knots and all — to say 'fine weather for the ducks,' as, truly, it is this morning — Ugh!"

"I say nothing of that, sir; I have nothing just now in my mind except this book of stories — which is just a book of stories, all of them good ones, written in such verse as may be read by rich and poor with almost equal pleasure. They are only told in verse in order that the music may give force and beauty to the sense; read them or print them how you will, you cannot destroy their music or convict them of being by a syllable too wordy; they discharge their burden in

plain sentences, without even going out of their way to avoid expressions common in the mouths of the people. Every picture in them is poetical in its conception, and in its expression musical. There is nothing far-fetched — there is no mystification; these are just stories in verse which may be enjoyed by the entire mass of the people. There is even as little as possible of simple meditation in them, though that would have been welcome from the mind of a pure-hearted man, beloved of poets in his youth and in his prime, now worthy to be loved of all mankind. Of him there are fewer to speak ill than even of Robin Hood, when not a soul in Locksley town would speak him an ill-word; the friars raged; but no man's tongue nor even feature stirred; except among a very few, who dined in the abbey halls; and then with a sigh bold Robin knew his true friends from his false." I was not talking or reading to my neighbour with the pipe. I do not know at what stage of my discourse or meditation I had left my hold upon his ear. I had been thinking about Leigh Hunt to myself, and went on reading to myself of those unfaithful comrades, Roger the monk, and Midge, on whom Robin had never turned his face but tenderly; with one or two, they say, besides — Lord! that in this life's dream men should abandon one true thing, that would abide with them.



We cannot bid our strength remain,  
Our cheeks continue round;  
We cannot say to an aged back,  
Stoop not towards the ground:

We cannot bid our dim eyes see  
Things as bright as ever,  
Nor tell our friends, though friends from  
youth,  
That they 'll forsake us never:

But we can say, I never will,  
False world, be false for thee;  
And oh, Sound Truth and Old Regard,  
Nothing shall part us three.

“Woking Junction! Woking!  
Passengers for Guildford, God-  
alming, and Alton, change  
here!”

I did not change there, but sat reading the brave legend of the knight who cured a lady of disdain by doing battle in a shift against three warriors in steel — a story with a pure and tender moral for the innocent, the noble, and the wise. And when the train was off again I was not travelling by train at all, but humming to myself — “The palfrey goes, the palfrey goes, merrily well the palfrey goes; he carrieth laughter, he carrieth woes, yet merrily ever the palfrey goes.” For I was reading then of Sir Grey and Sir Guy, the proper old boys, who met with a world of coughing and noise, to mar young love like mine and Lucy Jane’s. O! if we had but a horse that could in our behalf take, like the palfrey, vigorous courses! Well, but never mind that. The palfrey carried me merrily well to Farnborough, where there was a great tournament with lions in the presence of King Francis, and a

knight taught vanity a lesson. The rest of the journey was a feast of little stories. I was shown what passed between Abou-ben-Adhem and the Angel, told how the brave Mondeer, in spite of the sultan’s order that no man should praise the dead Jaffar, stood forth in Bagdad daily in the square where once had stood a happy house, and there harangued the tremblers at the scimeter on all they owed to the divine Jaffar. “Bring me this man,” the caliph cried. The man was brought — was gazed upon — the mutes began to bind his arms. “Welcome, brave cords!” cried he; “from bonds far worse Jaffar delivered me; from wants, from shames, from loveless household fears; made a man’s eyes friends with delicious tears; restored me — loved me — put me on a par with his great self. How can I pay Jaffar?” Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this, the mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss, now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate might smile upon another half as great. He said, “Let worth grow frenzied if it will; the caliph’s judgment shall be master still. Go: and since gifts thus move thee, take this gem, the richest in the Tartar’s diadem, and hold the giver as thou deemest fit.” — “Gifts!” cried the friend. He took; and holding it high towards the heavens, as though to meet his star, exclaimed, “This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar!”



More stories, as full of pleasant wit and noble feeling, were told me after this; and when we got to Basingstoke, where my neighbour swore a good deal at a crowd of market people who had blocked him (and I suppose me) up with huge baskets and wet umbrellas, I had been introduced to Chaucer, and was riding on the brazen horse of Cambus Khan. The brazen horse which in a day and night, through the dark half as safely as the light, o'er sea and land, and with your perfect ease, can bear your body where-soe'er you please. (It matters not if skies be foul or fair; the thing is like a thought, and cuts the air so smoothly, and so well observes the track, the man that will may sleep upon his back). This brazen horse, I say, suddenly dropped me at Southampton. There were some stories told by the Italian poets told again in English waiting to be heard, Dante's own Paulo and Francesca; his story of Ugolino; Ariosto's Medora and Cloridano. I was vexed that I had reached my journey's end, and must in that day read no more; began to observe with surprise that it was raining; to look for the first time at some of my departing fellow-passengers; to resent the smell of my neighbour's bad tobacco, that impregnated my clothes; to think about my carpet bag, and all my troubles; not resenting them, because my book had tuned me to a brave endurance of the troubles of this

world, with, I believe, the sole exception of the smell of stale tobacco. I had made two journeys at one time, by packing off my body as a parcel to Southampton, while all the rest of me, having paid a trifling sum for a perpetual ticket (which I shall take heed to keep by me) set out in company with a right genial and noble story-teller to Parnassus. Nevertheless, there was the whole of me at Heavahoy's when wanted; and I am happy to say that from the counting-house of that substantial firm I date the present communication. I have told a plain traveller's tale about traveller's tales, which, as the teller of them hopes, will be read and shown to one another by travellers who are descendants of those travellers about whom Chaucer discoursed: men who beguiled each other's way with tales as they rode side by side on horseback, while yet all horses in existence were of flesh and blood.

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### SMUGGLED RELATIONS.

WHEN I was a child, I remember to have had my ears boxed for informing a lady-visitor who made a morning call at our house, that a certain ornamental object on the table, which was covered with marbled-paper, "wasn't marble." Years of reflection upon this injury have fully satisfied me that the honest object in question never imposed upon



anybody; further, that my honoured parents, though both of a sanguine temperament, never can have conceived it possible that it might, could, should, would, or did, impose upon anybody. Yet, I have no doubt that I had my ears boxed for violating a tacit compact in the family and among the family visitors, to blink the stubborn fact of the marbled paper, and agree upon a fiction of real marble.

Long after this, when my ears had been past boxing for a quarter of a century, I knew a man with a cork leg. That he had a cork leg — or, at all events, that he was at immense pains to take about with him a leg which was not his own leg, or a real leg — was so plain and obvious a circumstance, that the whole universe might have made affidavit of it. Still, it was always understood that this cork leg was to be regarded as a leg of flesh and blood, and even that the very subject of cork in the abstract was to be avoided in the wearer's society.

I have had my share of going about the world; wherever I have been, I have found the marbled paper and the cork leg. I have found them in many forms; but, of all their Protean shapes, at once the commonest and strangest has been — Smuggled Relations.

I was on intimate terms for many, many years, with my late lamented friend, Cogsford, of the great Greek house of Cogs-

ford Brothers and Cogsford. I was his executor. I believe he had no secrets from me but one — his mother. That the agreeable old lady who kept his house for him *was* his mother, must be his mother, couldn't possibly be anybody but his mother, was evident: not to me alone, but to everybody who knew him. She was not a refugee, she was not proscribed, she was not in hiding, there was no price put upon her venerable head; she was invariably liked and respected as a good-humoured, sensible, cheerful old soul. Then why did Cogsford smuggle his mother all the days of his life? I have not the slightest idea why. I cannot so much as say whether she had ever contracted a second marriage, and her name was really Mrs. Bean: or whether that name was bestowed upon her as a part of the smuggling transaction. I only know that there she used to sit at one end of the hospitable table, the living image in a cap of Cogsford at the other end, and that Cogsford knew that I knew who she was. Yet, if I had been a Custom-house officer at Folkestone, and Mrs. Bean a French clock that Cogsford was furtively bringing from Paris in a hat-box, he could not have made her the subject of a more determined and deliberate pretence. It was prolonged for years upon years. It survived the good old lady herself. One day, I received an agitated note from Cogsford, entreating me to



go to him immediately; I went, and found him weeping, and in the greatest affliction. "My dear friend," said he, pressing my hand, "I have lost Mrs. Bean. She is no more." I went to the funeral with him. He was in the deepest grief. He spoke of Mrs. Bean, on the way back, as the best of women. But, even then he never hinted that Mrs. Bean was his mother; and the first and last acknowledgment of the fact that I ever had from him was in his last will, wherein he entreated "his said dear friend and executor" to observe that he requested to be buried beside his mother — whom he didn't even name, he was so perfectly confident that I had detected Mrs. Bean.

I was once acquainted with another man who smuggled a brother. This contraband relative made mysterious appearances and disappearances, and knew strange things. He was called John — simply John. I have got into a habit of believing that he must have been under a penalty to forfeit some weekly allowance if he ever claimed a surname. He came to light in this way; — I wanted some information respecting the remotest of the Himalaya range of mountains, and I applied to my friend Benting (a member of the Geographical Society, and learned on such points), to advise me. After some consideration, Benting said, in a half reluctant and constrained way, very unlike his

usual frank manner, that he "thought he knew a man" who could tell me, of his own experience, what I wanted to learn. An appointment was made for a certain evening at Benting's house. I arrived first, and had not observed for more than five minutes that Benting was under a curious cloud, when his servant announced — in a hushed, and I may say unearthly manner — "Mr. John." A rather stiff and shabby person appeared, who called Benting by no name whatever (a singularity that I always observed whenever I saw them together afterwards), and whose manner was curiously divided between familiarity and distance. I found this man to have been all over the Indies, and to possess an extraordinary fund of traveller's experience. It came from him drily at first; but he warmed, and it flowed freely until he happened to meet Benting's eye. Then, he subsided again, and (it appeared to me), felt himself, for some unknown reason, in danger of losing that weekly allowance. This happened a dozen times in a couple of hours, and not the least curious part of the matter was, that Benting himself was always as much disconcerted as the other man. It did not occur to me that night, that this was Benting's brother, for I had known him very well indeed for years, and had always understood him to have none. Neither can I now recall, nor, if I



could, would it matter, by what degrees and stages I arrived at the knowledge. However this may be, I knew it, and Benting knew that I knew it. But, we always preserved the fiction that I could have no suspicion that there was any sort of kindred or affinity between them. He went to Mexico, this John — and he went to Australia — and he went to China — and he died somewhere in Persia — and one day, when we went down to dinner at Benting's, I would find him in the dining-room, already seated (as if he had just been counting the allowance on the table-cloth), and another day I would hear of him as being among scarlet parrots in the tropics; but, I never knew whether he had ever done anything wrong, or whether he had ever done anything right, or why he went about the world, or how. As I have already signified, I get into habits of believing; and I have got into a habit of believing that Mr. John had something to do with the dip of the magnetic needle — he is all vague and shadowy to me, however, and I only know him for certain to have been a smuggled relation.

Other people, again, put these contraband commodities entirely away from the light, as smugglers of wine and brandy bury tubs. I have heard of a man who never imparted, to his most intimate friend, the terrific secret that he had a relation in the world, except when he lost one

by death; and then he would be weighed down by the greatness of the calamity, and would refer to his bereavement as if he had lost the very shadow of himself, from whom he had never been separated since the days of infancy. Within my own experience, I have observed smuggled relations to possess a wonderful quality of coming out when they die. My own dear Tom, who married my fourth sister, and who is a great Smuggler, never fails to speak to me of one of his relations newly deceased, as though, instead of never having in the remotest way alluded to that relative's existence before, he had been perpetually discoursing of it. "My poor, dear, darling Emmy," he said to me, within these six months, "she is gone — I have lost her." Never until that moment had Tom breathed one syllable to me of the existence of any Emmy whomsoever on the face of this earth, in whom he had the smallest interest. He had scarcely allowed me to understand, very distantly and generally, that he had some relations — "my people," he called them — down in Yorkshire. "My own dear, darling Emmy," says Tom, notwithstanding, "she has left me for a better world." (Tom must have left her for his own world, at least fifteen years). I repeated, feeling my way, "Emmy, Tom?" "My favourite niece," said Tom, in a reproachful tone, "Emmy, you know. I



was her godfather, you remember. Darling, fair-haired Emmy! Precious, blue-eyed child!" Tom burst into tears, and we both understood that henceforth the fiction was established between us that I had been quite familiar with Emmy by reputation, through a series of years.

Occasionally, smuggled relations are discovered by accident: just as those tubs may be, to which I have referred. My other half — I mean, of course, my wife — once discovered a large cargo in this way, which had been long concealed. In the next street to us, lived an acquaintance of ours, who was a Commissioner of something or other, and kept a handsome establishment. We used to exchange dinners, and I have frequently heard him at his own table mention his father as a "poor dear good old boy," who had been dead for any indefinite period. He was rather fond of telling anecdotes of his very early days, and from them it appeared that he had been an only child. One summer afternoon, my other half, walking in our immediate neighbourhood, happened to perceive Mrs. Commissioner's last year's bonnet (to every inch of which, it is unnecessary to add she could have sworn), going along before her on somebody else's head. Having heard generally of the swell mob, my good lady's first impression was, that the wearer of this bonnet belonged to that

fraternity, had just abstracted the bonnet from its place of repose, was in every sense of the term walking off with it, and ought to be given into the custody of the nearest policeman. Fortunately, however, my Susannah, who is not distinguished by closeness of reasoning or presence of mind, reflected, as it were by a flash of inspiration, that the bonnet might have been given away. Curious to see to whom, she quickened her steps, and descried beneath it, an ancient lady of an iron-bound presence, in whom (for my Susannah has an eye), she instantly recognised the lineaments of the Commissioner! Eagerly pursuing this discovery, she, that very afternoon, tracked down an ancient gentleman in one of the Commissioner's hats. Next day she came upon the trail of four stony maidens, decorated with artificial flowers out of the Commissioner's epergne; and thus we dug up the Commissioner's father and mother and four sisters, who had been for some years secreted in lodgings round the corner and never entered the Commissioner's house save in the dawn of morning and the shades of evening. From that time forth, whenever my Susannah made a call at the Commissioner's, she always listened on the doorstep for any slight preliminary scuffling in the hall, and, hearing it, was delighted to remark, "The family are here, and they are hiding them!"



I have never been personally acquainted with any gentleman who kept his mother-in-law in the kitchen, in the useful capacity of Cook; but I have heard of such a case on good authority. I once lodged in the house of a genteel lady claiming to be a widow, who had four pretty children, and might be occasionally overheard coercing an obscure man in a sleeved waistcoat, who appeared to be confined in some Pit below the foundations of the house, where he was condemned to be always cleaning knives. One day, the smallest of the children crept into my room, said, pointing downward with a little chubby finger, "Don't tell! It's Pa!" and vanished on tiptoe.

One other branch of the smuggling trade demands a word of mention before I conclude. My friend of friends in my bachelor days, became the friend of the house when I got married. He is our Amelia's godfather; Amelia being the eldest of our cherubs. Through upwards of ten years he was backwards and forwards at our house three or four times a week, and always found his knife and fork ready for him. What was my astonishment on coming home one day to find Susannah sunk upon the oil-cloth in the hall, holding her brow with both hands, and meeting my gaze, when I admitted myself with my latch-key, in a distracted manner! "Susannah," I exclaimed, "what has happened?" She merely ejaculated, "Larver" —

that being the name of the friend in question. "Susannah!" said I, "what of Larver? Speak! Has he met with any accident? Is he ill?" Susannah replied faintly, "Married — married before we were!" and would have gone into hysterics but that I make a rule of never permitting that disorder under my roof.

For upwards of ten years, my bosom friend Larver, in close communication with me every day, had smuggled a wife! He had at last confided the truth to Susannah, and had presented Mrs. Larver. There was no kind of reason for this, that we could ever find out. Even Susannah had not a doubt of things being all correct. He had "run" Mrs. Larver into a little cottage in Hertfordshire, and nobody ever knew why, or ever will know. In fact, I believe there was no why in it.

The most astonishing part of the matter is, that I have known other men do exactly the same thing. I could give the names of a dozen in a footnote, if I thought it right.

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## FRENCH SOLDIERS IN CAMP.

I HAVE paid two visits to the Camp of Honvault, near Boulogne; one in the summer, another in the winter. The sand-hills in that neighbourhood are diversified by stray patches of verdure and cultivation. I don't



think Mr. Mechi, Mr. Philip Pusey, or the author of *Talpa* would bestow much commendation upon what the French farmers have here laid out for public inspection. Whatever seed first came to hand seems to have been sown; the worthy agriculturists appear to have been rather desultory and capricious in their operations; wandering from turnips to cabbage, and from artichokes to cereals, much as the bee wanders from flower to flower. Sometimes they throw in a patch of mangel-wurzel as a makeweight; sometimes they do a bit of lazy ploughing, as a young lady would take up a morsel of crochet work pending the arrival of her Adolphus; more frequently they appear to be convinced of the futility of farming altogether, and throw themselves into marigolds and other unprofitably gay flowers with a curious zeal.

As I proceed, various phases of camp life begin to break upon me. Little boy soldiers with sunburnt faces and atrociously-made trousers pass me, carrying baskets of charcoal between them, huge loads of bread, tin cans called gamelles, holding the mysterious but savoury-smelling stews with which French soldiers sustain nature; bunches of carrots (our neighbours can't get on in any state of life without carrots), sacks of meal, earthen pipkins, and above all black bottles. For the camp at Honvault, though strictly sober, is a very

thirsty camp. It is the sand perhaps that provokes the drought. It must be the sand, for very soon I get thirsty too.

There are no tents at Honvault. Long parallel lines of comfortable, cottage-looking huts, built of mud, clay, and wattles, and neatly thatched, the lines crossed at right angles by other lines of huts, extend along the coast for an immense distance. A great sandy esplanade runs along in front; and, under a long shed in the midst, some hundreds of recruits are being initiated into the goose-step. Here is the broadest avenue — the Regent Street of the camp, and here the officers have their quarters, which are huts like those of the privates, but have neatly glazed-windows, doors and snug porches, and are plastered over, and white-washed outside quite in the London suburban style.

All my theories of the noisy recklessness of camp-life are blown to the winds in a moment. The greatest characteristic of the camp is its quietude. In this mud city holding thousands of men at arms you can hear the plashing of the sea and the lark high up in the empyrean. Oft in the stilly day come soft sounds of the military-bands practising, the tread of the sentry, a stray horse's hoof, the clanking of a stray pair of spurs (for this is an infantry camp). Soldiers brushing their clothes or cleaning their accoutrements, digging in little



gardens, and doing odd jobs of carpentry, glazing and house-painting, the dulcet clinking of bottles and glouglouing of ordinary wines into glasses, the puffing of stertorous smokers at their pipes, the scratching of the pen with which the young corporal is writing home to his mother; the mazurka air — a reminiscence of the last camp-ball — which the bearded sergeant is placidly whistling — these sounds of a verity you can hear. But no brawling, no rattling of dice-boxes, no roaring chorusses, no oaths, no fights. The licence of the camp is a most excellently conducted licence, and is one that might be granted, renewed, or transferred, *nem.-con.*, by the rigidest bench of Middlesex magistrates.

Another little sound I hear. I am standing in front of one of the officer's huts and watching his servant who is training some pretty creeping plant over the door. The officer is a lieutenant; for his *surtout-coat* with its one epaulette is hung on a pole outside. Through the half-opened door I can just discern a figure in scarlet trousers in its shirt-sleeves, and a scarlet *képi* edged with gold lace. On one arm he wears, not a military gauntlet, but a leathern article of wearing apparel that has a heel, a sole, and an upper leather; with the other he holds a blacking-brush, which he moves vigorously to and fro. And I hear a little sound of hissing and friction as of bris-

bles. And the lieutenant is cleaning his own boots!

By and by the great thirst question assumes graver proportions, and I find that thirst can be assuaged at the *Estaminet de Bomarsund*, where one gives to eat and to drink; at the *Vieux Soldat de l'Empire*; at the *Pierre Napoléon*; at the *Repose of the Honest Society*, and at *Ohé! Marie Jeanne Cannebière*, which last sign requires explication, which I am not able to afford; for I do not know who *Marie-Jeanne Cannebière* was, or why she should have been addressed with the interjection *Ohé!* — *anglice*: *Hi!* I find *Maria-Jane* represented inside the *café*, *restaurant*, *auberge*, *hostellerie*, *cabaret*, *cantine*, *estaminet*, or whatever this camp hotel may be called, by a very large bearded man in a blouse, very like a sapper and miner who, fatigued with gabions, fascines, mining and countermining, went into the public line for quietness. He is sleeping in a corner, and I have some difficulty in making him understand that my throat desireth white wine which, together with crusty loaf and some old *Roquefort* cheese will make no contemptible mid-day meal. Rough as the whole apartment is, bare as the walls are, mud for floor, and planks on tressels for tables, *Maria-Jane* supplies that other one thing needful in the economy of French life: — some attempt at artistic decoration. Some tastefully drawn and co-



loured scroll-work, rough but vigorous, is painted along the walls. Over the door there is a vile (in execution) but meritorious (in design) representation of the flags of England, France, and Turkey; and opposite to it, on the wall, is painted an elaborate and vividly-coloured frame; in the centre of which appears, in letters of uniform size by no means, and in orthography the reverse of pure,

LES AMIS SON PRIEZ DE SE RETTIRREZ A 9 HEURS. MOINS VAINCINQUE LE SOIRRE. — The friends are prayed to retire themselves at nine hours less twenty-five the evening.

I am the only civilian present among Maria-Jane's customers. Of the twenty other pairs of moustaches present all the rest belong to the twenty-third of the line, the thirteenth léger, the artillery, and the sappers. Some are playing dominoes, some piquet; some drink beer, others wine; all are smoking vigorously, and though very grave and quiet, appear to enjoy themselves immensely. How they can afford to do it out of their munificent allowance of pocket-money, amounting I am informed to one copper sou per diem, I am hugely puzzled to make out. I can understand the possibility of existing upon midshipman's half-pay; I can conceive how Colonel Rawdon managed to live upon "nothing a year;" but how my friend private Tourlourou and his comrades contrive to drink Bour-

deaux, to smoke the Indian weed, and to play piquet (luxuries of life demanding at least five hundred a-year in London) upon a surplus income of a halfpenny a-day is beyond my ken.

Such was my summer visit. My winter visit occurred on the morning of the twenty-third of February, which opened with a fall of fine snow. At noon it had ceased; and I left off letter-writing to walk through the streets of huts which constitute this fresh-built military town. The soldiers were working hard to expel from their precincts every member of Jack Frost's family that had invaded them. Icicles, snow, hailstones, and candied sleet, were carried out in barrows, baskets, biers; and where the work did not go off fast enough to the men's liking they seized some of the four-wheeled carriages called equipages militaires, loaded them with frozen sweepings, and, themselves acting the part of horses, dragged the contents to the spot where unclean things are shot out, till all was tidy and dry around them.

Early in the afternoon a rapid thaw came on. The men, instead of being up to their knees in sludge, could instantly resume the occupations which the late severe weather had completely interrupted. Aspirant trumpeters and embryo drummers made the hills vocal with "rat-tat-tats" and "too-too-toos," resounding from the little green



knolls of rising ground which constitute their practising-place. Last year's batches of conscripts and inveterate members of the awkward squad had to submit to the hated rigours of drill, which now was possible in the open air. A gleam of sunshine, that good-naturedly broke forth to aid the sudden rise of temperature, allowed the airing of bedding and the brushing of habiliments without fear of their taking more harm than good from splashes of mud and soakings of half-melted snow. Admiring groups were looking on at the feats of stick exercise performed by a couple of corporals, whose manipulation of the wooden weapon was enough to make one dread the sight of a broom-handle ever afterwards. Further down, the dark-blue chasseurs, or riflemen, were practising hand-to-hand encounters with their formidable cutlass-bayonets, so earnestly that, although the points were corked, an officer had occasionally to warn them — "Gently, gently; you will do yourselves harm." The band resumed its repetitions, or rehearsals, which were possible now that the pistons did not freeze fast in the cornets before half-a-dozen bars allegro were played. In short, throughout the camp, when the great thaw came at last, things marched as usual, without the slightest delay; and all because the trifling precaution had been taken to remove the snow as it fell.

I may here remark at once that the barrack-soldier and the camp-soldier are quite a different race of beings. The former figures exceedingly well in the mess-room, the parade, the review, the country-town market-place, or the county ball-room. The latter shines forth and shows his value in the open country, when he is out a-gypseying, where he has to make use of the most unexpected expedients — to saw with a gimlet or to fry in a tea-kettle. The soldier who has not had some little training in turning makeshifts to the best advantage before he is engaged in actual warfare, has to learn the lesson there at last, and that under unfavourable circumstances; because he has then two things to do at once — to fight as well as to attend to his housekeeping. Although, therefore, it may seem cruel to turn a man out of warm barracks when there is nothing to prevent his staying there, and to compel him to do as well as he can amidst the rough discomforts that have to be baffled with in camp, it really is a preparatory school whose instruction will serve him in good stead by-and-bye, when he most needs it, and when even life and death may hang on the power of endurance thus acquired.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that fighting is the only trade a soldier has to exercise; he is obliged to practise the details of almost every other trade in turn.



It is to little purpose to land, or let drop from the skies, a helpless army on any given spot of an enemy's territory, to let them fight a famous battle or two, and then to trust their future welfare to the care of chance and the elements, as if they stood in no more need of creature comforts than a set of chess-men whom you leave on the board, uncared for, when your game is done. A private soldier who marches in the ranks, is a man, of like passions and feelings with ourselves, and not a bit of boxwood, bone, or ivory. He is a young man, too, more susceptible of the evil influences of fatigue, cold, and malaria, than tougher veterans forty or fifty years of age. Hath not a soldier flesh? Hath he not blood, nerves, lungs, brains, a skin, a heart, and finally a stomach? If you tickle him will he not laugh? If you wound and torture him will he not suffer? If you leave him without shelter and clothing will he not, possibly, take a slight cold? If you stick him for weeks up to the middle in mud is there no chance of his catching a fever? If you starve him will not his strength fail? And if, when he is a-cold, a-fevered, and an-hungered, you do not provide him, before it is too late, with medicine or food, with nursing and a hospital, will he not die, just as you and I would? French army administrators answer "Yes."

In the French army, therefore,

besides the military duties that each soldier has to perform, care is taken to make the most of any civil accomplishment or talent he may possess, even in matters that appear to be trifling. The handicraft trade a man has been brought up to, his peculiar fitness for one occupation more than another, even the hobby which it best pleases him to ride, are all swept into the general fund, as contributions of labour. Individual specialities are noted and cultivated, to be brought into play in time of need. For instance, the huts of which the winter camp is composed are almost entirely the work of the men's own hands. Some men fetched the wood in artillery wagons, from the forest of Boulogne, to make the framework; others puddled with chopped straw the clay to make the walls; others plastered the puddle so prepared, cunningly making it stick in its place. All the help they had was, assistance in thatching. Then when the huts were made, there were the streets to pave, the drainage to be attended to, decorations to add, and comforts and necessary adjuncts to be gradually got together. From the pitching of the first summer tents to the present occupancy of clay-built huts (wherein each soldier has his own little home, his little place for standing, sitting, or lying down, exactly as he has his post in the ranks), innumerable extras have been







some take two, some even swallow three, without coughing or making wry faces. But only mark with what levity they treat the task of breaking stones! One has knocked off the head of his hammer, and is fencing with the handle with his next-door neighbour. Human versatility is tried to the utmost; and those who are ignorant of such accomplishments gradually learn roadmaking, cookery, hut-building, paving, wood-cutting, stick-fencing, dancing, and the grand art of making shift.

Leading qualities which honourably mark the administration of the French army (and why can they not equally belong to our own?), are simplicity, directness of action, forethought, responsibility, fair and equal treatment excluding favouritism, and recompense bestowed in proportion to merit. Whether for soldier, sailor, tinker, or tailor, to labour for nought is melancholy work. In money-payment, as well as in honorary rewards, the industrious and well-behaved French soldier is better treated than the idle and disorderly one. Small services are remunerated with small gratuities, while larger ones are honoured with larger. What might be called domestic services, necessary for the common welfare, are all strictly performed in rotation. No one can reasonably complain of carrying, to-day, a heavy burden to spare his comrades' shoulders, when those same comrades will bear for him exactly the same number of pounds to-

morrow and next day. The cooking, we have seen, is done in turn. A man serves his month in the kitchen, and while thus employed in making soup from beef, vegetables, water, and bread, remains exempt from other service. In a few exceptional cases (only in the administrations), the soldiers are permitted to raise amongst themselves a stipend of ten sous a day to give to their cook, as an inducement for him to remain a permanent manufacturer of broth, and to prevent its being spoiled by too frequent a change of hands. The corporals take their month's turn of officiating as master cooks. Theirs is the office to taste and pronounce judgment in contests about pepper and salt, fat and lean, big bits or little, thicker or thinner slicings of bread, and coarser or finer shreds of cabbages and leeks.

Forethought is surely indispensable when the welfare of thousands of men is at stake, and when those men are the defenders of a nation. Sad experience has taught us what a perishable thing an army is. From the first moment when the component parts of an army begin to draw together towards their common centre, even before they form one united body, they have a daily tendency and liability to suffer diminution of their aggregate number. When the army is actually formed, and begins to move either in one or in several large masses, the tendency greatly increases. In







office they hold, is a *sine-quâ-non* in France. A man who has served ten years in Algeria, fighting the Arabs with one hand and provisioning his troops with the other, is thought more likely to manage matters in the Crimea than a youngster whose only field of glory has been the gardens of the Tuilleries or the Champ de Mars.

The outward aspect of the Honvault camp in winter, is that of a long town of mud-built cabins, which might constitute a village of Indian wigwams, but for their number and the order in which they are ranged. The front of the camp, known as the *Front de bandière*, faces the sea, at no great distance from the edge of the cliff; and it is to be observed that this front occupies the same extent of ground as would be covered by the men in battle array. The number of huts is above a thousand, comprising the stables and other accessories. Streets of different width run backward at a right angle to the front. Each camp is divided into two brigades separated by an interval of thirty metres. Between the regiments of the same brigade there opens a street twenty metres wide; between two battalions one of fifteen metres, and between two companies there runs a little lane something like a couple of paces broad. By these various outlets the men can start forth almost instantly to their place in the ranks, when summoned to it by trumpet and drum. Each hut

is calculated to lodge a dozen men. Each man has a pound and a half of bread per day to eat, besides half a pound to put in his soup, which contains also half a pound of meat, with rice and vegetables. He has a daily allowance of sugar and coffee. The bread, baked in the camp, is not given out till it is twenty-four hours old. Amongst the comforts distributed when winter commenced, were a pair of wooden shoes and a flannel cincture to every man. The former articles are most effectual preventives of colds, rheumatism, chilblains, and toothache. Gratuitous theatrical performances, at the cost of the Emperor's privy purse, by a clever company of comedians, are organised for the amusement of the troops during the long dark evenings.

As to the management of this and other camps, the war administration in France comprises the service of the hospitals, the provisioning, and the encampment. A general direction, whose seat is at the war minister's office, transmits, for each service, the orders of the minister. All projects, regulations, instructions, are elaborated in the bureaux of the general direction. It includes in its privileges the appointment of the personnel and the management of the materiel; it directs, in one word, under the approbation of the minister, every movement which circumstances render expedient. Each service has distinct bureaux, personnel, money deal-



ings, transport. Each also has its chief, sub-chief, and clerks. The general direction is also charged with the verification and the liquidation of the accounts produced by the accountable officers; it points out and rectifies errors, if any such exist; allows the expenses which it recognises as regular, and puts a veto on such as do not appear to its judgment to be sufficiently justifiable. The vetos which it exercises the power of pronouncing are not definitive; for the parties can appeal to the council of state, which gives a final decision.

The administrative personnel is composed of intendants, sub-intendants, and officers of administration. Besides these, there are troops of administration, composed of infirmiers, bakers, butchers, masons, and so on, in short, of all the artificers and workmen who are required to execute different services. The intendants are placed, one in each chef-lieu de division, or military divisional central town, one for each corps d'armée. The sub-intendants under their orders are distributed amongst the different garrison towns, and have to act as overseers of the administrative services. One or more officers of administration, according as there is a "hopital majeur," a provision magazine or an encampment, are placed in each of these garrisons to perform the administrative services. The intendants-major receive the

orders of the minister; they transmit them to the sub-intendants placed under their orders, who transmit them to be executed by the accountable officers whose duty it is to execute those services.

The services are organised in such a way that when a corps-d'armée departs from one point to march to another, the soldier has to carry with him nothing but his arms and his knapsack. Before its departure, notice is given to all the places which the troops have to traverse, to hold in readiness everything required for their subsistence, so that a distribution is made immediately it arrives by means of the officers of administration. On the other hand, the intendant-major of the military division towards which the corps-d'armée is travelling, assembles at that point the necessary provisions, which are placed at the disposal of an accountable officer, who causes them to be manutentioned and distributed.

But even French army management is not quite perfect. The same complaint is made, though to a less extent, as is charged against our lords of the admiralty in Sir G. Cockburn's remarkable posthumous manifesto; namely, that those who have the direction of the whole vast machine, are wanting in the knowledge of practical details. French officers of experience state that though the military administration of France is superior to that of many other countries, it is still deficient in the



important respect that it does not possess a single practical man in its highest region. Thus, the artillery, the engineering, the infantry, and the cavalry, has each its committee at the War Office, composed of officers belonging to each service; but the general direction does not comprise in its body one single officer of administration who has actually managed either hospital establishments, or a manutentional service, or, lastly, magazines of encampment — duties most favourable for the acquirement of the knowledge and experience that are requisite to judge whether certain innovations can be introduced without inconvenience, whether the services of the interior or of the armies are properly executed, and what ameliorations are most expedient in case of need. The absence of such men compels the general direction to derive its theoretical knowledge from the mere reading of the regulations. Consequently, when it desires to introduce improvements, it issues orders impossible to execute in all their details; it saps, without intending it, the admirable edifice of the “service des subsistances,” as given in the Reglement of September, ’twenty-seven; and it renders intricate, instead of simplifying, a system of accounts which can never be otherwise than complicated.

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## SPECIMENS OF THE ALCHEMISTS.

### IN TWO CHAPTERS.

#### CHAPTER II.

NICHOLAS FLAMEL was born at Pontoise, near Paris, in thirteen hundred and twenty-eight. His father had left him nothing but the house in which he lived, and where he carried on the business of a scrivener, which, in those days, consisted in copying deeds and writings in Latin and French. Printing not being then invented, to be a scribe or scrivener was a regular profession.

Flamel was a man of genius — he had some skill in painting, and wrote poetry — but chemistry was the art which most attracted him. In those days chemistry was a mysterious semi-supernatural study, which promised to its followers an entrance into all the hidden secrets that cause the appearances of things; it would lead them into the very presence of the invisible powers of nature, and give knowledge to controul them.

Nicholas Flamel became an hermetic student towards the year thirteen hundred and fifty-seven. All the seekers after the hermetic mystery cultivated great piety and humility of heart. After a prayer and thanksgiving, very good but too long to quote, Nicholas proceeds to give some account of his progress to the great secret, as follows: — I, Nicholas Flamel, scrivener, living in Paris, ann. thirteen hundred



and ninety-nine, in the Notary Street, near St. Jacques de la Boucherie, though I learned not much Latin because of the poor-ness and meanness of my parents, who, notwithstanding, were (even by those who envy me most), accounted good, honest, people; yet, by the blessing of God, I have not wanted an understanding of the philosophers, but learned them and even attained to a certain kind of knowledge even of their hidden secrets. For which cause sake there shall not any moment of my life pass, wherein remembering this so vast good, I will not, on my bare knees, if the place will permit it, or otherwise in my heart, with all the entireness of my affections, render thanks to this my most good and gracious God.

After the deaths of my parents, I, Nicholas Flamel, got my living by the art of writing, engrossing inventories, making up accounts, keeping of books, and the like.

In the course of living there fell by chance into my hands a gilded book, very old and large, which cost me only two florins. It was not made of paper or parchment, but of admirable rinds (as it seemed to me) of young trees. The cover of it was of copper; it was well bound and graven all over with a strange kind of letters, which I take to be Greek characters or some other ancient language. All I know is that I could not read them, and they were neither Latin nor French. As to the inside, the

leaves of bark were engraved upon, and with great industry written all over as with a point of iron, in clear and beautiful Latin letters of divers colours. It contains three times seven leaves, the seventh being always left without writing, but instead there was painting. Upon the first seventh there was painted a virgin, and serpents swallowing her up. Upon the second seventh there was a cross with a serpent nailed thereon. Upon the last seventh there was represented a desert or wilderness, in the midst of which were several beautiful fountains, with serpents coming out of them, and running about hither and thither. In the first page was written in large gilt letters, — "Abraham the Jew, Prince, Priest, Levite, Astrologer and Philosopher to the people of the Jews by the wrath of God amongst the Gauls — greeting." He who sold me this book knew its value as little as I, who bought it. I fancied that he had either stolen it from some of the miserable Jews, or found it concealed in some of their old dwellings. In the second leaf of this book he consoled his nation. Upon the third and all the following ones, written to enable his captive nation to pay their tribute to the Roman emperors, also to do another thing, which I will not utter; he taught them in plain words the art of the transmutation of metals. He painted the vessels upon the margin of the leaves, and described all the co-



lours as they would appear in the progress of the work. He told everything except the first agent, the prima materia of which he told not one word, only he declared that, upon the fourth and fifth leaves he had minutely painted it. (This prima materia it should be observed, was the heart of the great secret which no adept would tell. Each had to work to discover it for himself.) These fourth and fifth leaves were without any writing, but covered with fair figures very bright and shining, as it were, illuminated. The workmanship was most exquisite. There was first a young man with wings to his ankles, having in his hand a rod with two serpents twining round it, and with this he appeared to be striking the helmet which covered his own head. In my poor opinion this seemed to be Mercury. Against him came flying a great old man with an hour-glass upon his head and a scythe — like Death — in his hands, with which he would cut off the head of Mercury. On the other side of the page was seen a fair flower upon the top of a high mountain, shaken by the north wind. Its foot-stalk was blue, its flowers white and red, and its leaves shining like fine gold; round about it the dragons and griffins of the north made their nests and habitations. Upon the fifth leaf there was seen a rose-tree in full flower growing beside a hollow oak-tree, at the foot of which there bubbled up a fountain

of very white water which fell headlong into an abyss below, running through the hands of a crowd of people who were busily seeking for it by digging into the ground, but who, by reason of their blindness, could not discern it, except a few who considered its weight. On the other side of the fifth leaf there was a king, with a great faulchion in his hand, causing his soldiers to kill before him a multitude of infants, the mothers weeping at their feet. The blood of these slain children was then gathered up by other soldiers and put into a great vessel wherein the sun and the moon came to bathe.

All this was painted upon the five leaves, but as for what was written upon the rest of the book, in good and intelligible Latin, I dare not say a word, lest God should punish me. Having then got possession of this fine book I did nothing but study it night and day; for, though I understood perfectly the mode of conducting the operations, I did not know with what substance I was to begin the work, which caused me great sadness, kept me in solitude, and caused me to sigh incessantly. My wife, Perronelle, whom I loved like myself, and whom I had but lately married, was much concerned to see me thus, and endeavoured to console me, asking with all her heart if she could do nothing towards delivering me from this torment. I could not refrain any longer, but told her everything, and showed her my beauti-



ful book, which she had no sooner beheld than she became as much enchanted with it as myself; but she understood the signification as little as I did myself. Nevertheless, it was an unspeakable comfort to converse with her and consult what we must do to find out the meaning.

Flamel goes on to tell the various consultations he had with the most learned men and scholars of Paris. Setting about it with great discretion, for he neither parted with his precious book out of his hand, nor allowed any one so much as to look upon it, only he copied exactly all the figures and hieroglyphics.

At length he met with a student named Anselm, who set up a plausible theory of an explanation, which, Flamel declares, "caused me to wander for one and twenty years in a perfect meander from the verity, I went through a thousand processes, yet never with the blood of infants, for that I accounted wicked and villainous." At length, wearied out by his ill-success he determined upon a pilgrimage to Spain, with the full consent of his wife. He made a vow to God and to Monsieur St. Jacques de Gallicia, and determined also to consult some learned Jew in Spain. Accordingly he made an exact copy of all the figures in the book. Putting in a few key-words for the benefit of the scholars, and taking up his scrip and staff, he set out on his journey, and in due time reached the shrine of St. James, where he

accomplished his vow with great devotion. On his way home he met with a merchant who introduced him to a Jewish physician who had embraced Christianity—a most learned man—Canches, by name, who no sooner beheld the copy of figures than he was transported with joy, and began to ask many questions about the book, of which he had heard, but feared it was irrevocably lost. As he evidently understood the meaning of the enigmas, Flamel spared no entreaties to induce him to return with him to France, in which he succeeded, and they set off together.

Upon the journey, says Flamel, he truly interpreted to me the greater part of my figures, in which even to the points he found great mysteries, but when we reached Orleans this learned man fell ill from the effects of sea-sickness. At the end of the seventh day he died, at which I was much affected. I buried him as well as I could in the Church of the Holy Cross of Orleans, where he still lies. God rest his soul, for he died a good Christian, and certainly, if I am not prevented by death, I will give this church some alms, that it may say daily masses for his soul! And now, if any one would see the manner of my arrival at home and the joy of Perronelle, let him look upon us both as we are represented upon the door of the Chapel of St. Jacques de la Boucherie in the City of Paris, on the side that is nearest to my house, where we are both represented



kneeling down and giving thanks at the feet of M. St. Jacques of Gallicia, and Perronelle at the feet of M. St. John, whom she had so often invoked. Well, although I now possessed the prima materia, the first principle, I was still ignorant of the first mode of preparation, which is of all things the most difficult. For the space of three years I wandered in a labyrinth of errors. I studied diligently, praying always to God — guessing my way by the words of the philosophers, and trying endless experiments, I at length found what I desired, which I easily recognised by its strong smell. I easily accomplished the magistry, for knowing the prime agents and following the instructions of my book, I could not now have failed in the work even if I would. The first projection I made was upon mercury, of which I converted a pound or a pound and a half into pure silver, better than any from the mine, as I proved many times by assay. This was done in the year of our Lord, January thirteenth, thirteen hundred and eighty-two, about noon, being Monday, Perronelle alone being present. Afterwards I made projection of the red stone upon the like quantity of mercury in the presence of Perronelle, in the April of the same year, about five in the afternoon. This mercury I transmuted into almost an equal quantity of gold, but much better than common gold, being softer and more pliable. I did this three times with the assistance of Per-

ronelle, who could have done it quite as well by herself. Truly, I had enough gold when I had once done it, but I found exceeding great pleasure and delight in seeing the admirable works of nature within the vessels. At first I was afraid lest Perronelle should not be able to conceal her extreme joy and felicity, which I measured by my own. I feared lest she should drop some word to her relatives about the treasures we possessed, but the goodness of God had not only given me a chaste and virtuous wife, who was capable of understanding reason, but able also to do what was reasonable, and more discreet and secret, than other women. Above all, she was religious and devout, and therefore, seeing herself without hope of children and well stricken in years, she made it her duty, as I also did, to think of God — to do works of mercy and charity. Up to this year fourteen hundred and thirteen, when I write this commentary, three years after the death of my faithful companion — whom I shall never cease to regret all the days of my life — she and I together have founded and endowed fourteen hospitals in the city of Paris; we have built three new chapels; decorated and endowed seven churches, and repaired three cemeteries; besides what we have done at Boulogne, which is scarcely less than what we have done here; not to speak of acts of charity which we did to widows and orphans; which, if I



should divulge, my reward would be only in this world, besides being unpleasant to the persons whom we benefited. Upon the fourth arch in the Cemetery of the Innocents, as you go through the great gate of St. Denis, upon the right hand side, I caused to be represented the true and essential meaning of the art — disguised under veils and hieroglyphics, like those in my book — so that according to men's capacity they may understand either the mysteries of our resurrection at the day of judgment, or they may discern all the principles and necessary operations of the magistracy, and see their way direct to the great work.

Notwithstanding their modesty and secrecy the report of the riches and munificent charities of Flamel and his wife came to the ears of the king — Charles the Sixth. He sent M. Cramoisi, *maitre des réquêtes*, to inquire into the matter. This magistrate went to Flamel's house, where he found them at dinner. A wooden platter of boiled greens was placed upon a stool: Perronelle sat upon one side and Flamel upon the other — this did not look like unlimited riches. M. Cramoisi reported to the king that he believed them absolutely in indigence, and they were left in peace. Flamel died about March in the year fourteen hundred and nineteen. The most remarkable part of their history remains to be told, though it can of course be only a legend. Paul

Lucas, who travelled in the East by the order of Louis the Fourteenth — to whom his book is dedicated — gives the following account of a curious adventure which befel him. I was at Broussa, in Natolia, and going to take the air with a person of distinction, we came to a little mosque which was adorned with fountains and gardens for a public promenade. We were introduced into the cloisters, and there we found four dervishes, who received us with civility. They were, we were told, all persons of the greatest worth and learning: one of them, a man of extraordinary learning, seemed in appearance to be about thirty years old, but, from his discourse, I am convinced he must have lived a century. He told me he was one of seven friends who travelled to perfect their studies, and every twenty years met together in a place previously agreed upon. Broussa was the place of their present meeting, and four of them were already arrived. We discoursed upon many things; at length we fell upon chemistry, alchemy, and the cabala. I told him that all these, especially the philosopher's stone, were regarded by all men of sense as a fiction. "The sage," replied he, "hears the ignorant without being shocked. When I speak of a sage I mean one who sees all things die and revive without concern: he has more riches in his power than the greatest kings; but he lives temperately above



the power of events." "With all these fine maxims," said I, interrupting him, "the sage dies like other men." "You are ignorant of the sublime science," replied he. "Such a one as I describe dies indeed, for death is inevitable, but he does not die before the utmost limits of mortal existence. The sage, by the use of the true medicine, can ward off whatever may hinder or impair life for a thousand years." "Would you persuade me," said I, "that all who possessed the philosopher's stone have lived a thousand years?" He replied gravely: "Without doubt, every one might: it depends upon themselves." I named Flamel, who was said to possess the philosopher's stone, but who was dead. He smiled and said: "Do you really believe this? No, my friend; neither Flamel nor his wife is dead. It is not three years since I left them in the Indies: he is one of my best friends. When Charles the Sixth sent M. Cramoisi to him to inquire the origin of his riches, he saw the danger he was in. He soon after spread the report of his wife's death, and sent her away to Switzerland to wait for him. He celebrated her funeral, and a few years after ordered his own coffin to be interred. Since that time they have lived a philosophic life, sometimes in one country and sometimes in another."

Cela sent la Patchouli is very different from the truthful simplicity of Flamel himself; but no

one can be responsible for what is said of them by others. This legend may, however, be found in the first volume of Lucas's Travels, page seventy-nine. Flamel gave a quantity of his powder to Perronelle's nephew, M. Perrier; from him it descended to Dr. Perrier; and some of it was found by his grandson Dubois, who was destitute of his grandfather's prudence and moderation, and exhibited the sacred miracle to improper persons. He was brought before Louis the Thirteenth, and transmuted a quantity of base metal. He pretended he could make the powder, but he failed of course, being vainglorious and ignorant. The king suspected him of wilfully withholding the secret, and he was hanged for his pains; leaving a warning to all, to manage their secrets with discretion.

Count Bernard of Treviso, with whom we shall close our specimens of this curious body of learned men, was born at Padua, in fourteen hundred and six, and died in fourteen hundred and ninety, although the adepts declare that he lived for four hundred years. He has left a very naïve account of his tribulations in search of the great secret, which might well discourage less courageous adepts. The first author, says he, who fell into my hands was Rhases, when I was about fourteen years of age. I employed four years of my life, and spent better than eight hundred



crowns in proving it. Then I took up Geber, who cost me again two thousand crowns and upwards; besides which numbers of people came about me, who pretended to be adepts, to lure me on. The book of Archelaus occupied me for three years. Whilst engaged upon it I met with a monk, and we both worked together for the space of three years. We followed the instructions of Rupecissa, and worked with alcohol, which we rectified more than thirty times, until no glass that we could find was strong enough to hold it. We spent in this work three hundred crowns. After living thus twelve or fifteen years, finding nothing, after making experiments to dissolve, congeal, and sublime common salt, sal-ammoniac, all kinds of alum and copperas, marchasites (all stones containing metal of any kind were called thus), blood, hair, all species of animal or vegetable secretion. I proceeded by every means — distillation, sublimation, circulation, by separation of the elements both by alembic and athanor (this was a close inner furnace which was kept carefully at the same temperature. It was heated, not with vulgar fuel, but with a certain matter, about which every philosopher made a great secret. It produced a fire not liable to be extinguished. It was called philosopher's fire, and generally produced by animal matter), by putrefaction, by circulation, by decoction, and by an infinitude of other modes. All these operations I pursued for twelve years, by which time I was thirty eight years old. I had spent besides upon the extraction of mercury from herbs and animals about six thousand crowns.

We ought to tell the reader that Count Bernard was somewhat credulous, and was victimised by pretenders to the science, who spent his money for nothing. Had he been a poorer man he might have carried on his work at much less expense. He relates in a piteous tone how he spent twenty years in calcining eggshells, in calcining copperas with vinegar, dissolving silver with aquafortis, but all without any result. Then, says he, I abandoned my attempts, for all my relations tormented and blamed me to such a degree that I could not either eat or drink. I had become so emaciated and disfigured that everybody who saw me believed I had been poisoned. I was more than fifty-eight years old; and alas, all these years I had been working in the wrong direction! He then set off on his travels to see if the philosopher's stone were concealed in any other corner of the world. He travelled into every known country, trying an infinity of experiments wherever he went. But, says he, I found only people working in the wrong direction, and I spent upon these things, in goings, and comings, and trying experiments, more than ten thousand three hundred crowns. He was re-



duced to extreme poverty by this time, and all his relations and friends forsook him, as a disgrace to his family; and he records that in great pain and shame he was obliged to quit his country, trusting, however, always in the mercy of God, who never forsakes those who work faithfully. He went to Rhodes, where he hoped to live unknown, and "there I sought if I might find anything to comfort me." He found a learned and religious man, who again caused him to lose both time and money. Bernard contrived to borrow eight hundred crowns, and in three years it was all gone. He took then to observing the operations of nature, and reading the works of the old alchemists, such as Arnold, Villa Nova, The Tarba, &c. He was by this time seventy-three years old — his patience and courage still invincible. His last effort was crowned with success. At the age of seventy-five he discovered the Great Secret! He was old, and the natural infirmities of age were aggravated by the life of hardship he had led, exposed to the noxious vapours of his furnace, and still more by the corroding anxiety and inquietude of his pursuits. He, however, lived several years to enjoy his success, and by no means regretted his pains and labours. He left behind him an apophthegm constantly cited by the masters of the sacred art: Nature contains nature — Nature rejoices in its own nature. His works were

greatly sought after by adepts. His most important one is entitled, *Of the Great Secret of Philosophers*. It is the one from which we have quoted his life. The Antwerp edition is in Latin — fifteen hundred and sixty-seven — an excellent and curious work. It is divided into four parts: first, of those who first discovered this precious art; in the second he narrates his own pains, experience, and perseverance; in the third part he exposes the principles and elements of metals; in the fourth he professes to tell the great secret, which we transcribe for our readers. Of course it is in the form of a parable. "I one day was wandering in the fields, and I came upon a fair fountain surrounded with pallisades. None except the king of the country has the right to approach and bathe therein. The king goes into it by himself; none may accompany him. So soon as he has entered the enclosure, he takes off his robe of cloth of fine beaten gold, and hands it to his head man who is named Saturn. Saturn takes it and keeps it for forty days. The king then takes off his undergarment of fine black velvet, and hands it to his second man, who is Jupiter, who keeps it for twenty long days. Then Jupiter, at the command of the king, gives it to the Moon, who is his third attendant, beautiful and resplendent: she keeps it twenty days also. The king is now in his shirt — pure and white like snow. Then he takes off this



shirt, and gives it to Mars, who keeps it forty days. After that Mars hands it to the Sun. It has become yellow and not clear. The Sun keeps it twenty days, when it becomes beautiful and red. I met with an old priest, who told me these things. I said to him, 'Of what use is all this?' He replied, 'God made both one and ten, a hundred and a thousand, and multiplied the whole ten times.' I said, 'I do not understand this.' He answered, 'I will tell thee no more, for I am weary.' I then perceived that he was tired. I, too, felt an inclination to sleep!"

### FIEND-FANCY.

UNLESS our memory be so slippery as to have lost all tenacity whatever, it was Heinrich Heine who dwelt with great unction upon the difference between the supernatural beings who inhabit German mountains and forests and those that spring up so decorously in the fiend salons. In Germany, horrible old women, rich in whirlwinds, hideous dwarfs — hideous even when benevolent — dwell in lonely ravines; wild huntsmen clatter through the air. The fiend fairy, on the other hand, moves in good society, she uses her handsome carriage when she pays a visit to a royal protégé, and if she is received with respectful awe it is not because she is excessively terrific, but because she is

excessively distinguée. Among the writers of fiend fairy tales: from the Countess d'Aulnoy (recently brought before the world by Mr. Planché's new edition, of which more anon) to Mademoiselle De la Force, the fancy that prevails is rather of the tasteful and decorative than of the wild and roaming kind. No child would go to bed frightened, after reading any one of the Countess d'Aulnoy's tales, unless we make an exception in disfavour of the Golden Branch, as being a fiction well fitted to cause unpleasant dreams. Mr. Planché says of this strange story, — that it is one of the most elaborate and original of the series, — and we heartily assent to his opinion; but we trust that he will tell us some day how such a terribly grotesque invention found its way into a collection of such genteel and courtly fables.

The beautifying process of the fiend mind, in dealing with popular superstition, is nowhere more clearly shown than in the case of Sante Klaas — the supernatural patron of good children in Germany. The name of this being is a corruption of Saint Nicholas, and this saint is no doubt the personage he is made to represent, though popular tradition in handing him down has used him very roughly, and he comes to us all the worse for wear. According to ecclesiastical tradition, which is very different from the folklore on the subject, he flourished some time in the fourth century,



and greatly distinguished himself, while yet a child in arms, by refusing to imbibe the maternal nutriment on Wednesdays and Fridays. In course of time he became Archbishop of Myra, in Syria; he is said to have suffered imprisonment during the persecution of Diocletian; and is mentioned among the assistants at the great council of Nice.

The Rev. Alban Butler, though he records the fact that St. Nicholas is particularly the saint of children, judiciously omits the anecdote by which, during his lifetime, he conspicuously manifested his protecting care for wronged innocence. In the course of his travels he fell in with an avaricious innkeeper, who not only coveted the property of three children committed to his charge, but slew them all, and, after cutting them up, put their limbs in a pickling-tub, on the pretence that they were pork. The worthy bishop had, however, an ogre-like scent for fresh meat, and, sniffing out the crime, summoned the three children to rise from the tub, whence they issued, safe and sound, to the terror and confusion of the wicked innkeeper. In England the glory of the saint was long celebrated by a well-known festival, on Innocents' Day (twenty-eighth December), at which a youngster was dressed up as a boy-bishop, and received episcopal honours as a representative of Saint Nicholas. One of these youths having the good fortune to die du-

ring the brief period of his exaltation, obtained a monument in Salisbury Cathedral. At Ratisbon there was a similar ceremony, and also at Mayence: with this distinction at the latter place, that the boy-bishop was elected on the sixth of December, being the day dedicated to Saint Nicholas himself.

It will be observed that both by his own day and by Innocents' Day, which is connected with him by an odious association of ideas, the good archbishop presses very close upon Christmas. Now, Christmas, with all its jollity, is a gloomy season of the year, and a supernatural benefactor who confers his blessings on dark nights is very likely to become among a people like the Germans a source rather of terror than of gratification, — especially if he be discriminating in his kindness, and punish infantine delinquency, while he rewards juvenile virtue. In Upper Suabia, where the power of St. Nicholas seems to be more firmly established than elsewhere by popular tradition, he becomes with all his kindness as arrant a bogie as ever was domiciled in a coal-hole by the legendary lore of a London nurse-maid. Having shown himself a little on the two or three previous Sundays, he fairly comes out on Christmas-eve: his usual characteristics being, a black smutty face, a dress of pea-straw, a basket on the back, and a stick and chain in the hand. In some places he



varies his costume by wearing a fur-cap and carrying a bill, — and it is probably on account of the former article that he is sometimes named Pelzmarte or Pelz-michel (that is, Fur-Martin or Michael) instead of Sante Klaas. At a place called Marbach he once rode on horse-back, and his discriminating nature was here so well established that parents gave him the naughty children on purpose to be whipped. He faithfully executed his office, but, when it was performed, the benevolent side of his character was brought forward, and the chastised urchin received a donation of nuts and cakes from the grim dispenser of justice. When the saint came on horse-back, the children were expected to set out a large dish of oats, which they had previously collected in their shoes, for the entertainment of the steed. It may be observed generally that the Christmas visitor is no mere creation of the imagination or even of the memory. Some strapping fellow assumes the awful guise of the patron, and thus the promises of reward and the threats of punishment are easily fulfilled.

Wander from Germany to the French border, to the neighbourhood of the Jura, and observe how light and gay the patron of infancy becomes. A bell is heard to ring at Christmas time, as in the case of Sante Klaas, but it is the little bell ordinarily used as a donkey-courant, and it announces that Aunt Arie — a beautiful

being — has arrived at the house, and the children entering an inner apartment find a store of toys and delicacies. Compare La Sante Arie, whose very name denotes a light ethereal nature, and whose kindly face is one of her essential characteristics, with the moody Klaas, who will not deign to look engaging, even when he comes to perform a friendly action, but is invariably black and repelling! Aunt Arie is a declared enemy of idleness, but her method of correcting is widely remote from the rude corporeal chastisement inflicted by the Suabian masterpiece of morals. When the carnival has arrived, a notable damsel is expected to have all the flax spun off her distaff; and when any is left, Aunt Arie testifies her displeasure by entangling the threads. She can do mischief, but she cannot become frightful.

Such is the graceful courtly manner in which fiend fancy exerts itself in influencing the juvenile mind. Possibly our younger readers may like to be informed, that in the nursery legends of France there appears a whole family, composed of such delicacies as appeal to the infantine palate. Possibly they may even like to drop a tear over the tragical history of Madame Tartine, the head of the family in question, which we thus freely do into English: —

The mighty Lady Bread-and-Butter  
Dwelt in a tow'r of dainties made;  
The walls of pudding-crust were fashion'd,  
The floors with cracknels overlaid.



Sponge-cake was her mattress  
Well soften'd with milk;  
Her bed had for curtains  
Spun sugar like silk.

Great Master Muffin did she marry,  
Whose cloak was made of toasted  
cheese;  
His hat was framed of nicest fritters;  
In pie-crust coat he walk'd at ease;  
In chocolate waistcoat  
He look'd very funny,  
With stockings of candy  
And slippers of honey.

The fair Angelica, their daughter, —  
Ah me! what sweets the maid com-  
pose! —  
For truth she was the choicest<sup>d</sup> comfits —  
Of hardbake is her lovely nose.  
I see her arraying  
Her gown with such taste;  
She decks it with flowers  
Of best pippin-paste.

Young Lemonade—that stately sov'reign—  
Once came the lady to adore,  
Large pendant gems of roasted apples  
Twin'd in his marm'lade locks he wore.  
With diadem royal  
Of cakes he was deck'd;  
The circlet of raisins  
Commanded respect.

A guard of cucumbers and capers  
Accompanied the mighty lord;  
Their muskets were all charg'd with  
mustard,  
Of onion-peel was every sword.  
Upon a throne sublime of pancakes  
The royal couple proudly sat!  
Bonbons were flowing from their pockets  
From morn till eve — and after that.  
But wicked fairy Carabossa,  
Inspired, no doubt, by jealous spite,  
Just lifted up her ugly hump — and  
Upset the palace of delight.

MORALITÉ. — (Spoken by the children).  
Some sugar pray give us,  
Dear father and mother,  
And we 'll do our utmost  
To build up another.

## CHIPS.

## DEADLY SHAFTS.

WE have been calling attention lately\* to the preventible accidents arising out of unfenced shafts; and the last words we said upon the subject were in reference to the misstatement of a Bradford newspaper, by which we were accused of serving up the tumbles and kicks falling to the lot of boys at play, as cases of death and mutilation in the mills. Our comment had been but a few days before the world, when we were favoured by a Bradford correspondent with a specimen of the degree of attention which a newspaper of that town (our censor, if we mistake not) thinks that those little incidents of factory life — the deaths and mutilations — ought to get from the public. It devotes two lines and a half — one sentence — eight-and-twenty words — of small type, in an out-of-the-way column, to the narration of the latest tragedy. To another correspondent, who sends us a slip from a Leeds paper relating to the same event, we are indebted for some published particulars of this extremely inconsiderable little accident. A young man of eighteen, the only son of his father, was bookkeeper to a firm owning a certain mill. On the last Saturday in May the weaving-rooms were white-washed; and, on the succeeding Tuesday, this young man — whose position of trust is evidence

\* See Vol. XXXI, p. 255.



that he was not an idle fellow, of whom Manchester may argue that he deserved to be smashed alive — this young man was helping others who were engaged in clearing off the marks of lime that had been left by the whitewashers upon some parts of the machinery. While he was so doing, in stepping from one loom to another, "his foot accidentally slipped; he attempted to seize the gas-pipe to preserve his balance, but instead of the pipe he grasped the side shaft which drove the loom. His loose dress was immediately caught, and he was then drawn up and twisted round, the shaft revolving a hundred and twenty-five times per minute, and his head and feet with every revolution coming in contact with the ceiling." We are further told that he was dashed against the ceiling in this way about one hundred and eighty times, and that he was then released, with his legs broken, his boots beaten off, and "his heels and feet torn and battered, his head severely crushed, and his arms and body also much bruised." He had suffered all that torture without being killed; he was taken up alive and sent to the infirmary, where he endured a few more hours of suffering before he died. Well, what is this to Bradford? What can the factory owners care? Little enough, thinks the local editor, and therefore he takes care to put the trifle in a corner among other trifles, wasting not more than one sen-

tence upon it, thus: "An accident occurred on Tuesday morning at — mill, whereby a boy was so severely injured by the machinery, that he died at the infirmary the same afternoon."

When the details of the case were sent to us, there were already two letters on our table, from gentlemen who were determined that we should not be convinced, against the evidence, by anything that our antagonists might say. Never mind what they say, we were told; note what they do. In these letters came the details of another case. This victim was a man aged forty-nine, whose steadiness of character is assured, one may hope, by the fact that he had been thirty-five years in the service of the employers by whose unfenced shaft he was at last beaten to death. He was working in the washhouse of some bleach-works owned by a firm in very high repute, and was fastening one of the clams, when his woollen apron was caught by an upright shaft but eighteen inches from a wall; he was dragged round, beaten against the wall, and also against an iron pipe in the same neighbourhood, and killed upon the spot.

In each case an inquest was held, and the affair was taken quietly, quite as a thing of course, accounts being squared with society by a matter-of-fact verdict: "Accidental death." Upon this, nevertheless, must follow that which the National



Association (for the Protection of the Right to Mangle Operatives) calls the unjust and scandalous interference of the law. That law, hitherto half dormant, is awake, and bent upon enforcing the command that all these deadly shafts shall no longer mangle or murder, every year, two thousand human creatures; but that they shall be henceforward securely fenced. If it were usual to have an unfenced shaft in the counting-house, and if only one highly respectable capitalist had his head beaten flat, his ribs cracked, and his feet wrenched from his shins by it, the idea might possibly occur to the National Association that there are dangers connected with machinery against which human life could be, and therefore ought to be, protected. Or will the Association depute one of its body to try a turn or two about an unfenced shaft, and thereafter report practically against the poetising vein of men who pander to a spurious humanity?

#### THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

THE following letter was addressed by a candidate for office, to a Board of Guardians. It is exactly copied.

Sir

I have seen an advertisement for a Master and Matron for the Workhouse. Now I mean to try for the Job if you think Sir, that I can manage the business I will leave it to your judgment

wether I can do, and whether is it any use for me to try because there will be many otherers I suppose now you see my hand writeing it is rather bad and you can ges wat I can tolk of englis as for irish let me a lone for it I am 48 yeare of age and my wife is 46 shee can so and net and she had far beter educasion than I ever had, I was a farmer for 30 years in the same farm that my Father and Grand Father was, payd all the rents in the dwe years, I sold all my stock for America and went to Liverpool and my wife went poorly and we put back her I am now doing nothing as for a caritor I dont now what to say I am a member of the calvin methodist church and was chost as a Diacon 15 yeare ago, and I wel poove oll wat I say and will put £200 down for my honesty I have no acwintance with your gwardians a tol I wil leve it to you I have a couson I dont now whether he belongs to your Uunion or not, all that I am afraid is of making the acconts yp I can work single rul of three but I a afraid of Practice,

Now Sir i wil leve it to you, and if you please show this to som of the Gwardians I dont now the names of either of them. Be so good as to send me few lines wether you think better for me to try or not and you think there will be sum chance I will Come to the milling on the 10th of this month

I am your obedient Sarvant

\* \* \*

Direct as follows

\* \* \*

oll wat I say is in earnest, and in my own hand writing and my own words and Langwage Look inside for the Stamp

#### CURIOSITIES OF LONDON.

IN the course of the not unadventurous life of the humble individual who has the honour of addressing you, it was once his fortune or misfortune to reside in a small seaport town of the Levant. Oranges, grapes, dirt, and rascals, were the chief products of the town I will call Cattiva-



cane. There were some public buildings in the place, — a little church, than which I have seen some pigsties handsomer in England; the ruins of an old castle; a monastery, dedicated to San Birbante, held in peculiar veneration, for not only did the best red wine on the coast come from its vineyards, but it was positively reported to number among its brotherhood a monk who could read and write. There was also an infamous little den of robbery, extortion, indolence, incompetence, ignorance, cheating, foul smells, and lies, called the dogana, or custom-house; and attached to this — like a carbuncle — was a miserable little shed, where all the custom-house characteristics were to be found reproduced upon a smaller scale — the post-office of Cattivacane.

When any of my friends in England chose to remember that I, the individual, was alive, and out foreign, and were good enough to write to me, their letters, after having paid a prodigious outward postage in England — after having been fumigated with nauseous odours in abominable lazarettos, scorched, branded with hot irons, blistered, punctured with needles, and cut through and through with scissors, greased, stamped all over with illegible gibberish in many-coloured inks, blackened, defaced, and crumpled — were, long after the time of their due delivery, brought to Cattivacane,

when, if they were not thrown overboard in the passage of the boat from the ship to the shore, or eaten by the rats, or stolen, or used by the sailors for pipe-lights, they were transferred to our disgraceful little post-office, to await the persons to whom they were addressed coming to claim them. There were no postmen in the wretched place. There was no delivery; and all that could be done was to make periodical voyages of discovery to the post-office, and hunt diligently among the letters, rags, shavings, sacks, and baskets, till you found the missive addressed to you. Plenty of letters directed to Malta, Syria, Gallipoli, and even Constantinople, were always to be found among our letters; as to newspapers, they were kicking about the Levant for months — mere flotsams and jetsams of journalism; and report did say, that if a resident of Cattivacane were disappointed in receiving an expected communication, he not unfrequently indemnified himself by appropriating as many letters and newspapers, addressed to other places, as he could find.

There were almost as many difficulties in sending letters to England as in receiving them. You had first to hunt for the postmaster, who, when he was not asleep, was hunting fleas, or smoking, or fuddling himself with rosolio, but lying and swindling always. Then, when you had recovered from the pes-

afis afis  
stje a stje a stje  
'p:q' 'p:q' 'p:c  
d, 'b:d, 'b:d, 'b:c



tiferous odour of rank oil, garlic, and tobacco smoke which ordinarily hung about this government officer (what a government and what an officer!), you had the pleasure of struggling with him as one might struggle with wild beasts at Ephesus, about the date of the mail-steamers calling for letters, and specially about the amount of homeward postage. Much screaming in that horrible compound of Italian, French, Romaic, Turkish, and thieves' Latin, known as *Lingua Franca*; much violent gesticulation; much expectoration; and, in many cases, threats of personal violence; were always necessary before a letter could be definitely posted at Cattivacane. The altercations I have had with that postmaster make me tingle with irritation even now. He cheated like a thimble-rigger; he perjured himself like a witness in a running-down case; yet withal, at last, he cringed like one of Mr. Van Amburg's wild animals after he has been well chastised with the crowbar, and, wishing to rend him, fawns upon him pitifully. The chief cause of dispute between myself and the postmaster was the (by him considered undue), amount of manuscript that I chose to send for a single rate of postage. I happen to write a very small, cramped, microscopic hand, and I ordinarily use, when abroad, the very thinnest of foreign letter-paper. It used to cause the

cane the most exquisite annoyance to have to receive and weigh my letters — to see through the transparent envelope the close-set lines crossed and re-crossed — to feel how many sheets of paper, closely written upon, there were inside, and yet to know that the amount of postage chargeable upon this vast quantity of written matter was ridiculously small. I always got the best of him in argument and action; but only after the abuse, gesticulation, and threats of which I have made mention. His favourite objection — dancing, screaming, and pawing the air meanwhile — was, "*Troppa scrittura Kyrie Ingliz — Troppa scrittura!*" (too much writing, Oh, English Lord — too much writing!) by which I suppose he meant that I wrote too small a hand to satisfy the revenue of the government: that there was too much writing in my letters, and for too little money.

Now this brief objection, *troppa scrittura* (to explain the origin of which I have inflicted on you the foregoing little apologue), appears to me applicable to many other things besides closely-written letters. Frequently, watching the world as it wags, and the dupers and duped walking up and down, and going to and fro on it, I find persons, institutions, books, that tempt me sorely to call out *troppa scrittura!* — too much writing! The eighteenth of Gloriana, cap six, sec four, with its endless be it further



enacted and provided always, will make me cry out, almost disloyally, *troppa scrittura*. The filling of five columns of a newspaper for which I have paid five-pence, with the five thousand names of the noble and honourable personages who attended Gloriana's last levee (Long may she reign!), all of whose names I have seen five thousand times before, and never want to see again; the correspondence in which I am at present engaged with her Majesty's Postmaster-General relative to the banknote I sent by post last Christmas twelvemonth, and which never reached its destination, and which correspondence, bound, would make a handsome folio volume already; the novels, tales, romances, essays and facetious sketches sent to me as editor of the *Boomerang*, monthly magazine, for perusal; the abominable mass of roundhand MS. written on folio foolscap and stitched with green ferret, which Messrs. De Murrey and Plee have sent me, and call their bill of costs; — these, and a thousand things besides, move me to exclaim in anger and bitterness of spirit, *troppa scrittura! troppa scrittura! too much writing!*

I have before me a work written by Mr. JOHN TIMBS, F. S. A., called *Curiosities of London*. Before I commenced its perusal, and glancing merely at its title, I found myself sorely tempted (being perchance somewhat bilious and hypochondriacal that

morning), to ask Mr. Timbs and myself the question if we had not had *troppa scrittura*, already about London, its curiosities, history, antiquities, topography, and general social aspect. London past, London present, London even to come; Roman London, Saxon London, Norman London; old London Bridge; the Tower of London; Newgate, Whitehall, Whitefriars and Whitechapel; the Strand, the squares, the streets, the lanes, the courts, the alleys, the suburbs and the slums; London characters; the heads of its people; the statistics of its trade, commerce, shipping, consumption of provisions, crime, population, births, deaths and marriages; the inns of London, the clubs of London, the theatres of London, and the dens of London; the Silent Highway; Smithfield, the Parks, Vauxhall Gardens, and Highbury Barn; Sunday in London; Figaro in London; Bell's Life in London, Giovanni in London; London cries, London sights, London noise and bustle; the tricks of London trade, would all seem to have been written about up to the *troppa scrittura* point. There is scarcely a writer at the present day, I believe, connected with the periodical press, but who has written picturesque, humorous, or descriptive sketches upon the sights, characters, and curiosities, moral and physical, of the Great Metropolis, the Great Wen, the Modern Babylon, the World of



London, the Giant City, the Monster Metropolis, the Nineveh of the nineteenth century, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. I even think that desultory essays upon some London curiosities have from time to time found their way into this journal; and I am afraid I must myself plead guilty spontaneously to having from time to time had something to say in a garrulous, discursive, rambling, digressive manner, about the bricks and mortar, the men and women, the ups and downs, the Lords and Commons, of London.

The question is, whether we are yet arrived at the troppa scrittura, or too much writing stage; whether in the ponderous folios of Stow, Camden, Pennant, Strype, Maitland, and Burgess; the thousand and one guide-books; the lucubrations of Ned Ward and Pierce Egan; the charming sketches of Addison, Steele, and Goldsmith; the stern vigorous satire of Johnson; the elaborate yet compendious handbook of Mr. Peter Cunningham; the positively innumerable sketches and essays upon London men, London manners, and London things that have poured unceasingly from the press since the time of the Great Revolution, there has been yet sufficient information promulgated upon London topics; whether, in a word, there was an inch of ground left to stand upon in the field of London literature when Mr. John Timbs, F. S. A., came forward

with more curiosities than Mr. Roach Smith and Mr. Bernal ever possessed in their collections.

After an amusing and instructive journey through the book I incline to the opinion: not only that the author of *Curiosities of London* has done well, and deserves well of his country in having said and written the things therein set down, but also that not half — nay, not one quarter — nay, not one tithe enough has yet been written about London; and that a legion of novelists, essayists, humourists, artists, archæologists and antiquaries might forthwith sit down and write volumes more on the subject of London, and that without exhausting the subject. This is said without the slightest idea of disrespect or disparagement to the labours of Mr. Timbs. What he has done he has done excellently well. He has given us much valuable information respecting the monuments, public buildings, streets and parks of London; much curious gossip about old taverns and coffee-houses, odd characters and customs. We live in half-a-dozen Londons while strolling through Mr. Timbs's kindly, chatting, shady-green-lane sort of a book. We see the quaint Elizabethan London with its peaked gables, diamond-latticed windows, ruffs, farthingales, trunkhose, floors strewn with rushes. streets infested by footpads, cavalcades on horseback, clergymen with beards and moustachios, twelve-oared



barges, carved ceilings, stately, formal furniture, flat-capped 'prentices, and cozy merchants in velvet doublets and golden chains. We walk with Sir Thomas Gresham on the Bourse, or take oars at Essex House; or attend a broad daylight performance at the Globe Theatre; or go to the Bear Garden, hear bad language and see Sackerson loose; or dine at the French ordinary; or watch those hard-featured country gentlemen going to the Commons House at Westminster to pass that famous statute of Elizabeth — the English Poor Law. Or, by a great favour, and much bribery of porters and guards, we are enabled to penetrate to the sacred court itself, and see a court masque, with moving towers, ships sailing on dry land, dancing fawns and satyrs, and fantastic masquers, addressing the court in paraphrastic bombast from Chapman's Homer, and bringing all the gods and goddesses in Olympus to bear upon the queen's highness, her virtues, beauty, and awful might. It is very pleasant to think of these things, cutting the leaves of this new old book; — pleasant to glide from the London of Elizabeth to the London of James — Ben Jonson's masques, Inigo Jones's fine scene-painting; the powder-plot; the suppers at the Mitre, the Mermaid, and the Devil, — that Raleigh and sturdy Ben, and gentle Shakspeare, and melodious Herrick, and antithetical, quaint,

half-fanatical, half-humorous, whole hypochondriac Doctor John Donne attended: pleasant and sad to see the first Charles's London — the Star Chamber; Hollar's House by the river; Master Rubens, soon to be Sir Peter Paul, painting the ceiling of the Banqueting House — the Banqueting House! ah me! — with the apotheosis of King James; Henrietta Maria's French priests and shavelings prowling about Whitehall, and mobbed by zealous but somewhat intolerant Protestants; the Trainbands, the melting of the citizen's plate; the fatal thirtieth of January with the Banqueting House again; the stiff, starched, puritanical, gloomy but firm and iron-willed London of Oliver Cromwell; theatres closed, may-poles hewn down, superstitious pictures burnt; committees of sequestration sitting out sermons four hours long; Don Pantaleon Sa going to Tower Hill to be beheaded; the reign of the Saints upon earth; and the liturgy of the Church of England read furtively and surreptitiously in holes and corners. And then a pleasant, riotous, naughty London; coffee-houses, the Mall, with the witty worthless king walking faster than his courtiers, whistling to his spaniels, losing them too, as often as he lost his honour, and advertising for their recovery in the London Gazette; feeding the ducks, visiting the aviary in the "Birdcage" walk, giving Dryden a hint for his



poem of the Medal, riding about among the ruins of the Fire of London — the only brave and manly thing he ever did, — dicing, chambering, and cheating *Dei gratiâ*. This London is a brave, wicked place. Hackney coaches, basset-tables; the Duke of Buckingham's chymistries, paintings, fiddlings, and buffooneries; Dryden cudgelled; Elkanah Settle writing odes for Lord Mayor's day; Dr. Oates's flowing periwig, lodgings at Whitehall, and atrocious perjuries; the crowds following the body of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey to the tomb, and howling death to the papists; the Plague; the Fire; the rebuilding of the mighty city; the mutinous sailors round Mr. Samuel Pepys' house, frightening the worthy Clerk of the Acts to such an extent, that he scarcely dared send a pie to the bakehouse; Mr. Pepys himself ordering new clothes of his tailor, and resolving henceforward to "go like himself," and be shabby no more; pottering about the court, making that famous speech of his at the bar of the House of Commons, which he records to have been declared the best speech that ever was made; singing in duets of his own composition; bustling about the theatres, hearing Knipp her part while Nelly "was all unready, and was cursing because there were so few people in the pit." But we must not tarry in this London; it has as many curiosities and anecdotes as there

are grains of sand in an hour-glass. Evelyn's house at Deptford, Lady Castlemaine's fine linen, Dunkirk House, the Duke of Ormond kidnapped, and well-nigh assassinated in Piccadilly; Dryden's house in Gerrard Street: farewell, thou wicked, witty, swash-buckling, roystering, unprincipled London of the two last Stuart kings!

The book to which I have referred, is perhaps richest in curiosities and chatty anecdotes relative to London during the last half century. The writer shows us the Chapter Coffee House in Saint Paul's Churchyard, with all the wits and booksellers who were wont to congregate there, and Alexander Stevens's favourite box, and Macklin's gold-laced cocked hat. The Chapter was the last house in London where you could have a real "dish of tea." It more resembled a bason full of tea than anything else; but it was still known, called for, and recognised, as a dish. The Chapter also within these very latter days was the house of call for clergymen out of place — jobbing parsons, as they were expressively, though not very respectfully called. These reverend men were accustomed to assemble at the Chapter early on Sunday mornings; with a surplice (not very clean sometimes), a pair of bands, and a cassock and hood, conveniently stowed in a blue bag. If there happened to be a hitch at any metropolitan or even subur-



ban church of the Establishment any Sunday morning through the absence or illness of the incumbent, forthwith an express was sent down to the Chapter for a jobbing parson; a bargain was struck; and the reverend gentleman started off to the church where he was to do duty — to read the service or to preach the sermon (which he had ready written, and sometimes, I am afraid, ready printed, in his pocket), as the case might be. The usual fee was a guinea, but half that amount was sometimes accepted; and instances have been known, under peculiar circumstances, for bargains to be concluded for the performance of a whole service, complete, including clean canonicals, for three half crowns and a pint of sherry wine.

Considering that Mr. Timbs's work forms a thick and closely-printed octavo volume, I cannot reasonably be expected to compress into the limits of this paper anything like a proportion of the Curiosities mentioned by the author, whose labours form the subject of my text. The ground is moreover so tempting, that were I to begin to discourse upon some subjects that I love, I should find myself at the end of my literary tether before I had half accomplished the task I had proposed to myself. So I must say, Farewell to Piccadilly, Knightsbridge, Chelsea, Brompton, and Kensington, with all their recollections, fraught as they are with antiquarian and

historical interest. Farewell to more enticing Fleet Street; Johnson, Goldsmith; Temple Bar with Townley and Fletcher's skulls there, grinning on spikes far into George the Third's reign. Farewell to the blood-stained meadows — the "Field of Forty Footsteps." Farewell to the Strand, Charing Cross, Whitehall, the Haymarket, Pall Mall, and St. James's Street. Much, and much that is interesting, Mr. Timbs has told us about these familiar haunts; the old mansions, old legends and traditions, old denizens and frequenters. More, however, much more remains to be said; and legions of Cunninghams and Timbs's yet unborn may write octavo volumes, thick and closely printed, as useful and entertaining as their predecessors, before the great well of London curiosity and London anecdote can be dried up. Even as there are more fish in the sea than ever came out of it, so there are more wonders in London than the most patient searcher for curiosities has yet been enabled to discover.

I know a few of the curiosities of London, which I shall be happy to catalogue for the behoof of some future museum of metropolitan antiquities. I think I have seen London under as many aspects as most men, and know it tolerably well: its stony streets, its heart of marble, and its entrails of brass. I have seen London from the windows of a gilded carriage (not my own though). I



have seen it from the kerb where on cold days I have been standing shivering: I have looked at London through the doors of mean coffee-shops, and through bars and gratings. The doors of London have been shut in my face, and then, after a season, they have been opened to me with great pomp and ceremony, and I have passed into Dives' house as a guest. I have seen London asleep and awake in the early morning, and in the dead night; in rags, and in state liveries, in sickness and in health, in murder and sudden death. I have gone up the Grand Staircase, and have taken an ice from John the footman's tray, and I have gone down into the cellar in Low Lane, and slept there among the rags and bones. I have ridden a tall horse in the park, and drawn up at Achilles' statue among the dandy horsemen, and taken off my hat as the Queen went by. And I have gone up Holborn Hill — in a cart — though I have not yet exactly taken my gill at St. Giles's, or made my will at Tyburn. For I have had the key of the street, and have known the secrets of the gas, and have communed with the pavingstones. And, perhaps with some fifty thousand others, I may be a curiosity of London myself.

Of men and women who are curiosities of London there are thousands. To my mind, a certain worthy, honourable, and gallant member of parliament, colonel of militia, and extensive

landowner, is to the full as curious as any of the odds and ends of antiquarianism; as London Stone, as St. John's Gate; as Padlock House, at Knightsbridge; as old Bartlemy Fair — shows, sausages, sweeps and all; as a Wardour Street man-in-armour, or as (the hirsute appearance of our dear colonel being taken into consideration) one of the by-gone lions in the Tower. Old people down in Lincolnshire, too, will, in after years, relate how the gallant colonel, disdaining and denouncing bribery and treating at elections, nevertheless gave each voter's wife a pound of green tea on his own septennial return to Parliament, and how he boldly avowed the fragrant gift in Mr. Speaker's presence, and announced his intention of repeating it at every general election until his (the colonel's) dissolution, an event that may be expected at about the same time as the Greek Calends. Veterans in Chelsea and Kilmainham — veterans in large cuffed greatcoats, with wooden legs, with patches over their eyes — "shouldering their crutches and showing how fields were won" — will tell how their first essays at soldiering were made in the gallant colonel's own regiment of militia, and how, after arduous field-days, he was wont to treat each rank and file, down to the very drummers, to a pint of strong ale. Parliament and Palace Yard will tell how the colonel strode over its broad pavement, his umbrella under his



arm, his wide-hemmed trousers flapping over his wellingtons, his unbrushed hat at the back of his head, his huge shirt collars so stiff and sharp and pointed en avant, that they seemed couched like lances, and ready to charge any number of windmills; his eyeglass, with its broad black ribbon fluttering in the breeze; his eyes wild staring; his marvellous unkempt locks tangling, flying, ed-dying over his face. His praises will be sung in the Grand Avenue of Covent Garden Market, and fruiterers and florists will tell how he smelt melons, and tasted grapes, and bought bouquets of their grandsires. White-headed auctioneers will recount how he bought ancient weapons and armour, strange curiosities and knicknacks at public sales. Ah! could he but have sold, could he but sell himself as a curiosity! What Bernal, what Hope, what Soane, what Roach Smith collection could vie with the Museum where he was placed!

It is strictly in accordance with our colonel's being a curiosity of London that he is strictly indigenous to it, and is not known abroad. Every Frenchman is familiar with the names of Sir Peel and Lor Russell. Wellington's name is known all over the world. Balmerson (vide Mr. Borrow), and Palmerstoni (vide Mr. Lear), both familiar corruptions of a certain old joker in a high place are yet affectionately remembered in Spain and Italy. But I question if a hundred educated

foreigners, abroad, ever heard of our colonel.

The man and woman curiosities of London are not all public property, like our gallant friend just dismissed. There are some human curiosities of London, however, whom I may allude to without offence. There is the wonderful old gentleman who, in the present advanced state of civilisation, will persist in wearing a pig-tail and hessian boots. It is only on sunshiny mornings that you can see this respectable old relic of days gone by. He shuns bad weather, for rain would doubtless impair the lustre of those (I think I may call them, without exaggeration, matchless), hessians, and the stiffness of his well-tied pig-tail. He is a curiosity now. The butcher boy puts down his tray to look at him; the town-made dog cocks up his ears at him; the adult servant-maid stands agape at him, with the latch-key in one hand, and the beerjug in the other. Yet we wore hessian boots ourselves in our youth, and our fathers wore pig-tails. It must be always so. A wide-awake hat and an all-round collar may be curiosities in eighteen hundred and eighty. I dare say the mob stared and gaped at the last coat-of-mail, the last ruff and pair of trunk hose, the last pinked doublet, the last vandyked collar, the last Steenkerk cravat, the last Ramilies wig, or the last hoop (a ladies' hoop I mean), that appeared in London streets. There are many bad things, which, thank



Heaven, are curiosities of London now: the rack, the thumb-screw, the scavenger's daughter, the little ease, the boot, the peine forte et dure, the pillory, Tyburn, the Star chamber, the Palace Court, the stocks, the penal laws against Catholics. Let us hope that, in a few years more, that baby chronicler we spoke of may have to record, in his list of London curiosities gone by, much red tape, more rusty parchment, the whip, gin, sour-Sundays, dirt, rags, much parliamentary pork as exhibited in gammon, and much parliamentary vegetation as exemplified in spinach.

Who may this hessian-booted old gentleman (without curiosity) be? Sometimes I find him sunning himself in Long Acre, that curious stream of the highest commercial respectability running between vile shores — the horrors of Seven Dials and St. Giles's on one side, the slums of Covent Garden on the other — the river that rises from the dubious spring-head of St. Martin's Lane, affects a junction with the Ohio of Drury Lane, and then, as a broad estuary, changing its name to Great Queen Street, falls at last into the ocean of Lincoln's Inn Fields. When I meet hessian-boots in the Acre, I take him sometimes for a retired coachmaker, immensely wealthy, lingering about his old haunts; sometimes for a descendant of, if not that very nabob who ordered his groom to go round to the stables and order "more curricles" for

his guests. But, the next day perhaps, I meet him, still sunning himself, in the street of Esculapius, the doctors' walk — Savile Row. Then I set him down as Queen Charlotte's apothecary, or as one of George the Third's medical attendants during his lunacy. I can't help it, but I fancy him, too, sometimes as the Doctor Fell whom Doctor Johnson didn't like, though, to the best of my belief, Doctor Fell was a college don and not a medico.

Curiosity upon curiosities! are not the coachmakers' shops in Long Acre — no; I cannot call them shops — warehouses: no; sheds, covered yards, I have it, repositories, curiosities of London? There is nothing more curious you may say in numerous members of the same trade congregating in the same street than that watchmakers should live in Clerkenwell, Italian image-sellers and organ-grinders in Leather Lane, silk-weavers in Spitalfields, butchers in Clare Market, and lawyers in the Temple. Yet the coachmakers in Long Acre are to me curious among the curious. Here, in this sorry neighbourhood, crime and sorrow and hunger pacing up and down; the gin-palaces yawning like the horse-leech's daughters for prey; the pawnbrokers' boxes ever open, like graves; shabby trades and tenements squeezed in between the huge repositories, like thin passengers riding bodkin between corpulent ladies in a stage-coach; steaming eating-houses



and pudding and pie shops; dim chandleries, and places where tailors' trimmings are sold; here, among the cabbage-stalk refuse of the adjoining market, the lees of wort from the brewery hard by, the unaccountable gutter-muck heaps of back-slum poverty (for those who have nothing, always seem to throw away the most); here are the carriages drawn up in trim array, painted, varnished, seated on gossamer springs, gilt, furbished, decorated, silk-lined, squabbed, matted — with silver axle-boxes, plate-glass windows, crimson curtains, bearskin hammercloths, coats of arms, plated crests — that are to carry rank and beauty, gold and blood, to court and opera, concert and ball, Ascot race and horticultural show. A few more days' sojourn in the repository, a little more dusting, mopping, brushing, and polishing, and my lord's carriage will be ready for removal to the mews near Belgrave Square; for the high-priced horses (jobbed) to be harnessed before; for the fat, curly-wigged coachman to mount atop; for the ambrosial footmen with the large calves and the gold-headed sticks to get up behind. The carriage will be ready then for the reception of my lord and of my lady, of my lady's daughters, my lady's governess, my lady's nurse, my lady's babies, and my lady's lapdogs. O! lords and ladies who ride about in carriages; O! countess lolling on the cushions; O! noble lord going down to the house to split hairs with your noble friend; O! young nobility, moustachioed, chained, and ringed, rattling to the club in your broughams; O! loungers over silverfork novels, holders of parasols, nodders to acquaintances in the Ring, condescending interlocutors of the honey-spoken young men in the employ of Messrs. Swan and Edgar and Messrs. Rundell and Bridge; O! drivers up to banking-houses, drivers out to Richmond, "stoppers of the way" on rainy nights before theatres and great houses, card-leavers at Park Lane mansions, book-signers at Buckingham Palace; O! carriage people, titled and untitled; do you know what sort of men and women have seen your carriages in Long Acre before they were brought to the mews near Belgrave Square? Do you know anything of the feeding, tending, lodgement, raiment, of the miserable beings who, crossing the Acre to buy a red herring or a bundle of firewood at the chandler's shop, have stopped to stare at the coachmakers' men dusting the grand carriages? Do you know anything of the ragged Gwillims and d'Hoziers who have commented upon the harlequinaded heraldry on your coach panels, who have glozed over the griffins and winged birds, the bends and lozenges, the crests and mottoes, which they could not have read had they been even in English instead of dog-latin — all with the same dull, stony, helplessly en-



vious glare as that which they bestow upon the penn'orths of pudding they have no pence to buy, in the shop opposite? Do you know what sort of humanity it is that paces the Acre after nightfall, up and down in the rain, up and down in bedraggled shawls, long after the great iron shutters of the repositories have been put up? Take physic, Pomp, in Long Acre. Look at the fever palanquin turning round the corner; consider the children coming out of the pawnbrokers', and the women going into the gin-shops; glance up the infamous courts; lean against the posts, make one of the hungry band before the pudding shop; ponder well upon your carriage-wheels, and remember when they roll swiftly, almost noiselessly, down the Acre towards Belgravia, how much of the mud beneath them is human.

Let me glance at a few more of the living curiosities of London. There is the barefooted man with the enormous red beard, ragged in his person, spasmodic in his demeanour, who is supposed to have a mission, who is reported to be one hundred and ten years of age, and who, I was once told, on very excellent authority, was a bill-discounter of the sharpest order. There is the gentleman in seedy, but continually changing costumes, who seems to me to be Proteus and Briareus combined; for he is always appearing in different shapes and different phases of manipulative labour in different parts of the

metropolis — now selling sealing-wax, now pens, now vermin-annihilators, now removing the grease stains from the cuffs and collars of little boys' jackets, but always haranguing his audiences in a loud, confident, alcoholically-sonorous voice; from time to time propounding riddles and conundrums, such as, If the devil were to lose his tail, where would he go to get a new one? Answer: To the gin-shop, because there they *re-tail* the worst of spirits. Or (this was during the corn-law unpopularity of Sir Robert Peel), Why is Sir Robert Peel like a counterfeit shilling? Answer: Because he's a bad Bob! These riddles are poor and bald, but the inflections and deflections of the Protean man's voice during their delivery are humorous. He has a ready wit, too, has my Protean friend; he is as ready at repartee as at legerdemain, and has as many quick rejoinders and retorts, more or less courteous, as he has avocations. He is a difficult man to tackle. I once heard him shut-up (to continue the indulgence of another curiosity of London, slang) a friend of mine who had trod the Thespian waggon, shod now with the cothurnus, now with the sock, now with the buskin; who, in other words, had once been a country actor. My friend, witnessing his performance, essayed to "chaff" him.

"You needn't laugh," said Proteus, "I was one of you once."



My friend blushed deeper than red-ochre; he remembered what he had himself done in the low-comedy and general-utility lines; and sneaked down Carlisle Street, Soho (at the corner of which the performance was taking place), in a humiliated manner.

There are many men about London — natives of a metropolitan province I mean to describe some day, Lower Bohemia — whom I will not recognise as curiosities because they are either quacks or mendicants. Such are the fellows who sell herbs and nostrums and medicated ginger cakes about the streets; such are the knavish vendors of sealed packets and straws, of brass medals of the devil flying away with the King of Hanover, as sovereigns for a wager; such even the professors of outdoor chromo-lithography, — the artists who draw tinted portraits, and mackerel, and broken plates, and flourishing specimens of caligraphy on the pavement. I used formerly to entertain some respect and sympathy for these latter industrials; but I found out early one morning, while watching a professor commencing art for the day, just outside the Surrey toll-gate, of Waterloo Bridge, that he made use of a series of stencilled patterns for his outlines; knew nothing whatsoever of design; and only possessed, in tinting and finishing, a paltry degree of mechanical ingenuity, which might have been far better employed in

some honest trade. Avaunt ye quacks! in whatsoever guise ye may be found.

Eccentricity, however, though combined with a slight dash of Lower Bohemianism, may charitably be ranked among things curious. The gentleman known to the initiated as Porky Clark, was a curiosity. The man in rags and a cocked hat, who to this day is to be found on Epsom Downs at race meetings, who tells you that he is a Master of Arts, quotes scraps of Homer and Virgil, and prefaces and terminates every quotation by this talismanic exclamation: — “Another bottle of sherry — plop!” — is a curiosity. Curiosities, too, are most of the professors of hard-lines: the man who, with marvellous quickness and accuracy, cuts out the black profiles; the man who, with a piece of chalk on a public-house floor, will delineate in very tolerable heraldry, the coat-of-arms and motto of any noble family you like to name; the thin, haggard, moustached, restless-eyed man who sells the tasty little roulette-boxes, and who looks as if he had lost some thousands at that enticing game himself; and specially that leather-lunged Lablache of the streets in the guise of a sweet-stuff seller, whose deep bass solo

My bra-a-ndy bawls!

My bra-a-ndy bawls!

My slap up, slap up brandy bawls!

yet rings in my ears. These individuals I consider curiosities,



and respectfully recommend them to the notice of the compiler of the *Curiosities of London* against the publication of his tenth edition.

I am sorry that I have not the advantage of a thick octavo volume, as a museum for *my* curiosities. A poor little essayist, I am limited to columns. I can offer no mighty sirloin to my readers, but must be content with a modest cut off the joint. Yet, to employ the homely language of the proprietor of the ham-and-beef warehouse opposite, I am privileged to "cut and come again," and when other curious things and people occur to me, I shall not fail to trespass on your patience once more.

### UNDER THE SEA.

THE town in which I am now living is much changed from that it was some sixty years since. My great aunt and her chambermaid were almost the sole inhabitants of a district that numbers forty thousand souls. It was at the very window at which I write this, she sat (I have her letter by me), and wrote these words to her sister, dwelling inland — a shepherdess, with a satin gown without a waist, according to this picture over the mantelpiece: "The day is calm and pleasant, and the great vessel in the offing betwixt us and the fair island sways not a handsbreadth, nor can flutter a single pennant."

Then, in quite another trembling hand, and yet the same, is added: "When I had written that sentence, Dorothy, I looked again, southwards, and the sea was as still as before, and the fair island sparkled in the sun; but betwixt us and it I saw no trace of the great three-decker. I thought my brain was wrong, and rang the bell for Agnes; but when she too could see nothing of the ship, a horrid fear took hold of me. Moreover, from the seaport, a mile away, there came a solemn murmur, and a fleet of fishing-boats put off — too late, too late, I fear — from every creek and cove, so that we knew the glorious vessel was gone down, with all her company. I hear near a thousand men were aboard of her; but at present we know nothing certain."

Even to this day this thing is interesting to us; and furniture enough to stock a hundred warehouses, not to mention snuff-boxes, card-cases, candlesticks and knife-handles by thousands, have been made out of the timber of the sunken ship. Accounts of the dreadful accident, describing how she canted over on one side, bound in boards taken from the vessel, are raffled for at all our watering-places. The very walking-stick I use was rescued from her hulk, beneath the sea, — or, at least, it has a brazen biography upon it that asserts so much. If a quarter of these things be genuine, there can be little left of her. Two ships were



anchored over her for years, with diving apparatus; and fathoms deep, and miles away from shore, the divers plied their trade. It is with some of these we have to do.

The Seven Cricketers, over against this house, was kept, until a few years back, by an old diver. I often used to wonder, when I was a boy, how he managed to accommodate himself to that airy situation and dry skittle-ground after his restricted sphere of action in his great bell and helmet, under the midst of the sea. Thomas Headfurst was very communicative to me in these early days indeed, and I was very grateful. I could sit in his red-curtained back parlour for hours together, under a fusillade of shag tobacco-smoke, to hear him tell of the wonders of the deep; and he never balked my wishes in that respect. His family, he told me, had been divers for centuries, long before science had interfered with that profession — when the poor

Ceylon Diver held his breath,  
And went all naked to the hungry shark;

when stark, nude athletes, with sponges dipped in oil, to hold more air than lungs could carry, staid their five and ten minutes in the caves of the sea; when Sicilian Nicholas, surnamed the Fish, and webbed in hands and feet like a duck, plunged fathoms deep after a single oyster, a terribly exhausting process before even the smallest of barrels

should have been completed, — who went in for pearls and coral, however, also, and lost his life in Charybdis by a cup too much, having already obtained one gold one from the whirlpool, and dipping for another to please the king of the Two Sicilies. One of Mr. Headfurst's ancestors, it may be, was of that party described by a savant of fifteen hundred, "who descended into the sea in a large tin kettle, with a burning light in it, and rose up without being wet," a feat seemingly as adventurous as that of the wise men of Gotham in their bowl. Who knows but that Thomas's great-great-grandfather (or even grandmother) may have dipped, in his (or her) time for the wrecks of the Armada, in "a square box bound with iron, furnished with windows, and having a stool in it"? for that is the description of a gigantic strong box given us, by which two hundred thousand pounds worth of property was fished up for the Duke of Albemarle, the son of Monk who had drawn prizes from vexed waters before him. Nay, whether our hero's family-tree had been bearing this submarine fruit so very long or not, it is certain his father followed the trade before him; and off the Irish coast, near Cork, his brother is or was a most distinguished diver. Whenever there was an adventure to be described a leetle too strong for even my infant faith, the narration was made oblique, and became a fa-



mily incident instead of a personal reminiscence, as:

"It was in the year fourteen, or, it may be, fifteen, when the *Dio-mede* went down, off Deal, and the guv'nor and a chum of his, named Bluffy, was appointed to be under the sea; for we be captains, like, and masters and all, when a ship once goes to the bottom, and wears, by consequence, a very singular uniform. Now, there was no better water-workmen in the Channel than them two; and they would have been employed still more constantly, and been yet better to do in the world, but for being so precious fond of their game of cribbage. All day long, in some little parlour like this present, they'd be knobbing, and heeling, and going, so that they was seldom ready when they was wanted, and went by the name of the Fifteen Two. However, the *Dio-mede* had bars of gold in her, and it was of the utmost consequence to work at her as hard and fast as might be. So Bluffy and the guv'nor was hauled out of their snug parlour to the minute, never mind where the game was, and out they was rowed to the lugger moored above the wreck, and down they was lowered in the bell. On one of those mornings, especially, they had a great mind to throw up their commissions, and go on pegging away all their lifetimes; but they thought better of it, and went aboard. Now, they was accustomed to be below a good long time, only this

day they stayed a precious deal longer, and the crew above began to be alarmed, and to think there was something wrong with the air-tube. Howsomever, as no signal had been given to draw up, they sent down a third man in a helmet, to see what had become of 'em, and a precious sight he sees: Bluffy and the guv'nor in their diving-dresses, sitting in the bell like a couple of magnified tadpoles, and cutting, and showing, and cribbing, with the cards and the board between them, just as though they were in the inn parlour, except that now and then they was nearly being suffocated, having forgotten to turn the air-cock. So the end of it was, Fifteen Two was never allowed to go down in the bell together no more."

"Dear me!" said I, "Mr. Headfurst, that seems a very extraordinary story."

"Xtrorniry, I believe you," said he, "but nothing like a fight I had once with a 'lectrical eel, in fifty fathom of water, west-by-south of St. Michael's Mount, in Cornwall. It was one of my earliest jobs, and I wasn't thoroughly used to the work at that time; and I hadn't a mate, either, to go down with me. It's a fright'ning thing that sinking sinking out of sight of everything, a'most, without knowing where you're going to, nor what you may find when you get there. This time the bell missed the wreck I was arter, entirely (which, as it happen'd, however,



was a very fortunate circumstance), and I was lowered down to the very bottom. Half way down, Master James, what should come into the machine but an enormous 'lectrical eel. He came in, young master, and he stopped in; and the higher the water rose in the bell, the nigher I got to the 'lectrical eel. I pulled my precious legs up on the seat, I promise you, and sat tailor fashion all the rest of the way; but when we touched ground at last, I wasn't above an inch or two off the beast, — boxed up under the ocean, within a couple of inches of being shocked to death. Well, as I said, I was new to the work, and having banged at him with a pickaxe till I was tired, and he slipped away from me just like oil, I thought it would be an easier thing to suffocate him than me; so I didn't turn no air on for ever so long, and found myself getting black in the face, while the animal was swimming and gliding like a gentleman in easy circumstances enjoying the spectacle, and every now and then a-splashing with his tail for moderate applause. So I gave up that dodge just in time, and resumed my pick. The more I picked, however, the less he chose, which was an unappreciated joke I made to myself during those trying events themselves, and I was obliged to try summut else. I laid bare the floor of the bell (which we can do within an inch or so), got him into shallow water, and very

soon finished him off. The skin is in the big chest, in my bedroom, and measures a hundred and twenty feet from tip to tip. I regret to say that the key is lost, or I should have great pleasure in showing it to you."

Once upon a time I persuaded Mr. Headfurst to let me accompany him on one of his submarine visits to the great three-decker which I first spoke of as sunken opposite. I was in a flutter of fright and joy such as youths who have only been down in the bell at the Polytechnic can form no idea of. I had the perfectest confidence in the machine, and, above all, in my friend Thomas, but still I was in a greater state of "blue funk" than most boys of fifteen have ever any reason to be. The bell could hold but two, so I took the place of the other diver — though, of course, without a helmet—opposite Thomas. I had become quite accustomed by this time to his hideous apparel above-board and on land, but as we sank lower and lower, and the light grew dimmer and dimmer, that terrible shako of his, and his pipes, and his paraphernalia grew frightfully unnatural to my perturbed vision, and I thought whether he might not be Davy Jones himself, and the bell his "locker." Now and then some strange and dreadful fish glided in upon us, but one glimpse of Thomas drove him out in an instant, and I didn't wonder. Nevertheless, it was far worse



when I was left in the machine alone — with the fullest instruction, of course, as to air tubes, but also in the deadliest terror of forgetting them — while my friend (the only friend I had in all the sea) went about his business over the wreck — a very wondrous experience that, and not easily forgotten. Many reflections of an original character ought to have occurred to me, without doubt, which I should have now described, but, as I said before, I was far too frightened to think of anything except air-tubes and getting up again. After the longest half-hour anybody ever passed in their lives, my merman reappeared. He had fixed his hooks and eyes round a great brass carronade, and was extremely buoyant in consequence.

“But,” said he, when we were in his snug parlour again that evening, and he had been congratulating me on my prowess; “but, Master James, you must come down with a helmet some day, and then you will see wonders.”

“Thank you, Thomas,” said I, “all the same, but enough is as good as a feast; I have had my duck, and enjoyed it, nor do I want another. I should like, however, to hear of anything interesting you may have met with under those circumstances.”

“Well,” said he, and he turned his quid in his mouth, and brought his right eye to bear steadfastly upon me, as was his

wont during compilation; “I will tell you of an occurrence that happened to my brother within the last few years; he has become an altered man since, I assure you, and generally takes a religious work down in the bell with him.

“There was a friend of his, mate to a West Indiaman that was outward bound in a few days from Cork, and Bill, my brother, and he had had a difference; what the quarrel began about I don’t rightly know, but the mate abused Bill’s profession, and called him an amphiborous lubber, or something like that, and Bill abused the mate and wished him under the sea, with never an air-tube; and the ship sailed without making it up. My brother was very sorry when it was too late — for amphiborous lubbers has their feelings like other folks — and greatly shook when news was brought, next morning, that the vessel had gone down not three miles from shore, with every soul on board. Just at starting, as it might be — with all her passengers so full of hope, agoing to join their friends again — she struck upon a rock off Early Point, and settled down, as it was supposed, about midnight in a few minutes. There was a good cargo of spice, and Bill was, of course, sent for immediate; there was but few bodies floated to shore, and, knowing he would see some terrible sights, he was not over-pleased at the job; but until they could



get more divers there was no choice, so down he goes to the vessel, and finds her fallen betwixt two reefs of rock, bolt upright, with masts standing and sails set, just as she settled down. She looked, he said, for all the world like any ship upon the surface, except that there was a hole broken in her side, where she had struck; her boats were slung almost uninjured, coils of rope were lying on the main-deck, the hatches were open and the door above the chief cabin stairs; the wet, swift fishes darted in and out of it, and the crabs were going about their work already when my brother descended. There were six or seven men in the cabin, gentlemen passengers, and a card or two that floated about showed they had been playing when the vessel struck; some of them were even standing upright, just as they started from their seats when they felt the shock, and one had a dreadful look, with pale, parted lips, as though a cry of agony had just escaped them; a young man and a girl — so like as to be sworn brother and sister — were embracing for the last time; the heaving of the sea, scarce felt at such depth, swayed all the figures to and fro — without a touch of decay, and instinct with all but life, was that ship's company. The captain, in his cabin, slept his last sleep quite placidly. The sailors, for the most part, were drowned within their hammocks, only those

whose duty necessitated their being on deck were washed off and driven ashore. The darkness had been so deep as to render the best look futile, the strongest swimming of no avail. All these things were sad enough, and Bill's nerves, iron as they were, were shaken sadly. Wandering about that living charnel-house, attired so unnaturally, seeking for gold in the very heart of ocean, it was terrible, and yet, Master James, though you look so shocked, it was his honest business so to do, and a far less hateful way of getting on in the world than is practised in high places daily; still, when he had found what he wanted and, laden with as many bags as he could carry, was returning to the main-deck by another way, it seemed to him the worst job he had been ever set to do — and, lo! at the foot of the companion-ladder, he met the man he knew so well, and parted with in wrath so lately, with one hand on the round, as if in the act of flight. The look upon the drowned man's face seemed to reproach him for his latest wish, so that he dared not put him aside and pass by, but turned back and went upon deck by the road he came; nor ever after that dreadful sight could brother Bill be brought to venture down into the sunk West Indiaman."

"Dear me, Mr. Headfurst," I said, "I never heard so frightful a tale in all my life."

"Nor I neither, Master James,



but it's true enough, and so my brother will tell you if you ask him. I don't happen, just at present, to remember his address, but he dives a good deal still, off the east coast of Ireland."

### A DEAR CUP OF COFFEE.

Most of our readers must have read the story of a noble army, sent out to wrestle with Russia, which had a pleasant variety of work to do. Sometimes it had to fight all day, and to dig in the trenches all night; and at other times it had to labour in the trenches all day, and to fight the Russians all night. But even this became monotonous at last. Change of work is as good as play; so some kind friends hit upon a happy mode of furnishing our soldiers with a little amusement. They sent out to them a sufficient supply of raw coffee to roast and grind. The smell of roasting coffee is known to be an exhilarating fumigator, and the operation of turning the handle of a coffee-mill is notoriously a first-rate calisthenic exercise. How often is benevolence misapprehended! The ungrateful military, instead of thankfully accepting the sportive recreation thus provided, threw their nice raw coffee away, strewing it over the ground in front of their tents, as if it had been so much horse-beans or pebbles; they went on sulkily with their fighting and working; and showed their

temper by going without coffee, rather than enter into the intentions manifested by their thoughtful well-wishers, the commissariat. The commissariat had good reason to complain of the insult implied by so marked a slight; but I have not yet heard of any steps being seriously taken to punish the offending parties. However, I have another true tale about coffee to tell, which may perhaps afford a useful hint, should our authorities hereafter be troubled with similar annoyances on the part of a thankless soldiery.

In a pleasant, well-known watering-place in France, the handsomest archway in one of its handsomest streets, serves as the entrance to the magazines of one of the wealthiest negotiants, whom I respect too highly to designate otherwise than as Monsieur LeVendeur, or Mister The-Seller, because the French verb "vendre" fully implies every shade of meaning conveyed by our own "to sell." How many thousand francs a day are M. Levendeur's business returns, I cannot precisely say, though I saw his books produced and unsealed in open court. Of course, Monsieur L. does not reside in the building approached by the aforesaid archway; he has a handsome villa outside the town, at the foot of the hill which slopes down to the river. Well — one day, some two months since, when this honourable merchant of Venice, like the



nursery king, was sitting in his counting-house, counting out his money, and while the queen, madame, mademoiselle, or whatever she may be, was in her chamber in the suburban villa eating bread and honey, pop came — not a black bird, but a couple of blue and yellow men, with cocked hats on their heads and swords by their sides, — individuals whom the gods call gendarmes, but whom the vulgar styled herrings, — and snapped off not merely M. L.'s nose, but his whole body corporate, through the instrumentality of a piece of paper drawn up by the minister of war, and bearing the Imperial signature, which ordered the immediate arrest of the eminent commercial speculator. In short, he was walked off, handcuffed, to prison. After a few weeks sojourn therein, he was transferred to another prison, to the city where the assizes are held, there to be dealt with according to law. The worst of it was, that poor Monsieur was not alone in his unmerited troubles. A valued acquaintance — how dear, how valued, it is impossible to say exactly, because the amount of the figure did not appear, though it must have been considerable, — but a highly estimated friend, one Monsieur Rougepain, a near relative of the English family of Nibbleloafs, an *officier comptable* or accountable officer, whose duty was to receive and take care of everything belonging to the army

(the provisions especially), was also carried off and clapped into prison; not into the same prison, where Pylades might soothe the sorrows of Orestes, but into quite a different prison, with a neat little chamber all to himself.

A little bird (though with rather long legs, a hawk's bill, and jet-black moustaches) having whispered in my ear that on a certain Thursday the Levendeur-Rougepain affair would come on and off, at the Cour des Assizes of St. Eloi, I determined to fly thither, on wings of steam. At nine in the morning, one of the twelve jurés took me under his wing, and also my bird (who talked so well that he was afterwards called upon to speak in public), marched with us through the streets of St. Eloi, led us into the court of the Palais de Justice, left my biped to shift for himself, but put me into a seat where I could both see and hear well; and then disappeared into his own proper Salle de Délibération, or deliberating room.

As a French court of justice differs materially from a English one, while the official personages are putting on their robes, I will describe that at St. Eloi — which, generalised, will give an idea of the rest. Outside, the building is plain Ionic; inside, Roman Doric, as far as bastard and unpretending architecture can be specified. The aspect of the room is something composite between a theatre, a concert-room, and a catholic church. Where the altar

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would be, are the seats of the president, with those of the judges on either side. Behind the president, by way of altar-piece, hangs a large picture of the Saviour on the cross, apparently intended to look the witnesses full in the face at the moment when they come forward to be sworn. Further to the president's right, is the seat and writing-table of the greffier, secretary, or clerk of the court; further to his left are the same articles of furniture belonging to the procureur-imperial, the nearest English for which official is, attorney-general. All these may be considered as placed within the sacred precincts and as appertaining to the altar itself. Dismiss now the idea of a church, and think of a stage; or combine the two by imagining the scene to be an ecclesiastical interior looking towards the altar. The wings on the imperial procureur's side are entirely occupied by the jury, in two rows, half-a-dozen in each, one above the other, with schoolboys' writing-desks before them, furnished with pens, ink, and paper. The procureur may thus easily play the part of a pedagogue; he can keep an eye upon their motions, frown them into good behaviour—give them a scolding, which he often does—and even administer a severe beating, not to them—that would not do—but to his own manly breast, the balustrade before him, the piles of documents on his table, or the crown

of his own black gold-laced bonnet. On the opposite side are, at the back, the bench of the accused, entered by a mysterious door from the interior of the building. At the end of that sad seat, nearest the audience, is a chair for the brigadier of gendarmes, who sits to watch his subordinates and the supposed criminals under their charge. In front of the bench of the accused is the bar, seats, and desks for the *avoués* and *avocats*, the attorneys and counsel, concerned in the case on either side, both for defence and prosecution; but not, as with us, affording room for all the members of the bar belonging to the circuit. Where the foot-lights would be is a step or two separating the stage from the audience part of the house. On the stage itself, one of the most conspicuous objects is an isolated armchair, raised on two or three steps like a throne, and in the very centre, in about the spot which a prima donna chooses to warble the grand bravura of the evening. This chair is the witness-chair. But though Amina, Norma, Rosina, and the rest of them, invariably turn their faces to the pit—notwithstanding that their singing is supposed to be addressed to a chorus of peasants, a Roman legion, or a party of Spanish nobles—the witness-chair turns its back on the public, to the great advantage of the parties most concerned, the accused, the advocates, the jury, and the presi-



dent, and to the equal disadvantage of the respectable mob who come into court simply for amusement, not to mention the difficulty occasioned to reporters, who have to listen close to catch the flood of syllables that sometimes gush forth from the lips of Gallic volubility. The orchestra is a row of pew-like seats, with stuffed cushions, to receive witnesses who have been examined, unemployed advocates, and such like. What would be the pit boxes is an open passage leading to the witnesses' waiting-room, which takes the place of a refreshment-saloon or cloak-room. The orchestra stalls, gained by a door inscribed "*Entrée privée*," are open to any well-dressed, well-behaved persons. The pit, to which you are admitted by the "*Entrée publique*" (literally, a parterre, or on the ground), has no seats, like Shakespeare's Globe Theatre and the existing one at Rouen, where the "groundlings" had and have to stand during the performance. This compartment is the usual resort of men in blouses, mechanics, and common soldiers. Here let me mention a bit of etiquette. During the trial, the president called out to some soldiers there to take off their caps, which they instantly obeyed; only those on duty, he said, had the right to keep them on. These sentinels, acting as door-keepers, are characteristic of the military spirit of the nation; while the rest of the costumes tell at a glance that

we have crossed to the south side of the Channel. Our own pacific blue-bottle policemen, are replaced by severe, respectable, military gendarmes, in cocked hats, light-blue trowsers, and yellow bands across their breasts. There are huissiers flitting to and fro — a superior sort of sheriff's-officers — officials casting important glances over the tops of their white cravats, otherwise clad throughout in black, with short stuff cloaks, like the cut-down gowns of fast collegians, or the mantles of noble seducers in melodramas. There are the avocats on either side, with their long, crimped, cravat-bands, high-crowned black caps, and full-sleeved gowns; the procureur-imperial, with a sky-blue silk sash beneath his robe; the black-robed judges, with high silver-laced caps, which they scrupulously keep on, to show their dignity; and between them the president, in open scarlet robe, leaving fully visible, on the left-hand button-hole of his coat, the cross of the Legion of Honour, pendant from its crimson attachment. He also keeps on his gold-laced cap.

First enter by the mysterious door the two accused, as closely attended as if they were mice, to be tried by a cats' court-martial. Levendeur, tall and elegant in manner, is thinner than when at liberty; you guess him to be supported by a secret presentiment that the worst will not come to the worst, after all. Rougepain has



an idea that the worst will really happen to him; that he shall have five, ten, or twenty years of forced labour, dragging, perhaps, a cannon-ball after him, in a convict's coat. His face is swollen and red with weeping; he weeps still; he has evidently wept all night; not a wink of sleep has healed those wretched eyelids. He wears no gaudy uniform now; he and his companion in disgrace, are clad in suits of funeral black. He is in retreat; he is no longer in employment as officier comptable. Some one has said, "Make me an example of these two men; my brave army shall not be poisoned, that furnishers may make a dishonest sou. The life of one private is of more importance to Europe than the pleasures, the villas, and the mistresses and the debts, of a hundred negotiants and accountable officers. Things may have been mismanaged in Algeria; Rougepain, perhaps, has taken lessons there. Algerian medical officers, with appointments of only two thousand francs a-year, could do no more than keep soul and body together, although leading a quiet bachelor life; while comptable officers drank champagne, ate truffles, kept their carriages and something else. It shall not be so in France."

It seems curious to an Englishman that many facts should be perfectly well known in France, which are never mentioned, nor even hinted at in the newspapers. All this passed about, in whispers, which people felt as unmistake-

ably as they feel the summer breeze that dances far and wide over the face of the land. Then there were counter-whispers, from the friends of the parties implicated. "Ah! this is something new. We have always had our way with the provisions, more or less, though other descriptions of army materials have been difficult or impossible to tamper with. He wants to curry favour with the army; he is hunting after popularity; he would like to show England how just and energetic he is. He is going to sacrifice poor Levendeur and Rougepain, who have done no worse than others have done before them, on the altar raised to the idol of Gallia Protectrix. Dear departed Louis Philippe would never have dreamed of such unheard-of harshness. And the matter, it seems, is to be prosecuted, although Levendeur has offered the minister of war a hundred thousand francs of damages, to settle the business amicably!" And then, again, there were rejoinder whispers from people—not a few—who have brothers, cousins, sons, and grandsons, at the mercy of such worthies as Levendeur and Rougepain. "He is right to insist that tricking traders shall be punished. Suppose that he is endeavouring to ingratiate himself with the army, what of that? The army has done its duty to himself and to France; one good turn deserves another; *un plaisir en vaut un autre*. Why should my brother and my child be dosed



with detestable drinks, while Levendeur and Rougepain daily enjoy their wine and coffee unadulterated? He is right. I wish they may both of them be condemned. We don't like fortunes made so fast; and besides, the douaniers and the commissary of police have hinted some anecdotes which do not entirely belong to ancient history."

So the whispers buzzed about; sometimes they were shot from eye to eye, without distinct or audible utterance by the lips, — when a side-door in the altar opened; a loud voice announced "La Cour;" everybody, the audience included, rose, and remained standing till the president had taken his seat, and the actual business of the day began. The jury, who had entered previously, rose, answered to their names one by one, raised their right hands as an oath to do their duty, and re-seated themselves. The accused also rose, answered to their name, employment, and dwelling, and resumed their places on the penitential bench. The greffier read a long act of accusation, to the effect that provision belonging to The State had been misapplied, and that the parties indicted were accomplices in the crime. Through another mouthpiece, The State also put in a claim that whatever might be the result of the criminal trial, it should have the benefit of a civil action against the same offenders, for damaged interests.

Then came the shameful ex-

posure that Levendeur, the merchant, was possessed of a stock of coffee which his customers sent back as fast as he sent it out. Some said it was abominable, others detestable, others had at first suspected it derived its flavour and smell from polluted water, and had given it a second trial with the result that it proved undrinkable. In short, Levendeur was proved to be possessed of a large amount of poison that nobody would swallow. At the same time it was made manifest that Rougepain, the officer, who kept the key of the soldier's cupboard, had, in his stock in camp, an abundant supply of excellent coffee, but that it suddenly changed its character, becoming the very identical sample of filth that Levendeur's clients had disdainfully rejected. How the pantomime trick was performed was sworn to by porters who helped to transfer the good camp coffee, not to Levendeur — oh, dear, no! that was too bad — but to an accommodating widow lady at Dunkerque, who gave Levendeur credit in her books for upwards of six thousand francs, for she could not say what, nor to be paid how or when; but who looked and spoke as if she would have given six times six thousand francs to be six leagues away, or to make the witness-chair sink gently with her weight six feet beneath the stage, into the cave below. "Take off your glove, madam," said the president, as she advanced, half-fainting, to give evidence. "Lift



your hand higher, madam;" when, ordered to tell the truth, she replied, "I swear." "Speak louder, madam; I cannot hear you;" when her voice failed, and her memory also. It is a sad thing to see a woman self-accused as the tool of an artful man in a shabby affair. Porters and carters also deposed to the transfer of certain bags of coffee from Levendeur's warehouse to Rougepain's camp-store. It was droll that the bags should be laid in the carts with their names and numbers downwards; droll, too, that the hour selected for delivery should be the soldiers' breakfast time, when the men were all absent from the manutention; not droll that, at the second delivery, the porters should prefer to arrive at that hour, to escape being insulted by the military.

Those of our readers who feel surprised that so much fuss should be made about coffee, should remember that coffee is, to Frenchmen in general, what tea and gin are to the London charwoman, what his bottle of port is to the English squire, what his drop of whisky is to the Irishman or Scotchman, what his porter is to the bricklayer's hodman. We never drink healths in tea; the French often pledge each other in a cup of coffee, of course with the gloria of brandy in it. If you wanted your harvest-men to get in your corn in good condition, and not be nice about working over-hours, would you mix nauseous substances with their harvest-

ale? And if you were placed at the head of the French empire, requiring your troops to fight a good campaign, would you allow Levendeurs and Rougepains to compel them to wash down their rations with detestable or odious coffee?

The procureur-imperial seemed to be of opinion that you would not think of doing any such thing, nor advise its being done; for he first called on the military sub-intendant, in his embroidered uniform and parti-coloured sash, to take his seat on the evidential throne, and explain to the jury what were the duties of officiers comptables in general;—whether amongst them be included the pouring out of nauseous coffee from polluted biggins, even to oblige a friend by a disinterested exchange, through the agency of obliging widows at Dunkerque, or elsewhere. The military sub-intendant seemed to be labouring under the prejudice that, considering the moral responsibility of officiers comptables, the fidelity expected from them, the honourable position they hold, the handsome pay they receive, and the circumstance that all losses fall—not on themselves, but on the government—they are bound to ascertain that every article received for military use is good, and that none but good articles are distributed to the men. Certainly, that they have no right to exchange good for bad.

"And then," insisted the pro-



cureur, in the most malignant hard-mouthed way, "if that coffee had been sent to the Crimea, what would have been the consequence?" He could not get that idea out of his head, but enlarged upon it repeatedly. It showed that, however learned in the law, the procureur was ignorant of contemporary history, which proves that there is something in the Crimean air that enables an army to go without—not coffee merely, but many other things. "What would have been the disastrous result," he vehemently inquired, "if those two accused persons—traitors to the state—traitors to the soldier!"—pointing to them with a vibrating forefinger, looking at them as if they had been a couple of toads, and speaking in a tone of scorn which ought only to be used towards the vilest of the vile,— "what would have been the unhappy result, if the execrable coffee substituted by the two accused for the good coffee of the State, had gone to the army before Sebastopol?" Rougepain covered his face with his handkerchief, and wept away even more profusely than before; Levendeur looked down at the floor, and could not look up again for some little time.

There were plenty of witnesses; they had answered to their names from various parts of the court before the trial began; and were then shut up in their place of retirement, till they were produced—one by one—by the huissiers, as wanted. Many of them came to

speak to Levendeur's "commercial morality;" and as each witness makes his statement, without being led on by questions from counsel, as with us, some of them indulged in pretty long discussions in a conversational tone and manner, and gave biographical memoirs, that would make a nice little pamphlet each. No doubt, a certain personage may be painted blacker than he is; but, "See how he dresses him up!" was the remark made by my little bird, when a witness took a moment's breath in the midst of an eulogistic flourish. The president heard all with great patience, kindly refreshing the memory of those who had not their depositions well by heart. Then came the struggle of the advocates, of whom I will only say that whatever fees they got were richly earned by the exercise of their most sweet voices.

As national peculiarities, there may be signalised the reception of hearsay evidence; the reading of written testimonials, even from deceased persons, in favour of the accused Rougepain; the droll attitudes, such as stooping to the ground; the hand-clappings, violent gestures and tones of voice; the trembling of the forefinger raised over the head; the almost abusive language and ironical laugh; the direct appeals, apostrophes, too, oratorical questionings and pulling to pieces of the accused, by the avocats; one avocat addressing the other personally and pointedly, mimicking



his manner and answering his supposed objections in a completely changed tone of voice — ventriloquist-like; their indiscreet suppositions — as we should consider them — by an injudicious use of the *argumentum ad absurdum*, because many things are absurd, and yet are true; and, in short, real acting, — fit for the stage, rather than what we call eloquence. A foreigner can be no judge of good or bad taste in conventional matters, and is incompetent to pronounce how far such means are likely to produce the effect intended.

The president summed up shortly; the jury retired to their room; the president and judges to theirs. The accused were taken out of court. After a short interval a little bell announced that the jury had made up their mind. They re-entered. Another bell announced the return of the court. The jury gave their verdict in the absence of the accused. The president, after consultation with the judges, sent for them, and informed them that the verdict was negative — in other words — that they were acquitted. Levendeur expressed his joy by slapping his thigh; Rougepain ceased from blubbering and wiped his moustachios clean and dry. For the first time during the day, they permitted signs of mutual recognition to escape them. But, interposed the president, Levendeur will pay a fine of so many thousand francs damages to the State, as

he has already offered, besides the expenses; otherwise, he will be caught by the body.

Friend Levendeur, it is a costly cup of coffee that they make you swallow! The president, judges, and other officials left the court; the procureur-imperial giving the acquitted just such a look as the renowned terrier, Billy, darts at a rat that he has not been allowed to worry to his mind. The friends of the white-washed, crowded up to the bar, and showered upon them various forms and degrees of congratulation, from kisses on both cheeks to a shake of the hand and a not too cordial bow.

“You were not long about it,” I said to my sworn friend (the juryman) at supper; “and I expected the result would have been different.”

“Yes;” he said, “we were unanimous. It was impossible we could condemn. There was no evidence of any pecuniary consideration whatever, having passed between Levendeur and Rougepain; besides, one must have a little pity on human weakness. It was a *tripotage commercial*, that’s all. They have had six weeks in prison, and an excellent lesson has been given. Rougepain will, perhaps, remain in retreat: perhaps will be removed to another military division. If Levendeur plays tricks with coffee again, he will not get off so easily.”

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## THE SCHOOL OF THE FAIRIES.

For the first time, thanks to Mr. Planché, we, children of every growth in this country, have the fairy tales of the Countess D'Anois (whom we are now ordered to call D'Aulnoy) set fairly before us. Mr. Planché has treated them with all due reverence, translated them with strict fidelity, illustrated with notes their allusions to the persons and habits of the time when they were written, and issued them adorned with pretty pictures, in a cheap volume that will enable any one to read up, thoroughly and easily, this section of fairy lore.

And fairy lore is not lore only in a playful sense. An ample knowledge of it implies education of a great deal more than the fancy. The fields on which ogres, fairies, genii, giants, and enchanters are at home, are to be looked back upon by nobody as "fields beloved in vain, where once his careless childhood strayed, a stranger yet to pain." They are not beloved in vain; and if grave parents or grave pundits, who instruct the young, would take half as much pains upon their cultivation as they spend on backboards, drill lessons, delectuses and Lindley Murrays, they would be beloved assuredly to all the best of purposes.

For, there is in all literature nothing that can be produced

which shall represent the essential spirit of a man or of a people so completely as a legend or a fairy tale. The wild freaks of fancy reveal more of the real inner life of man than the well-trimmed ideas of the judicious thinker. The inventor is completely off his guard when he has set his fancy loose, to play among impossibilities; but while he sports with the affairs of life by twisting them into odd forms, gives unrestrained license to his ingenuity, for the invention of any conceivable picture of what seems to him most beautiful and desirable, or the reverse; his unstudied dealing with ideal things shows all that is most unalterable and essential in his own mind, or the minds of those whom his inventions are designed to please. Everybody knows that fairy tales and other compositions of that kind represent the spirit of the age and nation out of which they spring; there are few who trouble themselves to consider seriously why, or to how great a degree that is the case, or to reflect upon the use that might be made of this fact in the education of a child.

The fancy of a child is — for the first six or seven years at least, of childhood — by a great deal the broadest channel through which knowledge and wisdom can be poured into the mind. The flower comes before the fruit, in man as in the tree; and in each case the fruit is developed from the flower. To clip



fancy in youth for the sake of getting more wisdom from age, is about as wise a scheme of mental culture as it would be wise in agriculture to pick off the leaves of apple-blossom in the spring, for the sake of getting monster apples in the autumn. The mind has its own natural way of growing, as the body has, and at each stage of growth it asks for its own class of food. We injure minds or bodies by denying either. Just as some people deny fairy tales to their children, others — or the same — deny them sugar, which would help their perfect bodily development, or even the free supply of milk, which is essential to it. Sugar, they say, spoils the teeth; milk sits heavy on the stomach; fairy tales (monstrous delusion!) make the mind idle and too languid for other work. The truth being, in the last case, that they make the mind active, and indisposed for other work that does not give it enough exercise.

Let us suppose somebody with different opinions, who honestly allows himself to be instructed by the hints — or more than hints — that nature gives, and admits fairy lore as an important element in the instruction of his children. He makes the admission unreservedly, and forms as perfect a collection as he can, of the popular fairy tales and legends of all lands under the sun; of a very great number, translations already exist. There are cheap or dear editions of the Indian fables

of Bidpai or Pilpay; there are Persian Rose-gardens, that have been transplanted into our language by able scholars; there are Arabian tales; fables, and legends, that speak to us the thoughts of ancient Greece and Rome; legends and traditions of the middle ages; Italian stories; Spanish ballads and traditions; Scandinavian sagas; German fairy tales and legends: both those written by the finest of the German authors, and those current among the people and committed to the press by students in every German state; there are French fables and fairy tales having their own distinctive character; there is Hans Christian Andersen; there are our own popular stories, and many more; for even the ungenial Russia furnishes a fabulist. Every main period of history and every clime can send a magic representation to this Child's Parliament of creatures of the fancy. Let us suppose that the same parent who has, in his wisdom, called this parliament together, shall constitute himself its president — its Mr. Speaker. Let him know all the members, and enough of the constituencies represented by them, to be able to place his children behind the scenes by help of a few brisk comments that will be always welcome. When the honourable knights the members for Arabia are upon the floor, attention may be called to the Orientalism of their mode of speech, and of their manners; to



the kind of relation in which caliphs must have stood towards their viziers and subjects among the faithful; to the Eastern ideas of shopping and domestic life. It is not necessary in the least to lecture about everything that has to be observed. Very few hints will suggest to a child what sort of things are noticeable in this way, and he will be glad to find in a pleasure-book fresh matter for comparison and amusement, riddles to guess, and so forth. If the honourable member for early modern Italy, Mr. Boccaccio, be not excluded from the company, he will tell of the pestilences that afflicted towns in his time; and while he teaches, as every outspoken soul must teach, something of the beauty and worth that lies concealed in the corruptest heart of man, he will show how the great Italy, which once gave laws to the known world, could grovel in the days of its abasement. When a fair member for France in the days of Louis Quatorze — say Madame d'Aulnoy — has possession of the children's ears, the inner life of France, as it was then, becomes, with a few words of help from Mr. Speaker, clear to them. They may be taught to observe usefully, too, how the fancy that disports itself with princes and princesses, diamonds and shepherdesses with gilt crooks, differs from the more spiritual fancy which has produced the most popular of fairy tales in our own day. With a little of such help

as might be given by a parent reasonably educated, and not grudging now and then a search even in adult life for some occasional additions to his knowledge, a child having access to a library of fairy lore, might penetrate much farther into the true soul of history, acquire a much truer perception of the life's language of men of every race, Greeks and Arabians, Christians and Jews — of the difference between men of the north and of the south, and of the east and of the west — and of the one spirit that is in them all — than thousands ever get who have had grammars and catechisms only for their mental spoon-meat, and who enter their graves without having once come fairly into contact with the warm, quick heart of human knowledge.

We shall return to Madame d'Aulnoy presently, and, with her stories for text, illustrate rather more fully what has been said. They are delightful tales; but we would have nobody who buys them think that when he has put Madame d'Aulnoy on his shelf he has set up his family with fairy literature. It is essential to the true theory of the use of fairy lore that it should be allowed to run with a full sweep, in something like all its variety, through a child's mind. Madame d'Aulnoy, as one of a happy company of tale-tellers, is brilliant and charming whenever it becomes her turn to speak; but if, instead of speaking in her turn,



she were suffered to engross attention, she would become liable to a good deal of adverse criticism. Strength and vivacity of intellect, healthy feelings, and wide sympathies, could never be produced out of the reading of her stories alone, however much they may help, taken with others, to produce them. Madame d'Aulnoy frolicked with much liveliness and grace within a very narrow circle. Let the child, familiar not with that alone, find liveliness and grace in other circles, and in energy and massive strength. With the whole playground of fancy open to him, let him exercise all faculties, and so acquire perfect agility of mind.

There are certain qualities common to all fairy tales — by which term we would be supposed to express all short, brisk narratives, of an extremely fanciful description — some respects in which the teachings of them all concur. They all, for example, nearly or quite without exception, suggest thoughts of familiarity and kindness towards animals. Of course, it is difficult for any person gifted with a prompt and active fancy to be cruel. They are the dull of wit who can inflict torture or see torture inflicted without wincing at their own conception of the suffering a helpless creature feels. The spirit of kindness, therefore, animates all fairy lore, and must, as well as the activity of thought attached to it, become communicated in

some measure to the faithful student.

It is curious, too, to observe how completely the traces of their Oriental origin is to be seen underlying national peculiarity in almost all tales of enchantment. From one of the oldest civilisations in the world, and from the remotest times, from the early mythology of India, the attendants which adorned the court of the god Indra as with flowers, found their way in a new form to Persia. The Persian *deevs* and *peris* date almost from the time of Zoroaster, and perhaps the wife of Artaxerxes, in Greek *Parisatis*, was in Persian, *Pari-zadeh*, *Peri-born*. The Persian storytellers found their way to the hearts of the Arabians, and by the crusaders the magic lore of the Mussulmen was brought to the west, especially to England and to France. One idea of the origin of the word *fairy*, is that it is derived from the Persian *peri*, and that our fairyland is thus nothing else but the charmed country of *Ginnistan* seen from a western border.

Be that as it may, eastern ideas of magnificence accepted and amplified by the delight which the old knights of the middle ages took in pomps and shows, fairly belong to the genius of most fairy tales. It does not appear in the tales of Ireland, and in some others, for reasons which we need not stop to specify. It does appear in the tales of the Countess D'Aulnoy, and that in a grotesque



form which is very charming. She belonged to a court that had abundant relish for external glitter; though, when she wrote, Louis the Fourteenth was following the footsteps of Madame Maintenon to heaven, princes of the blood were being educated by Bossuet and Fenelon, and furnished by the prudish and the wise with special editions of the classics, and small libraries of learned and moral works. Harmless amusement was sought for the young, and found also by the old, in little stories. Following, but in no case we think sharing the lead of Perrault, the author of *Cinderella*, several ladies of the court, among whom the most justly popular was the Countess D'Aulnoy, produced tales of which not a few will go down from one generation of children to another, until childhood shall be no more. This lady died a century and a half ago, at the age of fifty-six. She wrote several books, but nothing of hers has lived except the fairy tales; not even one of the novels in which these tales were embedded when they first appeared.

One of the main charms of them, apart from higher qualities already named, is the completeness with which the writer shakes off all common regard for possibilities, and gives up her entire mind without reserve to the extravagance of fairyland. If a very little dwarf appears, he probably comes mounted on an elephant. If a lady weeps, her eyes are like

two fountains playing in the sun, or there is a brook upon the floor created by her tears. When King Charmant was entrapped by the fairy Soussio, and the hideous Truitonne, and the two ladies hoped to talk him into marrying the fright, "twenty days," we are told, "and twenty nights passed without their ceasing to talk; without eating, sleeping, or sitting down." As you would commend a novelist for never swerving from the possible, so you commend and love a teller of fairy tales who never swerves from the impossible. Let the real world be mixed up with the unreal and a discord is produced, comparisons are bred, and readers are flattered with the notion that they have a right to cry, "How so?" at what is told them. There is no, how so? in fairy history; it is all so, and so because it is so. When King Charmant's friend the enchanter set out to look for him, he went a little more than eight times round the world upon his search. When Leander, the invisible prince, or prince sprite, was attacked by the followers of Faribon, he made nothing of killing every man, though he had scarcely recovered his wind after a combat with a furious lion, which, of course, was "of an enormous size." When the same prince committed ravages among the apricots and cherries (all fruits are ripe at all seasons, of course), in the queen's parterre, his was a remarkably bold act; they were fruits that "it was death to touch." It is a



genuine fact, too, as relating to this prince, that he "had always nice" — no, we misquote that — "the nicest sweetmeats in the world in his pocket," and even a more genuine fact is narrated of another person in the story, who being teased by excess of his wife's affection, "went off one fine morning with post-horses, and travelled a very, very great distance, in order to hide himself in a deep cave at the bottom of a mountain, where she should not be able to find him." Then, what shall we say of the revenge of the fairy Carabossa on the king who, when he was a little boy, played her the trick of putting brimstone into her broth, and whose infant daughter she came down the chimney to blight? She was blighted with a threat that forced her parents to shut her up in a tower, where she had reason "to cry so much — so much — that her eyes swelled as big as one's fist." The wicked fairy Carabossa! whom the king could not appease, nor even the queen. "In vain," cried the queen, "have I sent her fifty pounds of sweetmeats, as much double-refined sugar, and two Mayence hams; they have gone for nothing with her!" Alas, poor princess! Is it not mournful to think how she was misled into running away with Fanfarinet to that desolate island, where "they passed three days without eating anything but some leaves and a few cockcha-fers." And how indignant we must all feel at the selfish Fan-

farinet, who ate up all the honey-comb that a good fairy showed his lady-love, and then drank up the milk she sent, because he was so thirsty, "after eating more than fifteen pounds of honey." There was a glutton for you! Different, indeed, were his notions of a feast from those of the Princess Rosette, who, in her innocent joy at hearing from her brother that the King of the Peacocks was discovered, and desired to marry her, gave to "every one who came to see her, for three days, a slice of bread and butter with some jam on it."

When the Countess d'Aulnoy does descend into the region of every-day fact she manages to do it, as in that last instance, with a delicious absurdity that makes it more enchanting than enchantment. This lady had heard from her brothers, too, in an extremely matter-of-fact way. They had travelled beyond human ken, through the kingdom of Mayflies, to the land of Peacocks, and in the capital of that land they "wrote by the post to the princess, requesting her to pack up her clothes immediately and to come with all speed, as the King of the Peacocks was waiting for her." As for the wicked king, who came in complete armour to the chamber of poor Queen Joyeux, of course he carried her off wickedly enough; twisting her beautiful hair "three times round his hand, he threw her over his shoulders like a sack of corn, carried her thus down stairs, and



mounted with her upon his large black horse." It is a comfort that when afterwards "he dragged the poor queen into a wood, climbed up a tree, and was going to hang her, the fairy, having rendered herself invisible, gave him a violent push, and he fell from the top of the tree, knocking out four of his front teeth." There is a pretty touch, let us remark, too, when, in treating of the grief of the mother of Prince Cheri, the countess suddenly becomes cautious, and, by avoiding a superlative, gets at a climax of exaggeration. Her majesty, "who doted on her son, was nearly dissolved in tears." Dissolved in tears would have meant nothing at all, but nearly dissolved — poor lady! It was lucky, as it happened, that the ogre had not made a salad of Finette Cendron and her sisters, and by so doing, destroyed the prince's happiness for ever.

One of our great objections to the Swiss guard always has been that it would not admit the royal ram to the king's palace when he wanted to see Merveilleuse. Had that not been so, never would Merveilleuse, as she issued from the palace gates, have seen her dear ram stretched breathless on the pavement. And, now that we have come to talk about the royal guard, we get back to his Majesty King Louis the Fourteenth, and to the Countess d'Aulnoy as a member of his court. Utterly as the countess abandoned herself to the free play of fancy, she

could not abandon her own nature. It is not necessary to accept the traditions of despotism which have filled all eastern tales with only royal heroes; the fairy tales of other countries and of freer men have spoken to the people of themselves — the countess spoke of courts to courtiers. Her heroines were all princes and princesses. "The eldest," as she says of Rosette's brothers, "was called the Great Prince, and the younger the Little Prince." Hers, too, is a courtly, Louis Fourteenthly, notion of grandeur, which displays how "the dukes and marquises of the kingdom seated the Great Prince on a throne of gold and diamonds, with a magnificent crown on his head, and robes of violet velvet embroidered all over with suns and moons." And look at Finette in her best clothes, when "her gown was of blue satin, covered with stars in diamonds. She had a sun of them in her hair, and a full moon on her back; and all these jewels shone so brightly, that one couldn't look at her without winking." There is the glitter of fancy in all this, but there is also more than a little of the court lady's love of dress. Fine dresses and rags define one of the differences between good and evil, beauty and ugliness another. Occasional precept does, indeed, tend another way; and we are shown how the Princess Trognon, who was the most amiable creature in the world, was hideous, and "always went about in a bowl; her



legs being out of joint;" Prince Torticoli being as good, and no whit handsomer. But this wrong state of things preys on the countess's mind, and before she has done with them, she turns them — Prince and Princess — out in their true figures, models of beauty, with their names changed into Sans-pair and Brilliante. Again, though she does try them with poverty, and make them shepherds, she shrinks from the rags, and dresses them thus playfully in true Louis-Quatorze style. "She had on a white dress, trimmed with fine lace, neater than any shepherdess had ever been seen in. Her waist was encircled by a band of little roses and jasmine; her hair was adorned with flowers;" and she had "a gilt and painted crook." As for Sans-pair, "he was himself attired in a dress of rose-coloured taffety, covered with English point, and carried a crook adorned with ribands; and a small basket; and thus equipped, no Celadon in the world had dared to appear before him."

The degree of tolerance for ugliness shown by the countess is very well displayed in the case of Princess Laidronette, who was, like Trognon, good but ugly; and "having arrived at twelve years of age, went and threw herself at the feet of the king and queen, and implored them to permit her to go and shut herself up in the Lonely Castle, that she might afflict them no longer with the contemplation of

her ugliness. As, notwithstanding her hideous appearance, they could not help being fond of her, it was not without some pain they consented." But they did consent. Here, then, we have fixed points, from which, in all her flights, the woman's mind of the Countess d'Aulnoy could not swerve. Love of dress, jewellery, pretty faces, princes and princesses, the fancy shepherds and shepherdesses, with other fashions of the court of the great king, abided by her. Her range of invention, too, was limited. Her fairies are all very much alike; the majority of her princes and princesses are shut up in towers; and so forth. Within her range, nevertheless, and according to her manner, the use made by her of her material was perfect. The White Cat, the Fair with Golden Hair, and half-a-dozen more of her tales, are immortal. But, we would have the works of the countess gathered, as they have been by Mr. Planché, the best friend — next to her friends the children — that she has in our own day; we would have them, as we said at starting, set in their places among others, read in their turn with the legends gathered by the brothers Grimm, with choice tales from Musæus, and such more spiritual freaks of fancy as the fairy tales of Tieck and Goethe furnish; with the wild stories of Hoffman; of course, with our own Red Riding Hood, and others of its class; with the Irish fairy legends; the



story of King Arthur and his Round Table; with the Seven Champions of Christendom, and all the legends of the days of chivalry; — farther back still, with all the good fables ever written, up to Æsop, and up farther, to Pilpay; with the Arabian Nights; Greek and Roman legends; with choice gold of the fancy coined of old in Persia, China, Hindostan. The ways through which a happy child to guide, "in this delightful land of Faery,"

Are so exceeding spacious and wide,  
And sprinkled with such sweet variety,  
that we desire to claim for children right of way through all of them, with privilege to pick the flowers on all sides.

### LATEST INTELLIGENCE FROM SPIRITS.

SHUT your eyes and open your mouth, teachable public, for the instruction hereby to be given you. Facts are to be set before you which you may hardly be disposed to accept, unless you qualify for the receipt of them by having the eyes of a mole and the swallow of a hippopotamus. The Rappers, who adopt in America the name of Spiritualists, profess to number now nearly two millions of believers, fed upon humbug by no less than twenty thousand mediums and twelve or fifteen periodicals. Two numbers of a new Rappers' newspaper, published at Boston on the fourteenth and twenty-first of April

last, are now before us, and if anybody wishes to be edified let him give ear.

The paper is denominated the New England Spiritualist, and the first thing we read in it — a discourse at the Melodeon through the Reverend Miss Emma Jay, by some one of the saints in heaven — has a touch of the Yankee spirit in it. "Is there not," he through her says, "also the same voice teaching you to regard the interests of your brother man? And though, in a worldly point of view, you cannot be expected to love your neighbour as yourself — that is, in the sense of seeking first the interests of your neighbour pecuniarily, rather than your own — yet, so far as spiritual gifts are concerned, of that which has been dispensed to you, you should be willing to impart to others."

And how do we have the obedient Yankee taking care of number one pecuniarily, while imparting spiritual gifts? See advertisements, see leading articles, see paragraphs, see the whole Spiritualist newspaper.

#### TEST MEDIUM.

GEORGE A. REDMAN has rooms at No. 45 Carver Street, where he will receive company from 9 to 12 A.M., 2 to 5, and from 7 to 9, P.M. daily, Sundays excepted. Manifestations are made by rapping, tipping, and writing. Private circles, one dollar each person. Public circles (evening only) fifty cents.

Another gentleman is ready to clear away any little difficulties between man and wife, by producing what is called among the



Rappers conjugal adaptations; and those surely are things worth any money to the henpecked and the crestfallen. The next advertiser is a clever man who has an article for sale which is, indeed, the whole art of drawing and painting—taught in one lesson. Then a quack of the established sort advertises, Puri-fying Syrup, Nerve-Soothing Elixir, and Healing Ointment, which have such virtues as only Doctor Dulcamara knows how to recapitulate, with the additional recommendation that they are prepared from Spirit directions—heaven-sent potions. More quacks of this sort advertise their wares to a select audience of the gullible. And then John M. Spear and his daughter announce that they have taken rooms for educational (alas, for the word!) and healing purposes, and also for the delineation of character. Hours for the public will be from nine a. m. to one p. m. At other hours, they will visit and counsel the sick and the disharmonised at their habitations. While charges will not be made, offerings of gratitude will be thankfully received. Love's labours should be without hope of fee or reward. Did ever comedian invent a clumsier cant of hypocrisy? Arrangements (J. M. S. and daughter add) may be made at their rooms, for discourses on the facts, philosophy, ends and aims of Spiritualism. The advertisement itself is discourse enough upon its ends and aims.

They shine, as we have said, through every column of the paper. The following, which we are unable to distinguish from the announcement that has just been quoted, appears not as an advertisement at all, but in large type among the leading articles:

"Mr. E. M. Mayo, of Waltham, Mass., writes: About three years ago, I became a writing medium, very unexpectedly to me. I sat making sport of the spirits, when suddenly my hand caught a pencil and wrote me a communication, which I trust I never shall forget. It purported to be from my mother. Since that time the spirit of a departed physician, through me, has examined eight hundred and sixty-five different diseased persons. I have received no fee, until the commencement of the present year. Now the charge is—nothing for the poor, twenty-five cents for those in moderate circumstances, and fifty cents for the wealthy. So you see that it is not for money that I believe in Spiritualism." Spiritualism itself is not more clearly demonstrated!

That was a leading article, but we will take another advertisement or two, before looking at the other columns of this gull's gazette. Several chemists are prepared to put up with care spiritual, clairvoyant, and other prescriptions. A physician and surgeon advertises himself, and adds that he has become developed as a clairvoyant medium, and can perfectly describe the



locale of disease; also the feelings experienced by the patient. Consultation fee, one dollar. Charles Main cures by laying hands on the sick, and informs those sending locks of hair to indicate their disease, that they should inclose a dollar with them. At T.H. Peabody's is to be found a rapping, writing, and test medium; also the best trance medium for the examination of diseases in Boston. Miss Gay, a reliable clairvoyant and healing medium, is to be found at Dr. Channing's (alas, for another desecrated name!) the great cancer, scrofula, and humour doctor; and she is prepared to give advice on business, &c. Thus it is that the Spiritualists manage to attend to number one pecuniarily, while they impart of their gifts to others.

Of the correspondence of the New England Spiritualist, a part is made up in support of the gentlemen and ladies who have advertised. Mr. Charles Main having advertised himself as a layer-on-of-hands, a letter in another part of the paper, signed "Yours fraternally, L. N." (Leader of Noodles?) tells of two wonderful cures by brother Charles Main's truly apostolic mode. G. A. Redman, being an advertiser of his business in the rapping, tipping, and writing line, is helped by a wonderful paragraph, detailing how the spirit of the late Mr. Andrews used Mr. Redman's hand for writing backwards, in a style free from stiffness, having bold and

easy flourishes. Very bold and easy are indeed the flourishes of all these mediums, and, if we may judge by the New England Spiritualist, of the editors who back them.

"Thine for progress, Warren Chase," before starting for his prairie home in Wisconsin, advertises his movements as a lecturer on "the light from the spirit sphere which is now so genially flowing (though often refracted) through many mediums;" and he makes his announcements cheaply, if he pays nothing for the privilege in the form of a letter to the editor, dear brother Newton. Brother Newton, by-the-bye, edits his paper upon exceedingly good Spiritualist principles, advertising that, in its conduct, although for the present the pecuniary responsibility is assumed by the editor's personal friends, this is expected to continue only until such time as the success of the enterprise shall enable him to take it upon himself.

We find it very difficult to keep the dollars out of sight in observing the contents of the Yankee Spiritualist, but we will endeavour to do so henceforward; and so go back to Miss Emma Jay, from whose reported lecture at the Melodeon we started. Miss Emma F. Jay, we find by another communication, advertises herself not only as furnishing the entertainment of a spiritual sermon deliverer in the state of trance, but she announces that she will



wind up with a song. An admirer from among her audience reports that she was tastefully dressed in a black silk skirt and black velvet basque with flowing sleeves, without collar or undersleeves, or adornment of any kind, except a plain dark brooch. Her hair hung in short curls down her neck. Her voice was strong and clear to the very end of her discourse, which occupied about an hour and a half. Her eyes were closed during the whole time. So we get back to the good Rapper's doctrine — keep your eyes well shut and your mouth open. This lady, before preaching, sits down and goes through sundry gyrations, whereby she is supposed to put herself into the state of trance; then her eyes shut, and she goes glibly through the whole of her oration. At the conclusion of her lecture, says the correspondent, after a beautiful and eloquent prayer, Miss Jay sang (still in a state of trance?). Her voice was wonderfully clear and sweet. She confined herself to no words nor tune, but sang in a sort of inspiration, ranging from an alto tone as high as B flat. Of course this brought down thunders of applause, by which the lady tastefully attired in the black silk skirt could be awakened from her trance in time to make her obeisance to the public.

Will our readers bear with us a little longer. We are ourselves beginning to grow tired of this humiliating nonsense, and must forbear from telling the whole

story, the doings of Natty Putnam, whose true name was Young, and who was indeed the youngest of physicians, having been only five days old when he died. But he would now be, if he had not died, thirty-five or forty years of age. It is his pleasure to present himself as an infant in size, though he gives evidence of having an old head on his young shoulders. This young doctor prescribed some medicines to Mrs. Sisson for a person unknown to her, and by a series of miracles, the person for whom they were meant was discovered; Mrs. S. being led by the spirit to ring his bell five minutes before the dinner-hour and enter, medicine in hand, to dine with him. The affair, which is very complicated, must have cost the spirits an infinity of trouble, and, after all, the recipient of the celestial dose cannot say that he is much the better for it. He only states (we use his own italics) that the effects of the remedies *have not been bad*; for I and my wife are both in better health than when we began to take them; the case, however, is described much less for the purpose of showing the value of the medicines than for furnishing evidence of the fact that there was an invisible physician.

Then, again, there are more than three columns occupied by the experience of Doctor Phelps, in whose bedroom a sheet was spread out upon the floor, the washstand laid upon its back



upon the sheet, a candlestick set upon the stand, the wash-bowl placed upon one side, and the pitcher upon the other. A night-gown and chemise were found, one in the bowl, the other in the pitcher. We suspect that must have been done by the spirit of some officer lately belonging to the gallant Forty-fifth, or lodged in Canterbury barracks. Pitchers of water were poured by the same spirit into the doctor's bed. His windows were broken. His umbrella, standing at the end of the hall, leaped without visible assistance, a distance of at least twenty-five feet; a book leapt from his shelf into the middle of the room, and at the breakfast table, on one occasion, a remarkably large raw potatoe fell directly by the side of Doctor P.'s plate. The doctor thereupon, being a scientific man, took up the potatoe and let it fall from different heights, in order to determine how far it must have fallen to have made the concussion that it did; and it was adjudged by all that the distance could not have been more than twelve or fifteen inches. So it must have dropped from just under the doctor's nose.

We have not patience to write more of this foolery, with which we are told that in America two millions of mouths are gaping to be fed. Even as nonsense, it is scarcely to be heard patiently by any man — except a rogue who has the dullest glimmering of reason in his brains. We shall

cite only one thing more. In his first leading article in each of the two papers before us, the editor of the New England Spiritualist endeavours to account for the extreme stupidity and prosiness of the spirits of great wits, philosophers, and poets, to show how it is that Shakespeare, seen through a rapping medium, is the same dull dog as the medium himself. He explains this by telling us that lofty ideas and refined conceptions cannot be apprehended by infantile and undeveloped minds. Can you, he asks, pour the magnificent tones of a cathedral organ through a simple fife? For Sir Francis Bacon to exhibit himself now, equal to what he was in the body (to say nothing at all of what he may now be in the spirit) would require a medium of physical and mental endowments equal to those which Bacon then possessed — and such are very rare. Mediums with the wit of a Bacon in them certainly are rare; and if we must have a medium who is a Bacon of our own times to speak for the Bacon of our forefathers, and a new Shakespeare to speak for the old one, surely we think it can need no ghost at all to tell them what they ought to say.

### A VISION OF HOURS.

WHEN the bright stars came out last night,  
And the dew lay on the flowers,  
I had a vision of delight —  
A dream of by-gone hours.  
Those hours that came and fled so fast  
Of pleasure or of pain,



As phantoms rose from out the past  
 Before my eyes again.  
 With beating heart did I behold  
 A train of joyous hours,  
 Lit with the radiant light of old,  
 And, smiling, crown'd with flowers.  
 And some were hours of childish sorrow,  
 A mimicry of pain,  
 That through their tears look'd for a  
 morrow  
 They knew must smile again.  
 Those hours of hope that long'd for life,  
 And wish'd their part begun,  
 And e'er the summons to the strife,  
 Dream'd that the field was won.  
 I knew the echo of their voice,  
 The starry crowns they wore;  
 The vision made my soul rejoice  
 With the old thrill of yore.  
 I knew the perfume of their flowers,  
 The glorious shining rays  
 Around these happy smiling hours  
 Were lit in by-gone days.  
 O stay, I cried — bright visions, stay,  
 And leave me not forlorn!  
 But, smiling still, they pass'd away,  
 Like shadows of the morn.  
 One spirit still remain'd, and cried,  
 "Thy soul shall ne'er forget!"  
 He standeth ever by my side —  
 The phantom called Regret!  
 But still the spirits rose, and there  
 Were weary hours of pain,  
 And anxious hours of fear and care  
 Bound by an iron chain.  
 Dim shadows came of lonely hours,  
 That shunn'd the light of day,  
 And in the opening smile of flowers  
 Saw only quick decay.  
 Calm hours that sought the starry skies  
 For heavenly lore were there;  
 With folded hands and earnest eyes,  
 I knew the hours of prayer.  
 Stern hours that darken'd the sun's light,  
 Heralds of coming woes,  
 With trailing wings, before my sight  
 From the dim past arose.  
 As each dark vision pass'd and spoke  
 I pray'd it to depart:  
 At each some buried sorrow woke  
 And stirr'd within my heart.  
 Until these hours of pain and care  
 Lifted their tearful eyes,  
 Spread their dark pinions in the air  
 And pass'd into the skies.

## CATS AND DOGS.

WITH deep shame and humiliation I confess that I am not great in argument — oral argument, at least. I have strong lungs, sufficient impudence, a tolerable memory, a temper that does not boil under an extraordinary degree of provocation, and I have seen some things and read some books. Yet I am continually being worsted in argument. There must be something wrong with my major or my minor; there must be a screw loose in my postulates. Perhaps my manner of argument is aggressive, and my language abusive, for nine out of ten arguments in which I engage myself always end in violent personal altercation. One of the subjects of dispute I remember — one on the defensibility of paradoxes in literature, and one in which I really believe that I was shining considerably — was suddenly cut short by my adversary seizing and throwing at my head, from the other end of the room, a pewter pot, holding one pint, imperial measure. The missile fortunately struck me transversely — had it hit me point blank I should never have held any more arguments on this earth. I escaped with a tremendous bruise; but though I collared my assailant and threatened to give him in charge to the police, and though I was confident that I was right about the paradoxes, the whole company seemed evidently to think that he had the best of



the argument, and that he had proved more with his pewter pot than I with my periods.

Pattlepot, the professor of modern languages in the university of Bincumbancum, treated me very ill in argument. I maintained that Elagabalus was a dissolute tyrant, and proved it as I thought, by argument and illustration. What did Pattlepot do but threaten, if I called Elagabalus a tyrant again, to kick me down stairs! And he is over six feet in height, and as strong as Milo!

The mortifications and humiliations I have sustained in argument are innumerable, and almost incredible. Lyman H. Waterclame, supercargo of the United States ship, Wolfert Weber, whom I met at a hotel in Hull, told me quietly that if I were to repeat any fine morning, at Saratoga springs, what I had said to him concerning the execution of Major André, I should very soon have a bowie-knife in me. Professor Bopp of Schinkenhausen was very rude to me. He was a man of very strong and somewhat free opinions was Professor Bopp, and was especially famous among his North German colleagues for having, in a quarto treatise, finished up the moon — that is, confuted and put to rout the last remnant of believers in that luminary. I had a letter of introduction to Bopp from Buldeschrag, the good-natured bookseller of Todgraben. I was told that I must expect to find the professor somewhat brusque

and blunt in argument, but that he was strictly just, and unflinchingly logical. I went to Bopp, and found him in a little room on the fourth story of a house. There were some books in the room — not many; a seraphine; several beer-mugs; some bones, possibly antediluvian, but apparently of beef, and of a recent date; a tremendous smell of onions, and a no less tremendous smell of tobacco smoke. I found Bopp to be indeed all that he had been described — exceedingly brusque and blunt. He was that day occupied in finishing up, — not the moon, but his dinner. He did not ask me to have any; he did not ask me to sit down; but he began immediately to question me about the manners, customs, and social state of England.

“You have no four-story houses in your country;” he asked me, “none so high, eh?”

“Pardon me,” I replied, “we build them in some cases to a greater height. We have large warehouses six and even seven stories high.”

He looked at me steadily, shut up his book (he had been reading all through the conversation) with a bang, spat, and finished me up as he might have finished the moon.

“YOU LIE!” said Professor Bopp.

How could I continue the argument under these distressing circumstances? The lie was not given to me offensively, but merely in the guise of a syllogism,



which the professor was prepared to defend and prove; and surely a man who could finish up the moon must have been strong enough in argument to convict me of falsehood. So I merely sighed, withdrew from the professional presence, and left Schinkenhausen that very night, more convinced than ever that argument was not my forte.

One more anecdote and we shall go to the dogs — to the cats and dogs, I mean. What anecdote shall it be? — that of the strong young man in Westmoreland with whom I had an argument about Napoleon Bonaparte, and really did defeat and rout, but who, as usual, finished me up, by saying, "Thee mayst know a deal aboot Boneypartey, but I'll jump thee for two pund!" No; that anecdote does not bear on cats and dogs: we must try another. I was arguing with a gentleman from Scotland. I had studied the subject of our argument deeply, and for a long time, and really fancied that I was making some impression upon my opponent. The gentleman from Scotland heard me very patiently out, and when I had come, as I thought, to a triumphant peroration, he said, quietly:

"Sir, ye are jest the maist ignorant pairson I ever met, but ye have some pairception of what ye are talking aboot."

Now this is exactly my case with reference to cats and dogs. Of them as cats or as dogs, I am as superlatively ignorant as

the Scotch gentleman found me in argument. I declare, upon my honour, that I don't know how many teeth a dog has, or why there should be electricity in a cat's back. I have heard that a cat has nine lives; but I am distressingly ignorant of the average duration of those lives. I have heard of Buffon, Cuvier, and the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park; but I know little about Natural History — not so much even as poor Goldsmith, who, though engaged to write an Animal Creation for the booksellers, was so ignorant of the conformation and habits of animals, that every friend who called upon him was laid under contribution to describe some member of the brute creation; and the walls of the Doctor's study were scrawled over with charcoal memoranda about lions and tigers, otters and jackals, guinea-pigs, and hippopotami.

Yet, still keeping my Scotch friend in mind, though a most ignorant person, I think that I have some perception of the subject I am writing about — cats and dogs. I don't *know* anything about them, but I *feel* a good deal about them. I have studied cats and dogs as I study most things — in a rambling, discursive, and to say the truth, somewhat vagabond fashion — by neglecting those parts of the subject ordinarily adopted by sensible, studious men, and addicting myself instead to the consideration of those parts which



they generally neglect. I have taken cats and dogs as characters, not as mammalia: I have looked at them, — not with reference to the number of teeth in their head or the electricity in their backs — but in their social, picturesque, quaint, eccentric character. I wish to treat of cats and dogs, not in a zoological light — not in a mutton-pie light, but simply as characters, for characteristic they decidedly are, and in a very eminent degree.

I have less to say about cats than about dogs. The former have less character than the latter; besides, I do not like them so well as dogs. There is to me something inexpressibly sly, slowly cruel, patiently treacherous, in a cat. The stealthy walk, the velvet paw with the sharp fangs beneath, the low hypocritical purr, the sudden noiseless leaps on to high places, — the blinking eye, the shadowy, slow-moving gestures — ugh! I know cats that give me the horrors.

Cats, generally speaking, are proud in their disposition, refusing to associate with strangers, repudiating familiarity, daintily turning up their noses at cats'-meat, bones, and the like, that dogs would be glad to get; there is a chilling haughtiness about them, even to persons they have known for years, exceedingly repulsive and disgusting. You may play with them, you may fondle them, you may stroke their backs and scratch their heads, and call them "poor pus-

sey!" but beware! Sometimes they will arch their backs, and purr, and seemingly respond with gratitude to your caresses; but at other times a hair stroked the wrong way, a particularly tender part of the skull inadvertently touched while scratching, and all the soft complaisance, purring, back-arching of Puss vanishes. She becomes a fury, a fiend. Prompt as the stiletto of an Italian brigand to quit its sheath, so prompt are her steel-like claws to quit their velvet sheathing, — or, to use another, and perhaps apter simile, as prompt as that hideous instrument of torture, the cupping-machine of the surgeon-dentist is to quit its tortoiseshell case, and drive into your flesh its bristling hedge of bayonet-like lancets. The kitten is innocent and sportive, you will say, and will play with a slipper, a ball of cotton, a glove, quite in an arcadian and unsophisticated manner. True, but young tiger-cubs are playful, young leopards are playful. You may see them in their cage at the Zoological Gardens, gambolling, romping, playfully sprawling on their backs on the floor, with their feet turned upwards, wide apart, as that famous, never-to-be-surpassed leopard does, which is tearing the vine-leaves in Sir Peter Paul Rubens's picture of Peace and War. Yet, for all the playfulness of the tiger and leopard cubs, do you think when they have attained the full glory of tiger or leopard-hood, they



will roar one whit less fiercely than their papas or mammas; that they would, had they their liberty, be at all backward in the sudden spring, the howling, roaring, rending, craunching, crunching, tearing, rending, of some unhappy because too corpulent buffalo, some indiscreet antelope, some luckless negro, or some benighted officer of Bengal Infantry? Or, cooped up as they are in a den of the Zoological Gardens even, do you think, for all their playful gambols when the keeper makes his rounds at dinner-time, they will refrain from the shin-bone of beef — nay from devouring it with glaring eyes, and low, menacing howls? Don't think it. Don't think either, that if the keeper, entering the den, were to be suddenly seized with a fainting fit, or vertigo, or an aneurism, or were to lose his footing, and fall down on the flooring of the cage, that the leopard and tiger-cubs would refrain from falling on him and tearing his flesh, and craunching his bones. So it is with the kitten. It is pretty to see the little thing lapping its milk, gambolling round its mother, playing with the ball of worsted, the slipper, or the glove, with now and then a gesture of apparently real affection towards its parent; or of a weak mew, more of annoyance than pain, as it knocks itself up against the leg of a table, or gets its little feet entangled with an odd skein of cotton. But, this

little innocent, sportive, playful kitten, this interesting orphan and sole survivor of a numerous family of brothers and sisters who have all perished in that grave of Grimalkin's household, a water-butt, will, within a very few weeks, play with as much delight — nay more — with something very different from a ball of cotton, a skein of silk, a glove, or a slipper. The plaything will be a wretched, timorous, half-frightened-to-death, half-lace-rated-to-death mouse. Hither and thither will the playful cat toss it; now high, now low, now to the right, now to the left, now on one side, now on the other, now deluding it with fallacious hopes of escape, — allowing it to run to an exactly sufficient distance to be re-captured, re-played with, and re-tortured. This is sportiveness, this is playfulness, this is what the kitten does with the ball of cotton, and will do with the mouse.

No! I cannot abide cats. Pet cats, wild cats, tom cats, gib cats, Persian cats, Angola cats, tortoiseshell cats, tabby cats, black cats, Manx cats, brindled cats, mewing once, twice, or thrice, as the case may be, — none of these cats delight me. They are associated in my mind with none but disagreeable objects and remembrances: now old maids, witchcraft, dreadful sabbaths with old women flying up the chimney upon broomsticks to drink hell broth with the evil one, charms, incantations, sorceries, sucking chil-



dren's breaths, stopping out late on the tiles, catterwauling and molrowing in the night season, prowling about the streets at unseasonable hours, and a variety of other things too numerous and too unpleasant to mention.

Don't tell me about the dogs of Stamboul, — those mangy, ill-favoured, ferocious curs are simply nuisances of the most abominable description, and have no claim to be considered curiosities. The dogs of Paris are all alike; they all belong to somebody; they are mean-spirited mediocre animals, submitting to be shaved and curled, to be led about in strings and chains, to be governed by dog-whips, and to wear some wretched muzzling apparatus, more humiliating than the caudine forks — sometimes like a strawberry-pottle, sometimes like a coal-scoop of wire-work. The French dogs are cowed by the tyrannical surveillance of the police; by the horrible threats promulgated against them by the authorities in placards on the walls during the hot weather. Poisoned boulets, and arsenicated sausages are placed at the corners of the streets to tempt them to eat and die. They dare not bark without offending against some of the provisions of the penal code. Their spirit is broken. I wonder the government in France, which is so fond of stamping everything, from a passport to a tailor's puff, does not take it into its head to stamp the dogs. The

"Timbre Impérial" would complete their degradation.

But, the dogs of London: they are free; they roam where they will; they laugh to scorn the feeble enactments relative to muzzling that do still occasionally, during the dog days, come out from municipal and parochial authorities. They cry, with an ironical yelp, "first catch your dog!" Every dog in London has a character. There are rich dogs, poor dogs, good dogs, bad dogs, merry dogs and sad dogs; dogs that have lost their tails as Alcibiades' dog did his; dogs that steal, and dogs that fight, and dogs that dance for a livelihood. There are theatrical dogs (I had one myself once), and pious dogs: there are dogs essentially aristocratic in habit, demeanour, and (I was going to say) thought; and there are dogs whom a century of teaching, example, high feeding, and aristocratic associations would not render anything but low-life dogs. There are parvenu dogs who have originally been curs, and have afterwards, by accident or favouritism, been elevated into the position of pets, but still maintain traces of their currish origin — of the days when they slept in a dust-heap, and promenaded in a gutter, and fought with a tinker's terrier for the stump of a cabbage-stalk. There are dogs for day and dogs for night, dogs for business and dogs for pleasure, industrious dogs and lazy dogs.

The latter class, I am afraid



far out-number the industrious section of the dog community. Few things, I think, can equal the luxuriously contented, apathetically enjoying, gravely sensual manner in which a dog abandons himself to idleness and repose. I don't mean to needful rest, for then he coils himself up, and goes to sleep serenely. He has dreams, and gives short barks in his sleep as though he were dreaming of thieves, or strange dogs, or disputed bones. But, to see a dog when he is determined to be lazy, stretch himself out at full length, with his head thrown back and his tail quiescent, now on his side, now on his back, with his heels upwards — this is indeed a sight good for sore-eyes. The enjoyment is so intense, so unalloyed by any after thought or pre-occupation, so perfect and so complete. The ears are thrown lightly off his head. His eyes are not quite closed — he is too lazy to do that; but he keeps them as it were ajar, in a lazy, winking, blinking manner, as if to intimate that he is not tired — that he does not want to go to sleep — that he merely wishes to enjoy his *dolce far niente* like a gentleman, and that should anything turn up in the way of a rat-hunt, a marrow-bone, a lady, or a fight, he will be found wide awake and ready for action. There is a smile on his doggish mouth that could scarcely be surpassed in contented benignity by the smile of a child in its sleep — save,

perhaps, by that of a young sucking-pig, ready for roasting in a dairyman's shop-window. The mouth looks as though it never could bark — far less bite — least of all attack the calves of unoffending people passing by, and kill a given number of rats in a given number of minutes.

Next to the lazy dog I will take as a character the comic dog. As a rule, the comic dog is a brown dog. I have known shaggy white dogs with a sense of the humorous, and I have heard of sundry black dogs who could make a joke or two. I was even once honored with the acquaintance of a jocular bulldog; but these are only, believe me, exceptions to the rule, and you will find the great majority of comic dogs to be brown. The comic dog is moreover very nearly always an exceedingly ugly dog. He is not a very intellectual dog. He cannot do tricks on the cards, walk up a ladder, jump through a hoop, pretend to walk lame, go through the manual exercise, halt at the word of command, or go to market for sausages, beefsteaks, or French rolls with halfpence in his basket. He is not a quarrelsome dog, a vicious dog, and I am afraid, on the other hand, he cannot lay any very great claim to generosity or fidelity. He is simply an irresistibly comic dog — so comic that one wag of his preposterous tail, one cock of his bizarre head, one twinkle of his grotesque eyes, one wrinkle of his egregious



mouth, one wriggle of his eccentric body, is sufficient to send you into a prolonged and hearty roar of laughter. You can't help it: you must laugh at the comic dog. Moreover, he never descends to low comedy; to unmeaning tricks of buffoonery and tomboyism. He disdains to run round and round after his tail, to stand on his hind legs, and then tumble backward, to pretend to catch flies, to bark at himself in a glass, or to worry the cat. He is more of a humorist than a joker. He is more of a comedian than a farce actor. Yet he can be grave occasionally; though in his very gravity there is sometimes humour so broad, so shining, so incomprehensibly ludicrous, that you must either laugh or burst.

The melancholy — or as I had perhaps better call him — the sad dog, is ordinarily black. He is generally, too, a mongrel. The fact of his obscure birth and ignoble blood seems to haunt him and sit heavy upon him. He had a master once, but he was unkind to him, or ran away from him, or died, so that he is ownerless now. He has a fragile tenure of ownership in a few establishments, mostly those of small tradesmen, and tries to persuade himself that these are his masters; but the effort is not successful. He would fain belong to some one, but nobody will have anything to do with him. He cares for a great many people, but nobody cares for him.

These circumstances have em-

bittered the life of the sad dog. He mopes. He is miserable. He becomes thin. He is frequently kicked, and dares not resent the injury. His sides become attenuated, and his ribs show through his lissome skin. He tries to establish himself somewhere, to get somebody to own him. He hides under counters in shops, under dressers in kitchens, in remote areas and backyards. He follows gentlemen home to their houses at night; but nobody will have anything to do with him. His reception is always the same — the one irrevocable boot. At last he subsides into an empty potatoe-basket in Covent Garden Market, or the lee-side of a tarpaulin, and there he lies quietly, and mopes: uncomplainingly, unresistibly, without friends, without food, till he dies, and has his lying-in-state in the gutter, and his cenotaph in the dustcart. Have you never known men and women who have been meek and mild, uncomplaining and unresisting, who have had neither food nor friends, and who have gone and laid down in a corner somewhere, and died? Shame on me! some of you will cry, that I should compare a Christian to a dog. Alas! not a day will pass but we can descry human qualities in the brute, and brute qualities in the human being; and, alas, again, how often we find a balance of love, fidelity, truth, generosity, on the side of the brute!

END OF VOL. XXXII.







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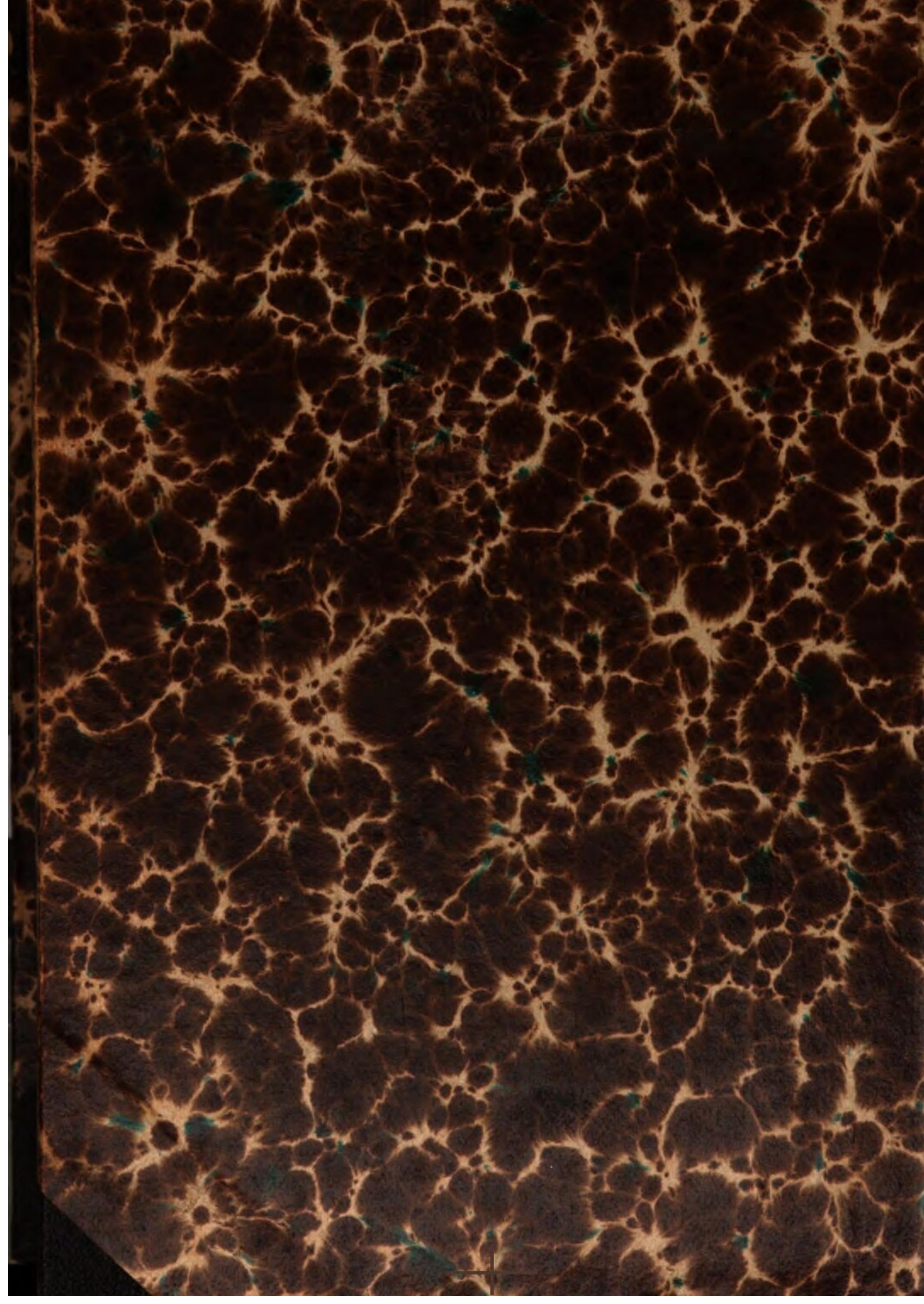


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